Redbook

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also Peter B. Kyne – Sam Hellman – Coningsby Dawson
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AUGUST Contents 1930

SERIAL NOVELS

OVERDUE—*A romance of love and scanty margins.* . . . . . *Sophie Kerr* 31

THE VEILED WOMAN—*This daughter of Stamboul married a New Yorker.* . . . . . *Achmed Abdullah* 46

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT—*Wherein a wife becomes a Person.* . *Dorothy Walworth Carman* 70

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL—*Marriage à la mode, 1930 version.* . . . *Coningsby Dawson* 90

SHORT STORIES

RANGE BULLY—*A drama of wild life by the author of "Cappy Ricks."* . . . . . *Peter B. Kyne* 38

WOODEN SHOES—*Love comes in on dancing feet.* . . . . . *Mary McCall, Jr.* 42

LOVE MAGIC—*Dark Africa strikes back at the dominating white.* . . . . . *Mary Hastings Bradley* 58

RITZ MAN—*The love-story of a bluffer who won.* . . . . . *Dorothy Dow* 76

POINT OF CONTACT—*A joyous chronicle of sales-resistance circumvented.* . . . . . *Sam Hellman* 80

GLADSTONE ASSISTS THE WORM—*A dog-catcher rescues a downtrodden husband.* . . . . *Arthur K. Akers* 98

THE SPIRIT OF OUR TIME

THE SUN BATH—*The painting of the month.* . . . . . *John La Gatta*

WOMEN AMERICA REMEMBERS—Calamity Jane, *adventuress of the old West.* . *Arthur D. Howden-Smith*

MISTAKES—*They are fatal only when one thinks about them.* . . . . . *Bruce Barton* 29

RACKETEERS AND CRIME—*Our outstanding national peril.* . . . . . *Edward Dean Sullivan* 53

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES—*Eight pages of people you want to know about.* 61

SUMMER—*A keen and kindly philosopher shares his wisdom.* . . . . . *Angelo Patri* 85

THE CONSCIENCE CURE—*Spiritual ills are treated by a wise physician.* . . *Clarence William Lieb, M.D.* 86

MAUDLIN THOUGHTS ON AN OLD DANCE PROGRAM—*Verses at large.* . . . . *Ethel Jacobson* 97

COVER DESIGN . . . . . *J. Knowles Hare*

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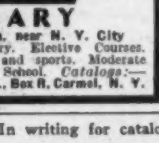

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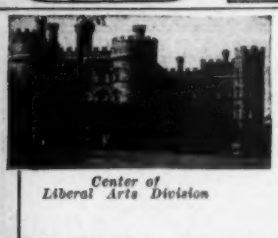

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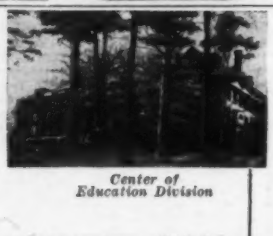

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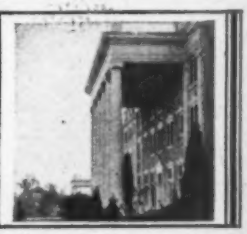

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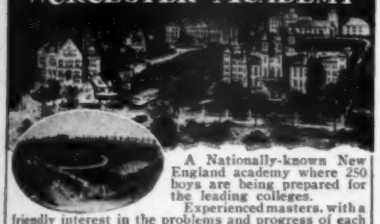

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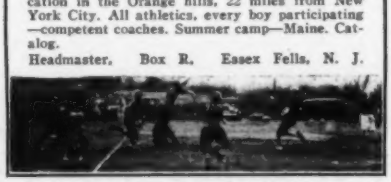

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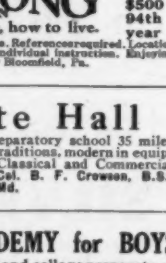

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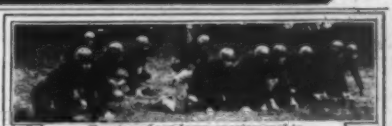

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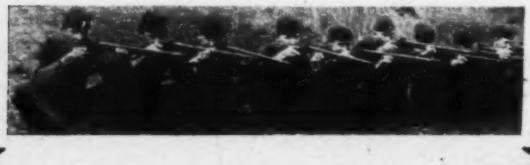

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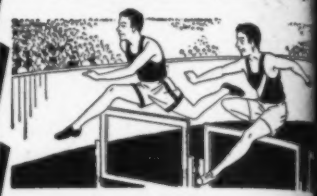

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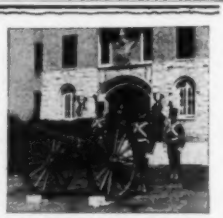

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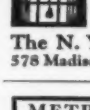

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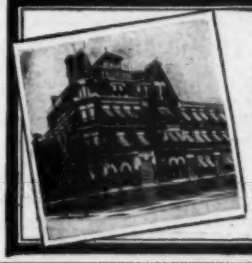

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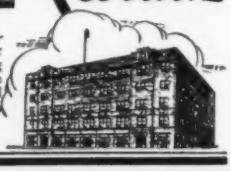

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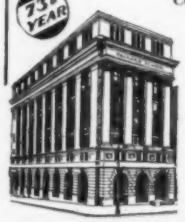

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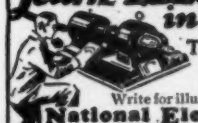

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THE TEMPO OF OUR TIMES — *The* SUN BATH *by* John LaGatta

Women America Remembers—

by Arthur D. Howden Smith

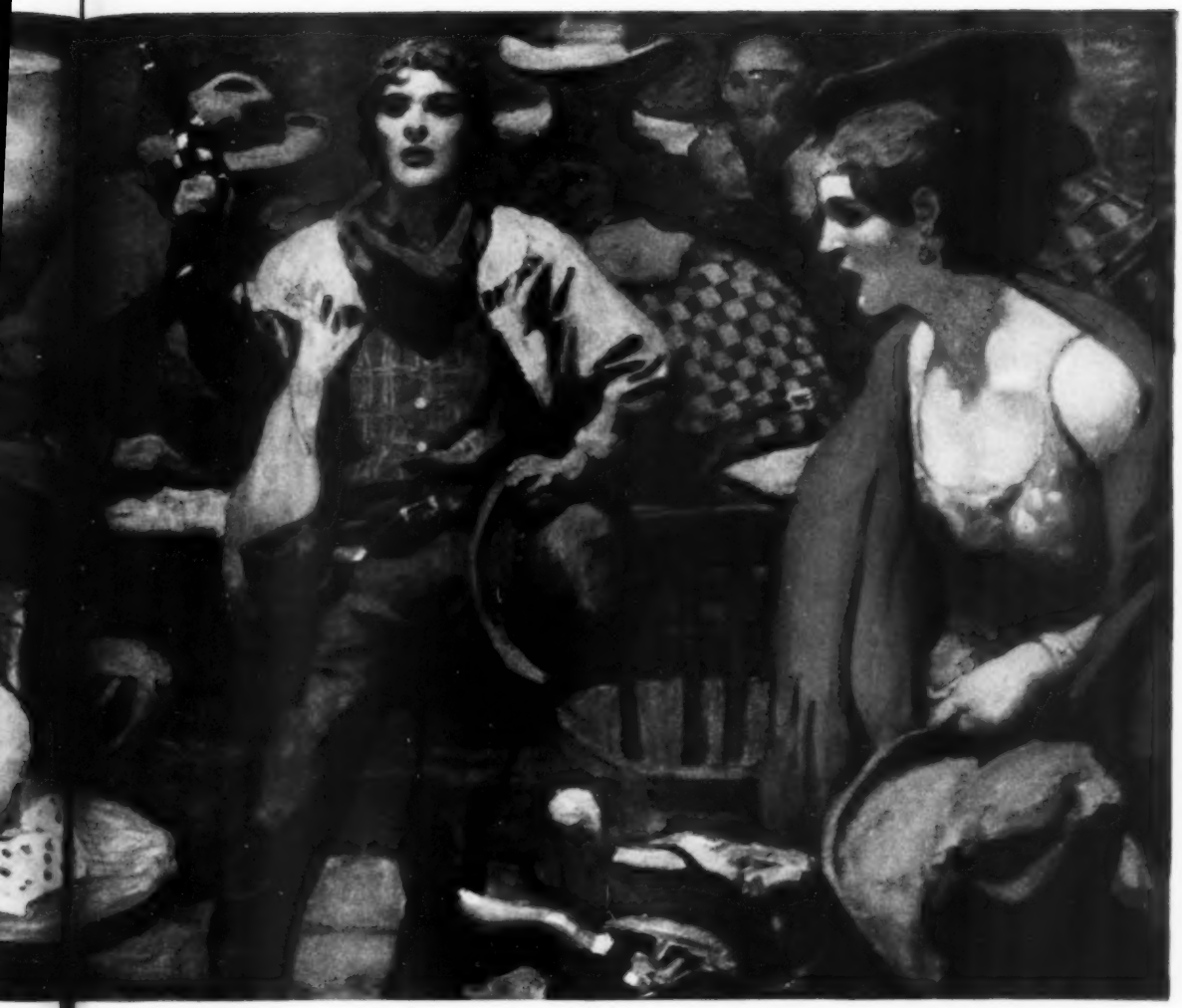
Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THE Civil War was two years past, and every restless, discontented man who had used up his bounty money and his relatives' good-nature was drifting across the Mississippi to join the construction gangs driving the rails of the Union Pacific over prairies and mountains to link the Middle West with the Coast. It was a wild era, and it bred wild men—and women. The work-camps that dotted the line of the railroad up to the head of steel were roaring, brawling outposts of perdition, where every degree of sin was practiced with the enthusiastic determination of experts.

In this transient life the focal points of existence were the pay-car, the saloon and the gambling-hall. It was a man's world, and the women who entered it were as definite a type as the men—women who either had been discarded by the tame underworld of the East or whose hunger for adventure spurred them to risk the savage zest of a life that was untrammeled by any lingering shred of social consciousness. Of those in the latter category the most unusual, the most daring, the one who, alone of her sisters, was destined to survive as a symbol of all that they were or desired to be, was a buxom, hearty young-ster of fifteen, with warm brown eyes and a mane of auburn hair, who started her career in Salt Lake City as Martha Jane Canary.

Martha Jane brought to the wild life of the frontier a refreshing originality of outlook. She lent it, not dignity, but a certain healthy tone. She was a woman among men. Very well, she would be one with the men. She'd dress as they did, drink as they did, brawl as they did, work as they did—which was a conception so unusual that in a few years she acquired the majesty of a folk-myth. Never promiscuous, sticking to one man as long as he interested her, and working for him with pick and shovel or bull-whip, she won a standing no other woman, virtuous or otherwise, obtained in the annals of the West.

How she came by her nickname is one of the innumerable hazy questions concerned with her. Perhaps the best



VIII Calamity Jane

Eighth in a series of intimate portraits of women famous for personality, beauty, wit or audacity, or because of the tragedy left in their train.

explanation is that, no matter how wholeheartedly she bestowed her favors, calamity overcame every man of her choice, in the sense that he woke up some day with the realization that his money was spent. At any rate, Calamity Jane she was called, and as Calamity Jane she was known from Dodge City to Cheyenne. In her youth, a splendid, Juno-esque figure, wearing knee-boots, miner's pants and flannel shirt, a revolver strapped to her waist, she'd drop into some settlement, and announce herself according to ritual.

"Set 'em up, you!"—to the first bartender in her path. "I'm Calamity Jane, and I'm goin' to howl. This drink's on the house."

If he hesitated, he'd find a six-shooter sticking in his face, and very likely be bidden out into the center of the floor to "show us a shore-'nough b'ar-dance." Then the word would run like wildfire through the diggings: "Hey, boys, Calam's here!" And that particular settlement would abandon work and sobriety until the next day—maybe next week. If Calamity found some one to her taste, she'd keep him crooking his elbow as long as his dust lasted.

The legends about her are inexhaustible. Several times she smuggled herself into the field against the Indians, accompanying Custer or Crook as a blue-shirted teamster. She was caught, as you might say, *in flagrante delicto* in the '76 campaign—an officer happened to notice unusual curves in the shape of one of a number of soldiers splashing in a creek. He was more embarrassed than Calamity Jane, you may be sure. But he sent her back to Fort Fetterman, under guard.

The myths which accumulated around her name reached their apotheosis in her entirely fanciful romance with the pictorial "Wild Bill" Hickok. Hickok was a showman as much as a gunman and gambler; and it is true that—for strictly business reasons and to build up his prestige—he did attach Calamity to his entourage when he elected himself dictator of Deadwood in the days *(Please turn to page 143)*

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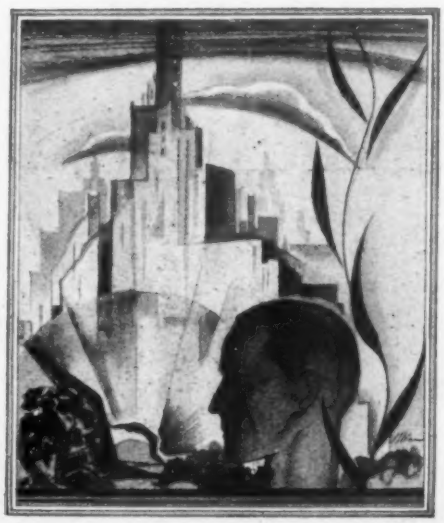
MISTAKES

AN EDITORIAL *by* BRUCE BARTON



WHEN I was young and lived in a little town I used to read about the Great Men of Business. They were so strong and so right. After I came to New York I began to meet some of these Leaders, and they did not seem so different from other mortals. Still, the size of their organizations and the glory of their offices filled me with awe.

It was about 1915 that I first realized that they are not always infallible. Take Russian rubles, for example, normally worth fifty cents. When they dropped to thirty cents some of the Greatest Men began buying them. I bought a few at twenty-seven cents, myself, and sold them at fourteen cents. But many of the financial kings held theirs, sure that when the war was over, the rich resources of Russia would restore her currency to par. Today the pre-war ruble is worth less than nothing.

Recently I talked with a friend once high in financial circles who now has realized the ultimate human ambition, which is to be rich, and to lose money on a farm.

He said: "Nothing in Wall Street impressed me more than the perfectly stupendous mistakes that are made by even the very smartest men. Let us take X, for example.

"No man in the country has access to better information. Yet there was a period of months when it seemed every single thing he bought dropped like a shot."

He went on to discuss other Big Men by name. Of one of these, who committed a blunder and had an immediate nervous break-down, he spoke contemptuously.

"He was a weakling," he said. "At the first bad break he went to pieces. He himself confessed to me that twice he walked down to the river to throw himself in, and was deterred only by the thought of his family.

"When a man makes a mistake and then begins to think immediately about suicide," my friend continued, "he has no guts."

Looking back over history, it would seem that mistakes, of themselves, are comparatively unimportant. All men make them. The important thing is how a man acts afterwards.

This is a comforting thought to remember. I imagine that if I had been right even sixty per cent of the time during the past five years, I should have twice as much money as I have now. I presume that I could count up at least twenty-five fairly serious mistakes.

But I haven't yet made the most serious mistake, which is to think about them.

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"Emily, love, I adore you. Come here, woman!" He snatched her, kissed her.

OVERDUE

A novel of love and partial payments

by Sophie Kerr

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

THE house seethed and buzzed with cousins, male and female cousins, first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, cousins by blood, by marriage and by courtesy, perhaps by wish. There were uncles and aunts, too, of various generations, for the greater part of the Rallifer family, with its many ramifications and connections, had gathered for Emily's wedding to a Northerner. It was to be a very simple home affair. Mrs. Harbeson Crayn, the mother of the groom, Malcolm Crayn, wondered with inward irony what would have happened had Emily chosen to be married in church with high formality. "Probably the whole State of Maryland would have attended," she thought. She was confused and dismayed by the restless coming and going, the babble of voices which were soft yet high, the easy quick laughter at nothing at all, and the lack of ordered set hours for rising, for going to bed, for eating, for *everything!* It was not so in the prim old New England city where she lived and whence she had journeyed to see her only child married. Mrs. Crayn didn't see how Mrs. Rallifer managed to keep any servants.

Yet she couldn't see that the two maids and the woman who came by the day to help—they were all negroes—minded in the least. In fact, they seemed to like it. They were certainly far too familiar in their speech and their manner, thought Mrs. Crayn. They sometimes joined in the conversation at table, and when they saw her in the morning, they were just as apt as not to remark, "That sho' is a pretty dress you got on, Mis' Crayn, an' sets you off mighty well," in a warm admiring way which was strangely agreeable.

Moreover, Mrs. Crayn admitted that the house was clean—though very shabby; and the irregular meals were delicious, though personally she considered so much hot bread very unhealthy. The cakes and pastries, too—fearfully rich. She would be glad when the ceremony was over and she could start for home, unbuttered toast, plain stewed fruit, and her one well-trained impersonal silent servant. She intimated as much to Malcolm in one of the rare moments when they were alone.

"Well, darling, bear up for my sake," he urged her. "I'll never be married but this once, you know, and Emily's worth your suffering, isn't she?"

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Her heart called to Malcolm, "I couldn't love anybody in the world but him," Emily thought.

"Yes, Malcolm, she is, she is indeed. Emily is remarkable." His mother said it sincerely. However trying she might find Emily's family and surroundings, she did not discount Emily. She could not imagine, to tell the truth, how so lovely a girl had ever been born into such a *milieu;* she suspected that Emily was a throw-back to some obscure Northern forebear. In all the minors and discords of this household, Emily invariably, to Mrs. Crayn, struck the right note. Mrs. Crayn felt that Emily herself might have come from Massachusetts.

She had been greatly dismayed when Malcolm had written to her barely three months before, that he was going to marry a Southern girl. He had gone down to the old Chalybeate Springs for a week in March, following an attack of flu. There he had met Emily, and they had wasted no time falling in love. His mother had read his letters with exasperation. Southern girls, Mrs. Crayn knew, were all empty-headed giggling flirts, crazy to get married, mocking the dignity of the intellectual professions when combined with spinsterhood, extravagant with money, careless lazy housekeepers, mere lightweights as citizens, and (whispering it) too often greatly oversexed!

In spite of this catalogue of shortcomings and delinquencies, Mrs. Crayn was quite aware that if Malcolm took it into his head to marry a Southern girl, she might as well accept it as she had accepted other things in her life which she did not choose. In this spirit she had written to Emily; and from Emily's first letter, and from the sight of Emily's photograph, she wondered if perhaps she might have been too sweeping in her condemnation of Southern girls. She began to be fond of Emily, and at the end of her journey from Massachusetts to tidewater Maryland for the June wedding, with her first glimpse of the girl, she was completely won. Not, it must be confessed, entirely to another idea of Southern girlhood. There was Lucy Coleman, for example—the cousin who was to be the sole bridesmaid: Lucy was all that Mrs. Crayn considered Southern, and more—but Emily was an exception. Emily was quite another type.

"I wonder where she is," said Malcolm impatiently. "We've got to go to the train to meet old Tory Birch, and it's high time to start."

"The train will not be on time, don't fret," said his mother, pinching her lips. "I've noticed that nothing is on time down here."

And then Emily came in, putting on her hat. "What are you laughing about, Malcolm?" she said. "Tell me any joke that's going, for I need it."

"What's the matter, angel?" asked Malcolm, with his arm around her.

"The dressmaker just phoned that she couldn't possibly finish my wedding dress by tomorrow, and so I'm facing the prospect of getting married in Cousin Mary Sue Drayton's white negligee."

"I was just saying that everything seems to be late down here, and now your dress—" Mrs. Crayn smiled, and Malcolm shouted.

"Laugh away, you heartless wretches!" said Emily. "No feeling, no sympathy for a poor little bride! I'm not surprised at you, Malcolm, but I do think that another woman might weep with me."

"I don't believe it'll be legal if you wear a negligee," said Malcolm, "particularly if it's a borrowed negligee."

"But it's an elegant fancy negligee, white crêpe de chine and foamy lace ruffles, and with my veil on I'm sure the minister'll never know. I can promise to obey you just as loud as if I had on a regular wedding dress. Anyway, I have a hunch that Miss Jinnie's just nervous and working up a sensation. She'll get the dress done if she has to sit up all night."

"If you're going to the train to meet your best man—" reminded Mrs. Crayn.

Emily stooped and put a soft kiss on the older woman's cheek. "Yes, we must go—why don't you come with us?"

Gracious, endearing little things like that made Emily so different from all the other members of the younger generation known to Mrs. Crayn. She looked up gratefully at the slender smiling girl. "You're just the sort of daughter I'd have picked out for myself, Emily," she said in a rare burst of emotion.

She went with them to the open front door and watched them go down the path under high maple trees. The Rallifers had no real lawn, no landscaped arrangement of shrubs and flowers and evergreens. An old wistaria vine fought with an upstart honeysuckle for the privilege of shading the porch, and there was ivy over the front of the brick house. At the back there was a garden without proper order or plan, just flowers and vegetables growing lavishly together, with a rotting grape-arbor down at the far end, along with lilac and snowball and mock-orange bushes. Mrs. Crayn had considered it mournfully: the place had such possibilities in the right hands. But at this moment she did not think about the house or the trees or the garden, only of Emily and Malcolm, young and happy and so much in love, as they walked away from her. "They're simply beautiful," she murmured.

And they were beautiful. They were both tall; they were both straight and alertly poised; there was an almost classic proportion of their bodies with their heads; Malcolm's color was clear and dark, his eyes blue-gray, and a cleft cut the determination of his chin. Emily was white-skinned, the thick wave of her hair a fair brown, and her very long lashes gave her brown eyes a delightful naïve shadow; she had small capable hands with pointed fingers; her wrists and ankles were round and slim; and there was about her the distinction of good blood not yet pinched out in thinness and sterility. Emily was all alive, a creature of infinite possibilities.

Mrs. Crayn watched them out of sight, then turned back to the hall warily. She meant to get off to her room without being netted in one of the endless trifling conversations that went on among the Rallifer kin; they fatigued and bothered her with their family stories. The reason the house was so empty of them at this moment was because they had gone out through the countryside gathering flowers to trim the house for the wedding, but Mrs. Crayn feared that two or three might have been left behind, and she knew that Emily's mother and father, if they saw her alone, would with mistaken but genuine kindness press their company upon her. She did not understand them; Mr. Rallifer's flowery compliments put her out of countenance, and Mrs. Rallifer's easy-going assurance that everything would be done and done well in plenty of time—though she didn't exert herself to aid—exasperated the lady from Massachusetts.

Naturally Mrs. Crayn's good manners would not let her tell Mr. Rallifer not to be a silly old fool when he kissed her hand and said archly he knew very well she'd had her beauty sleep last night; nor could she suggest to Mrs. Rallifer that hands were meant to be useful as well as ornamental.

It seemed best, under these circumstances, to go quietly upstairs and busy herself writing letters, and if that occupation palled, take some stitches in the *petit point* square she had recently begun. She trod lightly, unobtrusively, and reached her haven, closed the door. Now she was safe and peaceful for a while at least.

But though she was safe, she was not particularly peaceful; nor did she write letters or work on her *petit point* square. Instead she sat down and did some hard and heavy thinking on the problem which had been lying knotted in her mind ever since she arrived—yes, even before that. Mrs. Crayn lived on a small fixed income, an insured annuity which her husband had taken out for her but a short time before his death. It was her custom to save from it each month a little sum which in time rolled up into sufficient to pay for something special, a short trip abroad, the doing over of a room, a fountain for her garden, a fur coat—luxuries which otherwise she could not have afforded. When Malcolm wrote her of his coming marriage, she was just about ready to treat herself to a long-desired summer on the Brittany coast, in company with her best friend, Edna Shilton, principal of the local high school, who had a long vacation. At Malcolm's news, Mrs. Crayn had at once told Edna that she couldn't go to Brittany this year, for the money she had saved must be her gift to her son and his wife.

After buying a new gown for the wedding and paying for her trip south, there had remained a thousand dollars, and a check for this amount was in Mrs. Crayn's handbag, still unpresented. That was what troubled her. She wanted to give it to Emily, and she wanted to tell Emily to take care of it and not let Malcolm have the spending of it—and how to go about such a delicate matter she simply couldn't decide. It seemed so disloyal to Malcolm; and yet, and yet, her conscience reminded her that it was her plain duty to put Emily on her guard against that cheerful irresponsibility of Malcolm's in regard to money. It would save much trouble for the girl later. On the other hand, since Malcolm had been down in New York in business—and such a *good* position with the Union Title and Mortgage Company—he might have grown far more steady and sensible financially. If only, thought Mrs. Crayn, if only she could be sure! But when was she ever sure of Malcolm? He had always been quicksilver; and much as she loved him, she feared that he had not changed. . . . .

Malcolm and Emily had meanwhile continued on their way to the station, to meet the best man, Malcolm's friend and roommate at Harvard—Tory, otherwise Toland Ramsay Birch, 3rd.

"You'll like old Tory, and he'll be crazy about you."

"I'll like that, anyway."

"Yes, you little villain, I know it. There are too many of 'em who like you. I've been afraid for my life ever since I came—all

At Chalybeate Springs Malcolm had met Emily, and they had wasted no time falling in love.

"The condemned man and the coming ball and chain!" he greeted them.

your rejected suitors giving me black looks as I passed by. Not that I blame 'em! Their grievance is wholly legitimate, but I do feel they might see that you couldn't possibly marry all of 'em."

"Nobody really minds but Johnny Keller."

"Oh, don't they! What about that Stimson lad, and the tall red-headed one, and that big ruffian you call Bobby something! And others too numerous to mention."

Emily pretended to sigh. "My fatal charm," she said solemnly.

"Moreover," went on Malcolm, "your male cousins are far too demonstrative. You've got an awful bunch of relatives, Emily. If I'd known how many beforehand, I'd never have asked you to marry me. I wouldn't have dared."

"That was why I kept it dark."

They looked into each other's eyes, thrilled. "Darling, when I think of tomorrow!" said Malcolm. "Don't let anything happen, will you?"

"I'll never let anything happen. We'll always be together."

"And you'll always love me?"

"I'll always love you."

"Would there be a scandal in town if I grabbed you and kissed you to pieces right here and now?"

"Frightful. Let's hurry and get to the station. There'll probably not be a soul there in the waiting-room."

"I can see you're going to be a practical wife."

"Not too practical."

"Emily, love, you'll be perfect. You *are* perfect. I adore you. If there's anyone in the waiting-room, I'll murder him. —Hooray, it's empty! Come here, woman!"

He snatched her with eager, tender arms, kissed her a dozen times. "There, I feel a little better," he said as he released her.

"So do I," said Emily. "And I think the train is coming. We'll ride back in the hotel bus. I suppose this Tory person will have some baggage."

Tory Birch, large and gaunt and cheerful, was on the platform. He leaped at them. "The condemned man in person, and the coming ball and chain! I'm honored," he greeted them. "I say, Mac, is the lovely lady a real honest-to-goodness girl, or did she stray out of a movie? Why didn't you warn me?"

"If he uses this line with the cousins, he'll be popular beyond words," said Emily.

"Cousins—are there cousins, young and fair cousins?"

"Thousands of them, all over the lot," declared Malcolm. "And you'll be the only out-of-town man."

"It sounds," declared Tory, "like the Mormon elder's dream of paradise. Lead on—do not delay."

"You and Tory can stop at the hotel and get him a room and leave his bag, and then come along up home for lunch," said Emily. "Any time after half-past twelve. Maybe he can help the cousins decorate the house this afternoon."

"As a decorator I am unsurpassed," declared Tory.

The flivver bus rattled and banged along the street. "It's a clever-looking town," declared Tory, gazing from side to side.

"What d'you mean, clever?"

"I mean it looks as if it still had homes in it, with people living in them. Any town is clever to have a few homes these days."

Emily looked out of the bus window. She had lived here all her life; now she was to leave it. The sense of her environment was strong on her. "It's mostly homes, and very few of them are new," she said softly. "We're old-fashioned people; we live rather slowly and we don't like to change. We keep on with our homes, and our ideas, and our ways pretty much the same from one generation to another. But"—she roused herself—"we don't wholly stagnate, you know. Down that street there's a shirt factory, and over across the river there's a canning house, a big and important and very whiffy canning house."

"Just humming with industry," said Tory. "It *is* a clever town. And I like those old brick herringbone sidewalks, and the shade trees all along. And yards to the houses, and nice high front porches. No wonder you're a lovely lady. I'd have been handsome myself if I'd been born in such an atmosphere."

"Easy, Tory! Remember Emily and I are going to be married tomorrow."

"Well, if after seeing me she'd like to change her mind—something I could quite understand—I'm more than receptive."

"I'll let you know tomorrow morning in time to get another license, if I do," said Emily.

"And this is my best friend!" mourned Malcolm.

"It's always the husband's best friend," declared Tory. "That's why he suspects nothing until it is too late."

"Where are you going now, Emily?" asked Malcolm, as the bus stopped.

"Home. I'll walk. Hurry along."

"You bet. Come on, Tory."

They went into the little hotel, and Emily proceeded up the street. She could not quite make herself believe that she was to be married tomorrow, that this was the end of her girlhood, that she would go away with Malcolm, forever and ever to be his wife,

and live in a great city. It seemed a fantastic dream, impossible that it should come true so soon. As she turned up Jefferson Street, and so home across the little square with its fountain and six cycamores which the residents near by proudly called the Park, a young man hurried out from a near-by house and called to her. It was Johnny Keller. He was thin and sallow, and his eyes were unhappy, and his voice was too cheerful to be natural.

"Emily—what are you doing walking around town by yourself? I couldn't believe my eyes."

"I went down to the station to meet somebody."

"I shouldn't think this Northern fellow who's taking you away from us would let you run around loose like this. Somebody might kidnap you."

All the time he was looking at her with hungry, hurt eyes; and Emily felt so sorry for him that she could have cried. Johnny had been in love with her ever since she could remember, and on an average of once a week, for the last three years, he had asked her to marry him. He had insisted that after awhile she'd get so tired of him asking her that she'd say yes; and not until her engagement to Malcolm Crayn was announced did he give up hope.

He went on talking in the same bright forced voice. "You're going to have a fine day tomorrow—ordered it from the Weather Bureau myself. 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on,' and all that. I hope—I do hope that you're going to be happy, Emily."

She could not be cruel enough to tell him that she knew she was going to be happy, whether the sun shone or not. "Johnny, you're a dear. You're the kindest man who ever lived. I'm awfully fond of you, Johnny."

"But not quite fond enough to suit me," he went on, his lips drawn back in a set smile without mirth. "And that's the sad truth. Good-by, Emily—I'm glad we had this little talk together. Don't forget all your old friends."

"Good-by, Johnny."

They shook hands; Johnny's was cold, trembling. He hurried away; and Emily hurried too, pitying him, wishing that she had not seen him. She was glad when she reached the veranda of the Rallifer house, which was full of cousins, and the green stuff they had garnered in the morning. Some half-dozen were engaged in making ropes of crowfoot evergreen; others were untangling long withes of wild clematis, and others were putting branches of wild apple and mountain laurel and sweet gum and black oak into large pails of water, the idea being, as Mary Sue Drayton loudly proclaimed, that the Crayn parlor was to be transformed into a bower, a regular bower. Mary Sue had won the place as leader in the decorative plans, not only because her disposition was naturally assertive, and her height and weight impressive, but she had an opulent background—a wealthy husband from Richmond, and a big limousine with a chauffeur. It was conceded that Cousin Mary Sue must, therefore, know the mode and have up-to-date ideas. Also it was far easier to yield to Mary Sue than to oppose her.

"We'll have a solid wall of green leaves right behind the minister," she was saying as Emily came up the steps, "and big jars of laurel on each side of him. We can bank the mantelpiece with the roses—we won't cut them till tomorrow morning. The banisters can be wound with crowfoot rope this afternoon—then that'll be done—and the chandeliers, and wherever else we decide to put it. And flowers everywhere, on the tables and chests and on the staircase landing, and in the corners of all the rooms. —Do you like the idea, honey?" she asked Emily.

"It sounds lovely, Cousin Ma'Sue."

"Ma'Sue has such perfect taste," offered Cousin Ada Dennis. Cousin Ada was very poor, and she did not intend to lose any chance to be sweet to Mary Sue. If Cousin Ada could only connect permanently with Mary Sue's cast-off dresses, it would be a godsend to herself and her girls. Her pride would not permit her to ask outright.

Emily went into the dining-room where her mother was making an effort to set the table for lunch. "I can't make up my mind whether to put twenty places and be comfortable, or squeeze in twenty-two," said Mrs. Rallifer. "There's some more presents in the back parlor that you ought to open and write down." She came close to Emily, whispered: "Has his mother said yet what she's going to give?"

"No, not a word. I'll finish the table. Malcolm's friend Mr. Birch is here, the one who's to be best man. He's awfully nice."

"I hope to high heaven he'll take a fancy to Lucy Coleman—you know, seriously. She'd make a good wife for somebody, and stuck away down here, who is there for her to get?" Mrs. Rallifer at once relinquished her task and sat down to watch Emily finish it. She never in her life had done anything anyone else would do. She had been told in her youth by Mr. Rallifer that she was like a magnolia bloom, and she had tried to live up to the decorative inactivity of the metaphor.

Emily laughed. "You ought to be telling me I must love and cherish Malcolm!"

"Maybe he will—he's heaps of fun, anyway, not a bit stiff and stand-off-ish."

"I simply can't realize that my baby's going to leave me so soon. How will your father and I ever get along without you? I know I'm going to cry my eyes out tomorrow and look a perfect fright."

Emily laughed. "You fraud—you're just panting for the moment when you can come up to New York and visit me, and you know it. And as for looking a fright, you know very well you're simply lovely in that lace dress, and don't look half old enough to be my mother. And don't talk as if I were going to Labrador! New York's two hours from Philadelphia, and Philadelphia's five and one half hours from here, on a poky old accommodation train, at that. It's not a full day's trip."

"Emily, I don't know where you get your practical head, I don't indeed. Your father nor I, neither one, ever figured out the distance so plainly. Not a full day's trip! That does make me feel more cheerful."

"There's the table. If more people come, we'll set some extra plates over on the stand in the bay window. Now I'll open the presents. Suppose Cousin Ma'Sue would mind if I called in Lucy and asked her to help me?"

"I'd just call her in and not say why. Ma'Sue's so managing, she'd think she ought to be the one to open the presents."

Thus warned, Emily went to the open window and unobtrusively summoned Lucy, who was delighted to be called, more than delighted to help in opening presents. "You'd think it was Ma'Sue getting married and not you, the way she goes on," she complained. "Emily, has my beau come yet?"

"He'll be here at lunch. You can sit by him."

"Is he good-looking? I do hope so."

"He's not a bit good-looking, but he's not ugly either. And he is fun. Write down *'China fruit dish, Mrs. Frazier,'* Lucy."

"Looks just like her, too, heavy and all covered with doodads. Oh, Emily, I don't see how you manage to be so calm and cool, and make lists and everything, when you'll be married tomorrow. If it was me, I'd be as nervous as a witch."

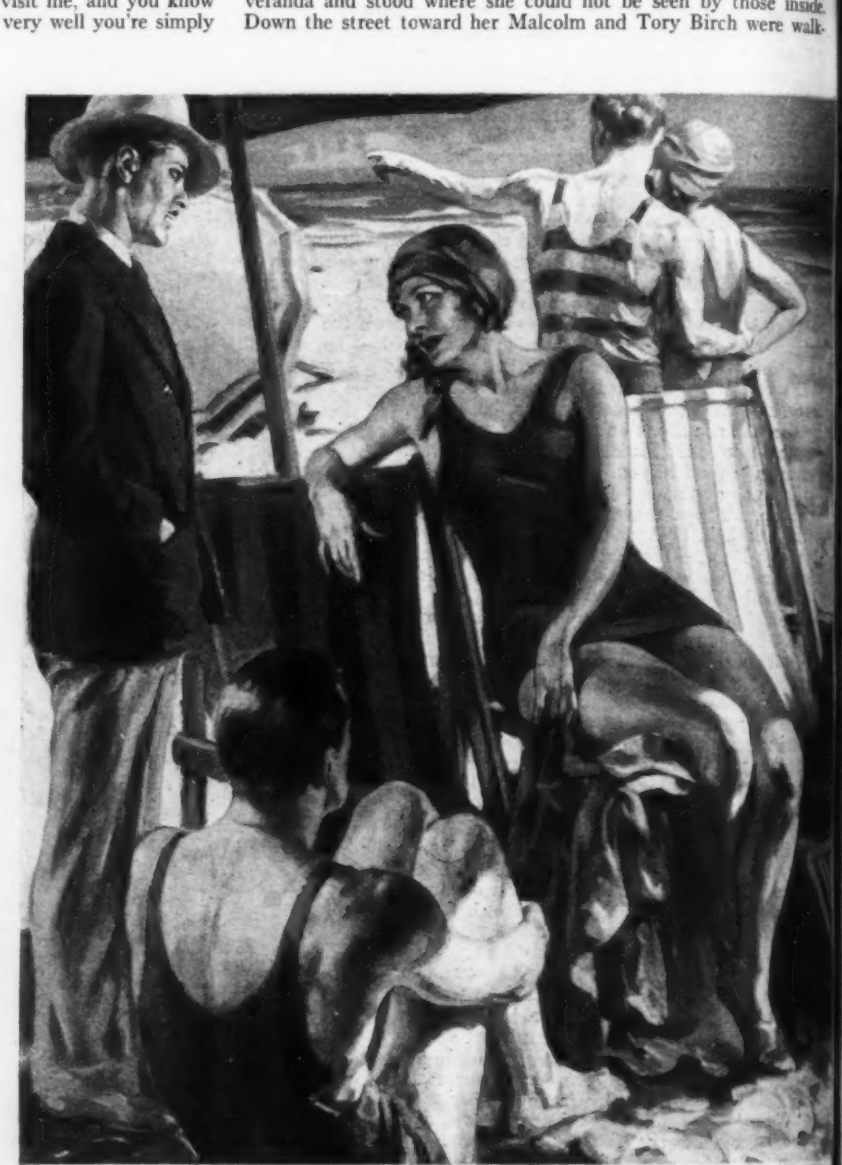
Emily smiled, a wise, tender, dreamy small smile. "There's nothing to be nervous about. Write down *'Antique silver cream pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Waite.'* Copy off the address, Lucy; they're friends of Malcolm's, I guess, for I don't know them. That's a beautiful piece of old silver."

"You're going to have your mother's tea set too, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mother insisted that I take it. She and Father couldn't afford to buy me anything but my clothes, you know, and Mother said she was glad to get rid of the tea set, it's so hard to keep bright. Lucky I didn't have a brother, or he'd have gotten it. As soon as I unpack it up North, I'm going to have my name engraved on with the others, to show how it descended. I'm the sixth generation in direct line to have it. Write down *'Painted tin tray, Miss Elvira Marshall,'* Lucy. Now think of her giving me that! It's one that belonged in her family, and she treasures her things so. You open those other packages, Lucy. And mind you write the names and addresses down in full, and leave the cards right with the presents so I can see them when I come back."

The gong rang for lunch, and Lucy dropped her work. "Oh, I must powder my nose," she said. "I'll do these this afternoon."

Emily, too, was deflected from her errand. "In a few moments I'll see Malcolm," she thought, and nothing else mattered. The workers from the veranda streamed in, and the house filled with their voices. Mrs. Crayn appeared primly on the stairs. A smell of hot savory food drifted from the dining-room, and the tinkle of ice in pouring water was audible. Emily went out alone to the veranda and stood where she could not be seen by those inside. Down the street toward her Malcolm and Tory Birch were walking, but she did not look at Tory Birch except to note dimly how plain and awkward he appeared beside her lover. Her heart and her tenderness ran out from her body and called to Malcolm, summoned him. Now he saw her, waved his hands, quickened his step. "I couldn't love anybody in the world but him," thought Emily. "I'd rather be dead than have him stop loving me."



"This is rotten," Hale said, when Malcolm introduced him. "How

Her father came to the door. "Emily," he said, "the phone company called up to see if Malcolm's here; seems he'd left the hotel. It's a long-distance call, from New York. Oh, there he is! You bring him right in; I'll tell them he's here—they can put it through."

Emily went with Malcolm to the back parlor, and closed the doors for quiet. She stood outside with Tory and waited, and though they could not hear all that he said, a phrase now and then

was audible. "You can't do that!" And then: "What—thirty-two? But I thought—" Later, "It can't go lower, it can't—" and, "I've got another—" and "sell me out—"

Tory had been standing silent, disturbed, frowning. He didn't look at Emily, and his expression made her uneasy. "What d'you imagine—" she began, when she heard the click of the returned receiver and Malcolm joined them. His face repeated Tory's.

"It was Hale," said Malcolm, breathing hard. "The market's

did you happen to marry this chap Crayn before you'd seen me?"

flivved, and he's yelling for more margin on that Jexley Oil I bought."

"Say—" began Tory, and then let his glance stray to Emily meaningly. Malcolm's eyes followed. With an effort he pulled himself together. "No use bothering you about it, angel," he said. "Let's get some lunch; I'm starving. Don't look so serious; it's nothing to worry about." But behind her batk he made a quick significant gesture toward his pocket for the benefit of Tory, and his lips soundlessly said:

"Cleaned!" . . . . .

Emily Rallifer had locked herself in her room to dress for her wedding. No one was with her except Susie, the younger of the colored maids; and Susie was not much help, she was so tickled at her importance. Emily had refused to let her mother, or Lucy or Ma'Sue or even that fawning petitioner Cousin Ada enter until she was ready. "You've got to dress yourselves, and Mother and Ma'Sue and Ada ought to be downstairs early to receive the guests and see that everything's arranged. As for Lucy, she's such a dawdler she'll probably not have so much as her shoes on by the time the wedding march begins. Go on, all of you. Susie and I will get along fine—won't we, Susie?"

"Yes ma'am, Miss Em'ly, sho' will."

"But your veil—" began Ma'Sue.

"I'm going to ask Mrs. Crayn to fix that; it'll make her feel she's not left out of everything. We've not made very much of her, you know. She's going to think we Southerners aren't as hospitable as we make our brags about."

That was the one plea that would have succeeded. Mrs. Rallifer and Ma'Sue and Ada saw that for the honor of Southern hospitality they must stand aside at this moment for the alien. It gave them a noble and uplifted feeling. "And you're all to come up and look me over before I go down, so I'll be perfectly sure I'm all right," added Emily tactfully.

So she was at last left in peace and quiet. Miss Jinnie had brought the dress early in the morning, finished to the last fine stitch. It lay waiting across the bed, and beside it were the long white silk stockings, the white soft underthings. Beside the dresser was Emily's trunk, filled, strapped, ready to go; and the dress she was to travel in, a tan crêpe with little green flowers, hung in the closet with the green hat on the shelf above. Her bag, half packed and open, was on the chair by the dressing-table. Emily wondered what sort of room that bag would next rest in, and whether she would ever feel truly at home with any furniture but this heavy awkward old rosewood set which she knew would be far too large for any apartment she and Malcolm could afford in New York.

She put on her clothes unhurriedly, delicately, enjoying the feel of the fresh silk against her fresh warm skin. Her slippers had silver buckles that had belonged to her great-great-grandmother on the Rallifer side. Her veil had come from France in a saucy swift packet ten years before the Revolution. Emily lifted it up and shook it from its folds. "Now run and ask Mr. Malcolm's mother to come in, if she'll be so kind, Susie," she said.

Mrs. Crayn appeared promptly. She had been ready since half an hour before in her conventional mother-of-the-groom costume of gray. She carried a small box and a slip of paper.

"My dear," she said, "these are my gifts for you and Malcolm."

In the small box was a brooch of whole pearls, good size and shape, well matched, fine color. The slip of paper was the thousand-dollar check. "That is to go toward the furnishing of your new home," said Mrs. Crayn. "And you—yourself, not Malcolm—are to have the sole spending of it. I want that understood." She put a sharp emphasis on the last words.

"But why?" asked Emily. "I—" She stopped. That wasn't a nice question. "You're a lot too generous and kind, and the pin is the loveliest thing I ever owned. It's marvelous! I love it! Oh, I must wear that today. I'll put it right here in the lace at the neck. How does it look?"

"It looks very well, very well indeed. The pearls are old—they belonged to my mother; I had the pin made up for you. And the reason I said you were to *(Please turn to page 128)*

Blink reached for his reata—and the stallion was off.

RANGE BULLY

by Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

WHEN Blink Chadwick, boss of the Pitchfork outfit, first saw the horse, it was late in May. The snow had disappeared about the first of April that year, and the grass was just starting in the meadows along the Humboldt River; yet the horse had shed his winter coat and was in good condition, whereas the mares of his harem were thin, and patches of their long winter coat still clung to them. These items Chadwick noted when, riding suddenly around the corner of the rim-rock, he found himself among them at the water-hole; the wind was blowing from him, and for a half-minute the stallion did not realize Chadwick's presence. He continued to drink, and when he had finished, he turned his magnificent head and slowly and curiously gazed upon Blink Chadwick.

"Wild hoss, eh?" Blink soliloquized doubtfully. "Well, where did you come from and when? You're Johnny-come-lately, aren't you? And there's hot blood in you, Honey Boy; that's probably where you get your golden chestnut hide and your flaxen mane, tail and foretop. Yes sir, your sire must have been a thoroughbred. That's where you got the stamina that brought you through the winter in good shape; your kind waste slowly and come back fast. Yes sir, your sire left you an inheritance of class. You impudent rascal—standing there, head and tail up! I'll just annex you!"

He reached for his reata—and the stallion was off. The cowman gazed after him ruefully. "Well, you'd win in a race today, Honey Boy," he decided. "However, I know now when you drink and where—and the next time I interrupt you, I'll be riding my top horse; he'll not be tired, and I'll arrive swinging my loop."

He drank from the little stream that trickled down from the rim-rock to the water-hole, then removed the bridle from his mount, left the horse to drink his fill and climbed up on the rim-rock to the mesa above to gaze after the stallion as the horse led his mares at a smart trot across-country. Honey Boy (we will call him that, since Blink Chadwick had so christened him at sight) trotted with a wide free action fore and aft, head up, ears thrust forward and tail up. Chadwick estimated his weight at twelve hundred pounds, and his age at not more than five, for he had not commenced thickening greatly where his neck set into his torso, after the fashion of stallions. He was a compact horse, more than fifteen hands high, broad of chest, short and straight of back, with fine sloping shoulders, well-sprung ribs, powerful haunches and good feet. In conformation he was the ideal saddle animal; and Blink Chadwick, who knew a grand horse when he saw one, and loved such a horse as only an old-time cowman can, realized that here was one tough *caballo*.

Chadwick was familiar with all the little herds of wild horses in that country. For years he and his riders had been roping and breaking the best of them, albeit only occasionally did they secure one worth while. Scant feed through long cold winters, plus much interbreeding, had made tough little runts of the majority—cayuses that averaged less than eight hundred pounds in condition. Once a year, between his busy seasons, he had been wont to capture a

Here you witness the battles of the three great beasts which man usually tames -- a wild horse, a bull and a "killer" jack'

few carloads of these wild horses and ship them, at seven dollars and fifty cents a head, to an abattoir in San Francisco. Occasionally his men took a few days off and shot those they couldn't capture. Chadwick disliked the job, but they were eating his grass, and he had to retard their increase as much as possible.

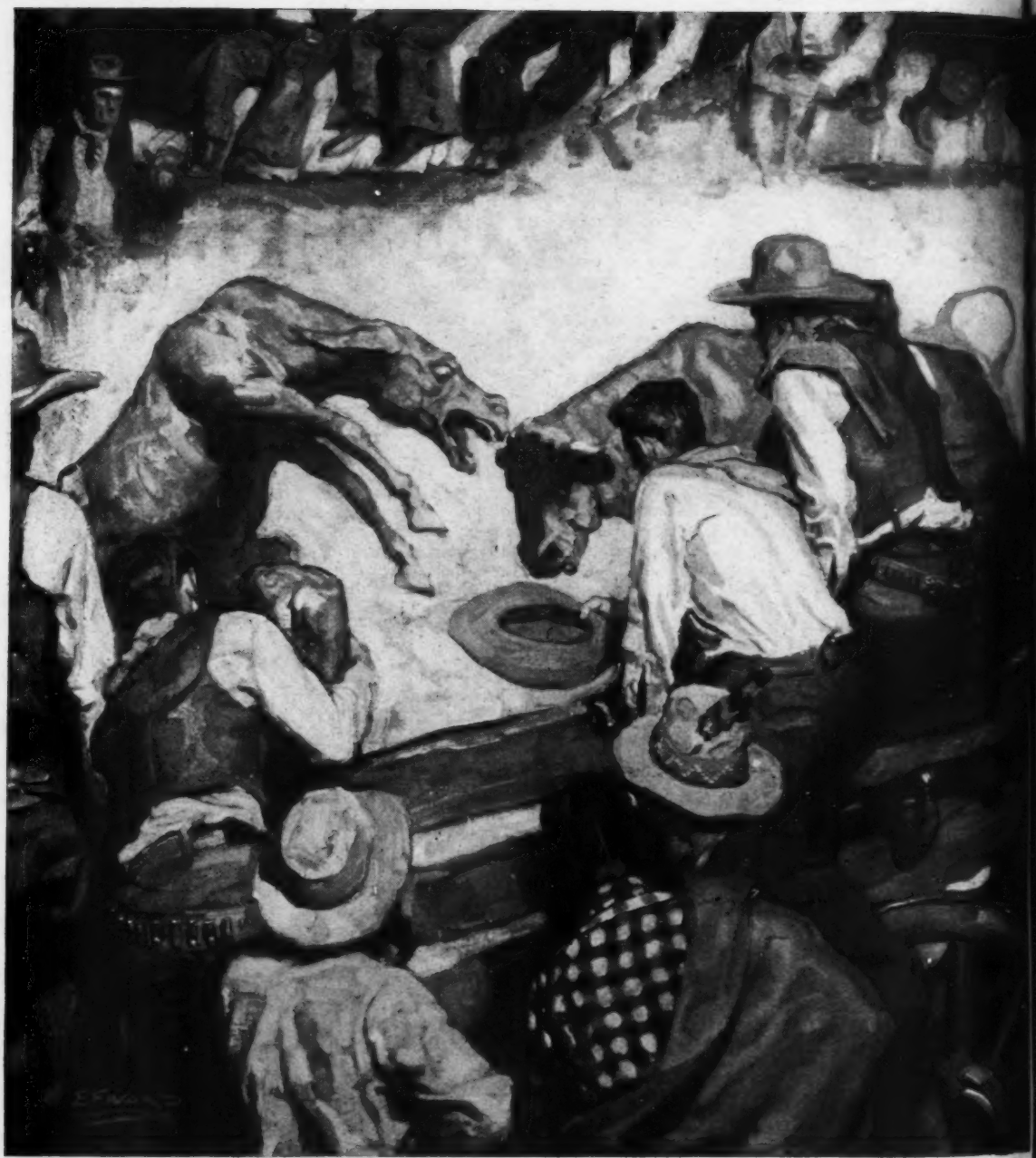
Until today, however, he had never seen Honey Boy, so he knew the horse to be a recent arrival on the range. In all probability he had worked up Winnemucca way from a herd down in Mason Valley, although occasionally an equine pilgrim drifted down from Montana or Idaho into Nevada. These northern wild horses were bigger, with evidences of better breeding; Chadwick had heard that many of them drifted down from Alberta, where well-bred range horses are the rule, not the exception. He had looked sharply for a brand on Honey Boy, for old saddle-galls on his withers, but had seen none. Nevertheless the horse had not exhibited at their meeting the extreme temerity of the average wild horse, and so Chadwick surmised Honey Boy had at one time been no stranger to civilization.

"I'll have you, my beauty, if it takes me all summer to get my twine on you," he muttered. "And I'd better work fast, for never the cowboy that lays eyes on you that won't be after you too."

Chadwick knew Honey Boy's harem. There were three jet-black mares, one pinto, a chestnut and two very light bays in it; and the last time he had seen them, they were being chaperoned by a flea-bitten dirty white stallion weighing about nine hundred pounds, a fiddle-headed little brute that limped. That this stallion was no longer with the mares proved to Blink Chadwick that he had proved easy prey to Honey Boy; and while all the mares had foals by their sides, Chadwick was certain Honey Boy had sired none of them. Indeed, two of the foals were mules!

That argued there was a Spanish jack loose on the range. Had the jack, then, accounted for the little flea-bitten stallion, and had Honey Boy, in turn, dispossessed the jack? Chadwick wondered, but not for long. He was far from headquarters, and it was late in the afternoon; he started home, and en route came across the carcass of the flea-bitten stallion, in a stale welter of blood-flecked grass. But Chadwick noticed a strange thing. There were no wounds from teeth or hoofs on the body of the dead stallion, such as would have been the case had he fought to the death with one of his kind. Instead, his throat had been torn out, apparently at a single bite. Chadwick decided this could not possibly have been the work of a panther, however hungry and desperate, for the latter would not have attacked anything but a colt; even had he attacked the flea-bitten stallion, he would have leaped upon the horse's back and bitten him through the neck to crush the vertebræ. And marks of his claws would have shown on the stallion's back.

Jack killed a yearling calf and brayed defiance. Two cowboys roped him, threw him and muzzled him.



Jack was not familiar with creatures that fight. However, a great wrinkled neck

"If Honey Boy did that job," Chadwick decided, "he's a man-eater and no mistake! And yet, dog-gone him, he didn't look that tough. Well, I'll pack a six-shooter when I go after him. I might find, when I get my rope on him, that he's just too much horse for me."

A few miles farther on, half a dozen buzzards rose heavily from the grass, and so Chadwick rode over to investigate. He found a black-and-white pinto stallion, an old-timer on the range, dead there. The pinto's throat had been torn out by a single bite also; nor were there other marks of conflict visible. Evidently he had been killed that day; and a mile away, Chadwick saw the dead stallion's harem standing in the sage, gazing in his direction. Even as Chadwick looked, one of the animals detached itself from the harem and trotted toward him; presently there came floating down the wind a hoarse challenge—the bray of a Spanish jack.

"So you're the murderer!" Chadwick thought. "And now you're coming over to investigate me, eh? I guess not, when I'm out without my gun!" He sank the spurs into his pony and fled. The jack followed him at a fast lumbering gallop for half a mile, then decided he could not win, and turned back.

Chadwick was off again at daylight, a forty-five at his hip, and a rifle slung in a scabbard along his saddle under the sweat-leather; also he was riding his top horse, for his mission was to kill that jack before the jack should kill Honey Boy. From time to time, as he rode, Chadwick started herds of mares and their stallion protectors—which, with the acquired instinct of their species, fled at once across the sagebrush plain for the rim-rock and scrub-timber-studded hills beyond. Chadwick had his binoculars with him now, and though he studied each herd carefully, he could not descry the jack. Nor did he start up Honey Boy's harem.

However, it was no part of his plan to disturb Honey Boy and

refused to stand on their hind legs and was exposed; so he slipped in sidewise.

his mares today. The grass in the district where he had found them the previous day was more luxuriant than elsewhere, and Chadwick had a suspicion that Honey Boy had too much sense to wander very far from feed and water. He knew from experience that wild horses, in that semi-arid country, drink but once a day—about four o'clock in the afternoon. Indeed, it had been at about that hour the previous day that he had disturbed Honey Boy at the water-hole.

At four o'clock, therefore, he cautiously rode up to the rim-rock and peered around the corner to the water-hole. He was careful to come up-wind, but the sole reward of his caution was a dead horse at the rim of the water-hole. It proved to be a two-year-old stallion with its throat torn out. Evidently the tragedy had been enacted less than half an hour before.

A tingle ran up Blink Chadwick's spine. So the jack was in the neighborhood! Also, if Chadwick's suspicions were well-founded, Honey Boy and his harem could not be far away; presently Honey Boy would come stepping proudly in advance of them, leading them down to water.

"Help wanted for Honey Boy," Chadwick decided. "That jack probably weighs as much as the horse; indeed, he may outweigh him. He's an in-fighter. No rearing and striking the enemy with his front feet, no helter-skelter biting and gouging, no kicking for Señor Spanish Jack! When a stallion accepts his challenge,—and the stallion hasn't been born that will not,—Jack rushes in to the assault. He's a mouth fighter; when the stallion rears and strikes at him, Jack takes the blow, if he can't dodge it, and comes right in. Presently the stallion leaves the fatal opening and Jack has him by the throat; he hangs on like a bulldog and chews; he doesn't let go until the stallion is dead. I've seen three dead stallions, and a single grip did for each of them." *(Please turn to page 122)*

"Go on now, the two of you —or you'll be late getting back," said Pop.

WOODEN SHOES

A love story of a star-in-the-making and a little hoofer

by Mary McCall, Jr.

Illustrated by R. F. James

"ANYONE for me, Pop?" Jerry said to the doorman.

"No, Jerry, not yet."

She went into Pop's little coop near the door and sat down on the table. She looked at the clock. "I wish he'd hurry," she said. "I won't have time to eat."

"He was in last week, wasn't he?" said Pop. "Yeah, I thought I knew who it was. Smooth-faced feller with a Shriner's ring."

The clock hands jumped forward with loud ticks. Jerry left the table and stood by the door. The concrete was hard on her feet in the new shoes. The other girls came down in twos and threes. Flo and Mabel and Babe and Fay, the tall show-girl in her new leopard coat with the red fox collar. Miss Lake, the lead, came in to leave her key on the board. She had her dog with her, a little griffon. Babe said Miss Lake had white meat of chicken sent in for him every day.

It was getting late. Most everybody had left. Jerry went back to Pop's table. "Well," she said, "I guess he's not coming. I'd better go out and get a bite alone."

"That's too bad, Jerry," said Pop. "That's no way to treat a sweet girl like you. I tell you if I was a single feller—"

"Would you take me out, Pop?"

"You bet I would!" he said.

Some one else was coming downstairs—the last of the boys; he came downstairs like a hoofer, all right, real fast and in rhythm, one-two-three—one-two-three. He put his head in at Pop's door. "So long, Pop," he said.

It was the quiet one. Jerry had noticed him often. He had red hair, with a wave in it—not flaming red, but copper—and broad shoulders and a narrow waist. He worked with Babe in the finale. He never had a word for anyone, though, after the show. If you passed his dressing-room coming in early, and the door was open, you'd usually see him reading. He had a book under his arm now.

"So long, Joe," said Pop. Then: "Hey, Joe, why don't you take Jerry out to supper? Her date stood her up."

"Oh, Pop!" said Jerry. The boy was standing there. He looked kind of scared. He was nice. She got off the table. "No, I'll just go around the corner and grab a sandwich and some coffee."

"I'd like to take you out," he said. He had a soft voice, nice. "But you see, I'm eating at home, and I haven't any money; I give it all to the old lady except just carfare."

"I'll treat you," said Jerry. "I've got money."

"No," he said, "I couldn't do that. I tell you: you lend me three, and I'll pay you Saturday."

"All right," said Jerry. She opened her pocketbook and gave him three one-dollar bills folded the long way for luck.

"See you get it, Jerry," said Pop. "Go on now, the two of you, or you'll be late getting back."

Jerry and Joe went around the corner to the oyster place.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll phone the mother, so she won't be waiting for me."

This was nice. Jerry was rather glad that Mr. Thomas hadn't come. She took out her compact, wiped the powder off the mirror and looked at herself. She curled her eyelashes with her little finger and smoothed her eyebrows. If her mother had ever caught her using powder right out in a restaurant!

He came back. "O.K.," he said, and smiled at her. "Been in show business long?"

"About three months," she said. "I rehearsed with 'Oh, Baby,' but it flopped in Newark. Never came in. Then I got this. How long have you been in the business?"

"Three years now," he said. "I was in vaudeville for a while, right after the war, with one of those doughboy acts—you know. Then I've been in a couple of shows, 'Wild Rose' and 'Betty' and this one."

"You weren't in the army, were you?"

"No," he said. "I was in school—N. Y. U. I hoofed nights so I could go to school."

"Oh," said Jerry. "I was in school too, last year."

"Whereabouts?"

"Chicago."

"Your folks from Chicago?"

"No," said Jerry. "Nebraska. You see, I had four sisters; they all went to Normal, and then came home and taught school; but I didn't want to, so I asked Dad and Mom to let me go to Chicago and learn to be a gym teacher. I had an aunt there. I was to live with her."

"How did you get here?"

"Well, I didn't ever go to the physical-culture school. All the time I was spending the money on dancing, tap and toe and acrobatic—pretty nearly every kind. I liked it. Then I got a job with a show."

"What did your folks say to that?"

"Well, you see, I didn't exactly tell them. I told Aunt May I was going home, and Mom thought I was still with Aunt May. The first job I didn't get. The man took me down to a room in the basement and wanted to measure me for tights. I knew there weren't any tights in that show, so I screamed and some one let me out. Then I got this other job and came on here."

"How old are you?" said Joe.

"Nineteen," said Jerry.

They ate oyster stew and didn't say anything for a while.

"I didn't think you'd been in this game long," said Joe.

"Why not?" said Jerry. "Don't I dance all right?"

"Yes," said Joe. "You're good. You do that falling off a log in the Brand New Moonlight number better than anyone on the line. No, you're—you have a kind of different look from the others."

"When I first came to town, I was different, all right," said Jerry. "I had sixty-three curls—regular Mary Pickford stuff. And a dress with ruffles all over."

"Your hair is nice short like that," he said.

"Do you live here?"

"Born here. Over by the East River. I'm a mug."

"A what?" said Jerry.

"A mug. You know, a tough guy. One of the *dese* and *dose* guys. That's a mug."

"But you don't talk like that," she said.

"Not now," he said. "But what a battle I had! Even my own brothers rode me when I got wise to how I talked and tried to change. Do I sound all right to you?"

"Yes," she said. "Fine."

"You see, I don't want to go on hoofing always. I want to act—you know, in a regular show."

"I bet you could, too," said Jerry. "All I can do is dance."

"Like to walk a way before we go back?" he said.

"All right," said Jerry.

She put her hand on his arm and they walked up Seventh Avenue. The muscles of his arm were hard under her hand.

Mrs. Nolan looked at Jerry. "Oh!" she said. "We didn't marry like that when I was a girl."

"You're strong, aren't you?" she said.

"Yeah, pretty strong. I wanted to be a pug once when I was a kid, but the old lady wouldn't stand for it."

They stopped to look in a window. He saw their reflections in the glass. "Gosh, you're small!" he said.

"Five feet," said Jerry. "More in heels."

They walked back slowly. You could see the sunset down the long cañons of the streets. It was warm, not like fall.

At the stage door he took her hand. "Well, so long, Jerry. I'll let you have that three Saturday."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jerry. He had nice hands—strong, friendly-feeling.

"How about stepping out somewhere Saturday," he asked, "—after the evening show?"

"All right," said Jerry. "That'll be great."

As she stood there in the alley holding his hand, she suddenly felt homesick. Why? She liked him. She didn't want to be home, away from him.

"Well, so long, Joe," she said, and ran upstairs.

They went out Saturday, and often after that. Jerry wouldn't let Joe treat her except Saturday nights. The other evenings they went Dutch. They'd drop in for late supper at the arm-chair lunch—egg sandwiches and coffee. Matinée days they used to have dinner together.

Sunday afternoons he used to come around to the room Jerry had with Bee, who worked in the floor show of a night-club. They had the room fixed up as much like a sitting-room as they could, with couch covers over the beds. Bee wasn't in much, so Jerry and Joe had the place to themselves.

One Sunday it was raining. The rain sluiced against the window that looked out onto the brick wall of the building next door. Jerry had tidied the room and had gone around to the delicatessen and got some things for supper, in case Joe should come. There was a one-ring gas stove she could do a little cooking on, and a washbasin in the closet. She was going to have sandwiches and cocoa, and fruit for dessert. Everything was ready, and there wasn't anything more to do.

She sat on the edge of her bed and watched the rain spattering on the window. She remembered Sundays at home. A big dinner at two o'clock, roast beef and corn and green peas and homemade ice cream and cake. After dinner Papa used to go to sleep with a handkerchief over his face, sitting in the big walnut chair in the parlor . . . . Maybe Joe wasn't coming. He hadn't said he'd come. She just hoped he would. She heard the doorbell, and something in her chest went down the way an elevator does in a very tall building. It was probably some one for the girls upstairs.

Jerry picked up her comb, ran it through her hair. . . . . Then Joe knocked at the door.

"Hello, baby," he said.

"Hello, Joe," said Jerry.

"Is Bee coming back?"

"No," said Jerry. "She's out for the day."

"That's nice," he said.

They sat down on Jerry's bed. He put his arm around her, and they sat there quietly, watching the rainy window.

"Can you roll up that rug?" he said.

"Yes," said Jerry.

"I've never seen you dance," said Joe. "You're good at those routines in the show. I want to see you really hoof."

"All right," said Jerry. "I've got wooden shoes in the closet."

She got them out, and he buttoned the straps for her. Bee had a phonograph she used for practicing.

"Here's a good one," said Joe, and put on a record.

Jerry danced in the little space between the bureau and the beds. Joe sat on her bed, watching her. Simple steps, first, then harder ones. Some she'd copied from people in vaudeville. Some she'd learned at Terry's in Chicago. The wooden shoes tapped like drumsticks, every tap clear.

"Who stole my heart away?" Easy,

"Who-o-o stole my heart away?"
Tap tap-tap-tap tap tap swish swish.

"Let's see you do a pullback," Joe said.

She did one, and a spin, and then the wings.

"You're good, baby," said Joe.

The record stopped. Jerry was breathless.

"You make a nice picture when you dance," said Joe. "There's no use being good with your feet if you can't sell it with your face and hands and body. I thought we might work up an act if you'd like. I do eccentric mostly. There isn't room here, or I'd show you a few steps."

Her heart was pounding. She'd worked hard. She had wanted Joe to like her dancing. She was taking the record off the phonograph. She heard him get up and come over behind her.

"Baby!" he said. He kissed the hollow in the back of her neck where her hair came down to a point. She turned around to be closer to him.

"Oh, darling," he said. "Darling! You're so sweet. Little dear Jerry!"

He kissed her mouth. She closed her eyes, and a lovely gold color filled the world. She snuggled her head against his shoulder,

all easy, because she was so happy.

and he held her tight, kissing her short curly hair. She touched his hair and his face with her fingers. She wanted to cry, it was so sweet. It got dark in the room, so that the window was just a grayish square. There wasn't any world outside. There wasn't anything but Joe's arms, and his dear face, and his lips.

After a while she turned on the lamp and made supper for them in the kitchenette. He helped her. They lifted the phonograph off the table, and she covered it with paper napkins. There was only one chair, so he sat on the radiator in front of the window.

"You'd better write your folks tonight, and I'll tell the old lady," he said. "Let's get married Saturday, so we'll have Sunday and Monday."

"Suppose your mother doesn't like me?" said Jerry.

"That doesn't matter," said Joe. "I'm fond of her, so I hope she does; but this is our business. Maybe Bee would get some place else and let us have this place."

"I'll tell her," said Jerry. "Anyway, we'll get some place."

"Would you come over and meet Mother now?" said Joe. "I want to get everything set."

"All right," said Jerry.

They cleared up together, and then Jerry got her hat, and the coat with the fluffy black fur on it, and they went out together.

"I'm scared, Joey," she said, when they were in the subway.

"Look, baby—I'm fond of the old lady. She's my mother, and she's worked hard for us kids. The old man's been dead now ten years. But I love you, and I want to marry you, and have a place of our own, and that's that. If she doesn't like you, that's her hard luck. I've seen this family business break up a lot of happiness. As far as I'm concerned, it's out. Everybody's got to go his own way. Our way's together."

He squeezed her arm as they got to the house. "I love you, baby," he said.

He opened the door with his latchkey. The house was dark. There was a coat-rack with a mirror in it, and a hanging light in the hall.

"She's probably downstairs," he said.

She followed him down the hall, down the narrow stairs into the basement kitchen. His mother was sitting in a rocker, reading the paper.

"Hello, Mom," said Joe.

"Oh, so it's you." She looked up for a minute, and then went back to the paper.

"I've brought Jerry to see you," said Joe.

"Who?" said his mother. She got up. She was tall, a big-boned Irish woman with black hair pulled back from her forehead. Her skin was white, and her mouth was a narrow red line.

"Jerry Barrett," said Joe. "She's in the show."

Jerry went over to her.

"How-d'ye-do, Mrs. Nolan?" she said.

"How-d'ye-do?" said Joe's mother. "Get a chair for her, Joe."

They sat down by the big coal stove. The gaslight flickered. Jerry was scared. It was warm in the kitchen, but her teeth chattered. Her own mother was not like this. She would have fluttered over a stranger. This big quiet woman just sat there.

"Mom, Jerry and I are going to be married," said Joe.

Mrs. Nolan looked at Jerry a long time. "Oh!" she said. "We didn't marry like that when I was a girl. Meet one day, married the next! Well, have it your way. You'll be leaving here?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"Have you found a place?"

"Jerry has a room with another girl," Joe explained. "We're going to ask her to find another place by herself."

"Oh," said Mrs. Nolan.

That was all. When Henry Simpson had told Jerry's mother he wanted to marry Elmeda, she'd cried and kissed them both, and then Papa got the Bible out, and they all knelt down in the parlor and prayed. But Mrs. Nolan just sat there in her rocker and looked straight ahead of her at the grate in the stove where the fire flickered through. The clock ticked away on the table. The table was covered with a red cloth with a pattern on it in white.

"Well, Jerry, we'd better be going back," said Joe.

"All right," said Jerry. "Good night, Mrs. Nolan. I hope I can make Joe happy."

"He's a good enough lad," said his mother, and blushed as if it embarrassed her to say so much.

Jerry followed Joe upstairs. The street door closed behind them.

"Oh, Joe, it's awful. She doesn't like me!"

"Yes, she does," said Joe. "You just *(Please turn to page 140)*

The Veiled Woman

A remarkable novel in which hearts hold together, though cultures clash; the marriage of a Moslem girl and a young man of New York. "Each morning found them more deeply devoted; yet each morning found them steadily more strange to each other."

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

ONE strange night John Perrington, visiting Constantinople in his European tour, ventured to explore the town alone, and was set upon by highwaymen, and was rescued by Captain Shukri Yar, a young attaché of the Turkish legation in Washington now at home on leave. The young Turk took the young American home with him, and there he met Fathma, the Captain's eighteen-year-old sister. . . . .

Their father—old Mustaffa Ali—disliked Europeans, because he knew their machine-made, brutally efficient civilization was slowly, mercilessly grinding his own Moslem Asiatic civilization into the dust. . . . . His was a small family. Deeply in love with his wife, who had died fifteen years earlier, he had not remarried; and his son, Captain Shukri Yar, who was more of a modernist than his father, had become an ardent adherent of Kemal Pasha, and had joined the Washington legation as a military attaché.

So there was now only his daughter Fathma left. She had been brought up in the staid, conservative Moslem manner. Of course, since hers were gentlefolk, she had acquired a smattering of European culture, but the basis of her education was Oriental.

Yet Fathma fell in love with John Perrington, and he with her. Nor did Shukri Yar, with his enthusiasm for things Western, oppose it. But when Perrington went to Mustaffa Ali and declared his desire to marry her, the old Moslem was drunk with rage, insane—and snatching up a dagger, leaped forward.

Perrington jerked a little to one side. The blade, instead of finding his heart, cut through his coat sleeve. He felt a sharp pain, saw, the next second, the door being flung wide open, saw Fathma rush in. She reached her father as he was about to strike again, twisted the dagger from his aged hand.

Perrington stood there, appalled, as father and daughter stared at each other. Then Mustaffa Ali spoke: "You are no longer my daughter!"

Her reply was as passionless: "And you are no longer my father!"

She held out a hand to John Perrington. They passed through the house, the garden, out into the street. . . . .

Captain Shukri Yar took his sister to the house of a Turkish friend who had married a Frenchwoman, and from there, shortly afterward, Fathma and John Perrington were married. A few days in Paris, then a great liner that bore them toward America. And there on shipboard came Fathma's first clash with the alien world she was entering; for a number of Perrington's friends were aboard: Gordon Davies, a middle-aged man-about-town who had taken too many cocktails, kissed her when Perrington introduced him; hardly less shocking was the sight of her John dancing with another woman, and their expectation that she, a Moslem, would drink liquor.

"To be urged to drink, to be kissed by strangers, to see you dance—with women!" she protested to Perrington, when they had returned to their staterooms. And their first quarrel followed.

(The story continues in detail:)

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Fathma waited until Shirley finished. Then she asked again: "What does it mean — all wet?"

FATHMA was in her stateroom. She sobbed from time to time, but she did not weep, for with her, tears were the result of weakness, not of anger; and she was seldom weak.

On the other hand, she was a Moslem. She had been taught, and unhesitatingly believed in, the stark Koranic dogma that revenge is a good thing approved by the Lord Allah, that it is synonymous with justice, and that it is decent and right to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. John, she considered, had hurt her. He had hurt, chiefly, her thin-skinned Oriental pride. And now she lay there in the dark, listening to the swash of the sea and the faint clack and drone of the engines, brooding, striving to plan out a proper discomfiture for her husband—striving rather wickedly, and then suddenly shrinking from it.

For she said to herself:

"Why—I love him."

Not that her anger subsided. But she could not injure him; and the very fact that she could not, sharpened her anger and turned it, queerly, away from him and against herself—turned it, too, against fate.

She clenched her small fists.

The complexities of the tissues of life seemed puzzling—life in the West, among foreigners, Christians. It meant freedom. But it exposed you to—things, to conflicts of point of view and code of behavior.

The East was better, in spite of its veil. Swathing, this veil, and stifling; but sheltering, giving security, simplifying existence.

She longed for the East, for home, the roof-top in Stamboul; felt sorry for herself.

She thought:

"I am unhappy—so unhappy. And my head aches; and oh, I cannot sleep."

She did, though, soundly enough; and she awakened a little after seven the next morning to see John standing by the side of her bed, looking down at her.

For quite a while he had been standing there. He had passed a miserable, tossing night, and had entered her room in a glowering frame of mind, intending to tell her:

"Listen, dear! I don't want to start our quarrel all over again. But really—we've got to have this thing out, once and for all. You're going to live in America, aren't you? Well—you'll be in the minority; and, take it from me, you'll have to conform—for the sake of your own happiness."

He had meant to be very decisive. But finding her asleep, evenly breathing, her long eyelashes showing against the smooth pallor of her face, all at once his mood had changed; his decisiveness had disappeared, and he had watched her with a certain reverence, a certain wonder.

He had wondered how any human being could be so amazingly lovely. He had wondered how her throat came to be so soft and white. He had wondered, bending over her, why her curly hair smelled like the rain on new-mown hay.

He had wondered if she loved him—and had at once replied to his own question:

"Of course she does!"

There could be no doubt of it. For his sake she had defied her father and broken the age-old shackles of Islam, and was now following him—the man of whom, after all, she knew so little—to an alien land, so alien, so beyond her tight, walled-in Moslem perception!

He must be patient with her . . . . And he kissed her forehead; and as she sat up, he spoke to her, with a chaotic, stammering rush of words—for had he stopped to think out each sentence, he might have become embarrassed at his own passionate eloquence, might have become tongue-tied.

"I guess," he said to her, "I was—oh, sort of hasty and inconsiderate last night . . . . Didn't mean to hurt your feelings—honest!" He took her in his arms. "You see, darling, one lives for years—and one meets hordes of people. Men and women. And one likes some—loves some, perhaps, a little. But they pass on and are soon forgotten, because they don't matter, really. And then one meets one human being—just one; and she—"

"Me?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes, you! And this—this you—one can't let her pass on. One can't forget her—ever. She—why—she matters; she alone matters, and nobody else—nothing else."

He interrupted himself.

"I'm a silly fat-head," he went on, "not much good at explaining things. Things, that is—which touch me profoundly. But—you know what I mean, dear?"

"I do."

She kissed him; and he repeated:

"Didn't mean to hurt your feelings—last night."

She smiled. Her unhappiness vanished as though it had never been. She was glad that their quarrel was over. And too, seeing him before her, so big and tall and solid and yet so humble, she understood at that moment, deep in her pouncing, intuitive, feminine mind, that she was stronger than he.

This sudden realization spelled a triumph. Not because she loved him less than he loved her, nor because she was more selfish. Indeed, her love was fully as great as his; and she was not selfish at all, since, a Moslem, she reckoned it her clear duty to serve him, her husband. But she would always serve him in her own way. Her temperament was not active but contemplative, and nothing could ever change her fundamentally. She might even yield to him, occasionally, on these fundamentals. But it would be, if not exactly a pretense, then a yielding without inner conviction—as, for instance, in the matter of not eating with her fingers; a yielding prompted by emotional and not by mental

reasons, a yielding because of her love—because, finally, she was the stronger. In the last analysis he must take her as she was.

Yes, she was the victor today. And the knowledge that she was, that moreover it had not been much of a struggle, made this victory seem somehow less worth while, suffused her young soul with a warm, golden glow of devotion and gratitude and generosity. And she said to him:

"About last night—you were right."

"I was not!"

"Hello, darling!" She threw her arms about John and kissed him—while Fathma drew in her breath, startled.

"You were!" she insisted determinedly.

"I was not!"

"Oh, but you were, John! Absolutely right—and I behaved like a little fool."

"No!"

"I did! Please—you must not contradict me, or we shall quarrel again."

"Oh, all right,"—and he laughed,—"you *were* a little fool then—a damned little fool!"

"Don't agree so—so emphatically!" Fathma joined in his laughter. Then, more seriously, she continued: "I mean it. In the future I shall dance. I shall be less prudish. I shall try to like your friends, even"—she made a wry face—"Gordon Davies."

"You've got him all wrong, darling. He isn't a half-bad egg."

She smiled.

"An egg," she replied, "is either completely good or completely bad. There is no such thing as a half-bad egg. You see, I know all about food—the kitchen, and keeping house. I am an excellent cook."

"You're a small wonder—that's what you are!"

"You think so?"

"I'm positive. Want to bet?"

They were in a very happy mood; there was not the faintest tinge of resentment left in either; and Fathma proceeded, in her direct, startlingly literal way, to live up to her resolution. She would conform to the American standard. At least she would do her best. She would endeavor to like her husband's friends and make them like her, or she would find out the reason why; and it was by mere chance that Shirley Frisby was the first on whom she tried out her new experiment.

It was later in the morning of that same day. John was attending to some long overdue correspondence, and Fathma was alone. She went up to the top deck for a stroll.

There men and women were reclining in their sail-cloth chairs, wrapped in virulently checkered steamer rugs, reading, dozing or calling plaintively to the stewards to bring them biscuits and beef-tea—were presently, hurriedly, getting up and leaving, without waiting for the refreshments. For suddenly the sea, which had been like motionless, dirty oil, changed to a slow, immense roll that sent the ship down a slope and up another. The sky grew dark; rain came; it splattered on the deck in slender black parallel rods. A moment later, with savage rapidity, a sharp edge of wind struck the *Arragonia*, and she pitched crazily to leeward, taking a drunken lurch into the void, straightening again, again tripping like a bulky matron on a waxed dancing-floor, then riding up with a certain measure of pompous, challenging grace. The song of the whipped, tortured air came with a gigantic roar and sob; the deck was deserted; and Fathma also decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and was about to go below when, passing the wireless hut, she heard voices—heard her own name—and stopped.

A man was asking:

"Don't care for Fathma, do you?"

A woman replied:

"Between you and me, she gives me a pain."

"Snap judgment—rather unfair."

"Maybe. But I stick to it. Told you last night—she's all wet."

"Oh—"

"All wet, I repeat, Arthur!"

"Well—*you* will be all wet if you stay here much longer."

"I don't mind the rain. My complexion is waterproof."

"My thirst isn't. See you anon!"

The speaker, Arthur Hunt, appeared and hastened toward the stairs. He did not notice Fathma, who promptly turned the corner of the wireless hut and faced Shirley Frisby—a picturesque little figure in short plaid skirt, low-heeled brown shoes, tweed hat, and silk blazer of black and golden stripes.

"What does it mean—all wet?" demanded Fathma.

The other gave a slightly embarrassed laugh.

"Discovered!" Shirley exclaimed. "Just in the nick of time! Good old-fashioned melodrama! Heroine in frightful struggle, guarding her virtue! Villain nearly triumphant! Gnashing his teeth, twisting his elegant coal-black mustache! Heroine cries despairingly: 'Marmaduke, my Marmaduke, where are you?' Villain sneers: 'Your Marmaduke is dead! No one can save you now, my

"How shatteringly odd! I expected to find you with rings on your fingers and bells on your toes."

pretty!' Then airplane descends. Hero appears; turns to villain! Pulls off false beard and wig; says: 'I am Marmaduke Vavassour de FitzBattleax! I am the man you believed to have been frozen to death last August in the Sahara desert!' The marines march across the stage! Old Glory is waved! The orchestra plays 'The Star-Spangled Banner!' Applause!"

Fathma waited with icy politeness until Shirley had finished. Then she asked again:

"What does it mean—all wet?"

"Been listening?"

"No. Hearing."

"Nice distinction. I get you. Well, since you insist on knowing, 'all wet' means that you're a total loss."

"And what does *that* mean?"

"You need a primer in the American language. It means that you are—"

"I can guess," interrupted Fathma. "You think I am stupid, eh?"

"Not exactly. But—"

"Almost?"

"Well—" Shirley hesitated, slurred, stopped.

"You do not like me?" continued Fathma. "You find me"—she used the Turkish word, then translated it quickly—"*nalayiq*—unsympathetic?"

"Oh—"

"Why do you not like me?" came the sharp, forthright question. "What have I done to you? I,"—Fathma's voice rose,—"I am funny to you, I know, because I am a foreigner, a Turk. Do you not think that you, an American, would be just as funny, to my countrymen, if you were amongst them, alone? Would you not appear stupid to them and,"—loudly, defiantly,—"all wet?"

Shirley laughed.

"Fathma," she said, "I take it back. You aren't stupid. You've got a bean, and you've got grit—and I don't dislike you, after all."

She was silent for a moment. For a number of years her life, since she looked younger than she was, had been business, the merciless matching of her wit against others'. It had been an active life, too active to allow of much introspection, of dwelling on non-material values. Yet whenever there were pauses in her activity, then, banked up, like a still, unchanging backwater, her native-born sense of fair play became visible.

It was so today, the result of Fathma's straightforward, fearless honesty.

"I guess," she admitted, "we were sort of rotten to you last night. Still, you've got to own up, you yourself weren't precisely sweetness and light."

"What did *I* do?"

"Ritzed us! Treated us as if we were lepers!"

"No, no, no! You misunderstand. I was not haughty! I was—afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"It was all new to me. I had never been to a party before in all my life."

"Well, I'll be—" Once more Shirley laughed. "I do like you," she continued, "and I'll see to it that you make the grade with our bunch, although you've got one friend at court already."

"Who?"—eagerly.

"Gordon Davies."

Fathma was keenly disappointed. "Oh, *he!*"

"Don't you care for him?"

"No."

"Don't care for our little Gordon—for God's gift to women? You know, you ought to!"

"Why?"

"Because he's a regular Turk."

Fathma was puzzled. "A regular Turk?" she echoed.

"Right! He'd be a riot in a harem. Loves the ladies, lean and fat, blonde and brunette and pea-green. Stake him out on the prairie, and he'd flirt with a sage-hen. He's the original Pasha."

"You do not know what you are talking about!" declared Fathma, flaring up. "Turks do not—ah, love the ladies. They are good people, moral people. And as to pashas—my father is a pasha, and he is fine and decent and—"

"Ride 'em, cowboy! Don't shoot! I eat my words!" Shirley threw up her hands. "Anyway, Gordon is a poke—and a damned good friend in need! I happen to know!"

They went to one of the salons, where they continued their conversation, Fathma asking questions about America, and Shirley about Turkey. They became, then and there, good friends; and when they joined the others at lunch,—it was, of course, Gordon Davies who had spoken magical words to the head steward and had arranged a table for all of them,—Shirley proclaimed Fathma's virtues in no uncertain, if slangy, terms:

"Not even my worst enemy can call me a molasses-spout and get away with it. Nor has anyone ever heard me refer to another woman as 'bubbles' or 'mousie-mousie' or 'piggywiggykins.' I'm the congenital cold shower—and I declare herewith"—pointing a dramatic finger at Fathma—"that the kid is all right."

"Needn't tell me," laughed John, exchanging a happy glance with his wife. "I know."

"You don't know the half of it. After all, you're only the husband, while I'm the friend." She grew more serious. "You see, I'm an interior decorator."

"Been trying to sell your services to the young bride?" asked Gordon Davies.

"No. I never try to stick my friends. But she and I got to talking about things—houses, furnishings, lines, color schemes, rugs, and what-have-you. And"—enthusiastically—"she certainly knows her vegetables! I sat at her feet, and I imbibed knowledge by the bucket."

"Oh,"—Fathma was flattered, pleased, embarrassed—"in Turkey woman's realm is in the house. She must know all about it. She must learn."

"Forget it!" cut in Shirley. "You can't learn good taste—you're born with it." She turned to Perrington. "If ever you and your wife bust up, she's got a job—with me. She'll come into my shop; and inside of six months we'll have every easy mark on Park

"It is beautiful—too beautiful! And it frightens me."

Avenue go Oriental with a vengeance. That Russian craze has lasted long enough, anyway."

She pushed her cocktail across the table.

"Let's drink to it, Fathma," she suggested.

The other sipped at the glass, while John smiled encouragement, and Allison Frisby clapped her hands.

"Three rousing cheers!" she exclaimed. "Her Americanization has begun."

"With gin!" commented Gordon Davies. "How absolutely typical!"

Fathma looked at him. She read the irony beneath his words. She liked him less than ever.

He felt it, and blushed a little, for he liked her, liked her more and more. She was different from the other women he had known—and he had known a great many; nor was this difference based on the question of race or religion. It was rather because, so far, she did not touch in him a sensual chord, not even a sentimental chord; but touched, instead, a sort of ghost in his memory—something faint and elusive which he had once possessed, which he had cheated and muddied and foregone—a mood, possibly, of decency, of that trite and prosy thing called spiritual cleanliness.

For deep within himself, like so many sensualists who have sacrificed their ideals to their appetites, he endeavored to preserve—something: a dream of personal bigness and selflessness which he guarded jealously in the background of his life, of which he was ashamed, and which, he hoped subconsciously, would some day come to full fruition.

He was silent. He listened to the others.

Their gayety, suddenly, seemed to him forced. Their laughter seemed part of a prearranged plan. Their jests seemed to click like bits of machinery. Their wise-cracks seemed not spontaneous, but painfully figured out—things they expected would be considered brilliant and quoted, or considered profound and meditated over.

Here, curiously, he agreed with Fathma.

Not that she went through the same mental process or used the same vocabulary to herself. For she had not yet learned—would never entirely learn—the rules of the psychological game as played in the West, the endless digging and dissecting. She avoided analysis as something which obscured the essential thing, and preferred the intuitive method of guessing at the solution, be it right or wrong, the instant a problem jutted into the focus—and today this intuitive method showed her what Gordon Davies had seen.

She too listened. She observed.

There was novelty in it. She enjoyed it. But after a while the enjoyment paled when, dimly, she began to understand that all this gayety was a matter of routine, that it had its well-defined limitations, that the smile on its face was painted.

She saw this more and more clearly. For although she was young and inexperienced, she had the instinctive wisdom of her ancient race.

Laughter around her, jests, glittering balls of gossip tossed, caught, tossed again.

Tinsel and stucco, she decided in her shrewd young soul—and it might have been an echo of her father's thoughts whenever he went to Pera—tinsel and stucco and a certain surfeit. Nor did she except Shirley Frisby from this judgment, though she was growing fond of her—nor, entirely, her husband, though she loved him. Nor, finally, did her success with these people, so different from last night's failure, blind her . . . She tried to blend with the general mood. She did it quite skilfully—but she knew that it was not part of herself.

She did not "let on" how she felt.

"Making the grade," Shirley had called it. Very well. She would make it. It was her duty, and it made John happy.

Happiness, came her vague thought, always runs back along the line of least resistance, along the path made smooth and easy by habit. And she remembered an old Turkish proverb that had often been on Gurma's lips:

"The tongue, which is yielding, endureth; the teeth, which are stubborn, perish."

Mrs. Perrington tried to look like her future granddaughter.

Chapter Eight

THE five days aboard the *Arragonia* passed rapidly. Rapidly, too, passed the sensation of John Perrington's Oriental wife. The passengers no longer whispered and speculated. Indeed, by this time, some—chiefly hard-boiled citizens of Kansas, Nebraska and points farther West—declared, more or less audibly, that the whole story seemed phony to them.

"Turk? She? Like my foot!"

"I guess she's as American as the rest of us."

"Sure! The way she wears her clothes—"

"And her manners—"

"Sort of accent? Well, maybe she was educated abroad."

"But I saw in the Paris papers—"

"You know what papers are like! She's no Turk!"

"Sure not! Turks are black—"

"And she's as fair as I."

"You've said it! And also—Turks are uncivilized."

"Yes—kill Armenians."

"And their morals—"

"Not so good—eh?"

"Harems, you know."

"And other things."

"I heard a lecture last year at the First Baptist Church—some missionary just came back from there. The stories he told made my hair stand on end."

"Let's hear about it!"

"You're too young."

"Anyway, I doubt that Mrs. Perrington's a Turk."

"She's an American."

"Sure thing!"

Yes. The sensation was wearing out. Besides, other matters of interest arose as the wireless began to splutter news: news of a minor war between two unimportant rowdy nations in the Balkans—"fox-terrier nations," John Perrington described them; a war not likely to involve the great nations, yet a war that was good for business, since American factories prepared to supply both combatants with the steely necessities of strife, on a strictly cash basis.

So in Indiana and Pennsylvania dynamos throbbed, trip-hammers thudded, derrick-cranes hoisted away, gas engines hissed and stuttered—while Wall Street rose on its hind legs and yelled and cheered and broadcast tips and proclaimed a bull market; and orders rushed in from east, west, north, south—and from the high seas, from the passengers aboard the *Arragonia:*

"Buy Bethlehem Steel!"

"Buy Arms!"

"Buy United States Steel Common!"

"Buy Standard Oil!"

Buy shares! Sell goods! Make money!

For the vacation was over; Europe was slipping into the limbo; and with every churning mile,

(Please turn to page 134)

It was in a noisy crowd—awaiting the hoisting of an airplane into a store—that Tony Lombardo was coolly slain. His guard was slow on the draw. He too died.

RACKETEERS and CRIME —AFTER REPEAL!

by Edward Dean Sullivan

YOU have seen "nothing" yet in the way of crime; the racketeers so far have been merely preparing the stage for themselves; they are just getting ready to put on the big "show"—says Mr. Sullivan.

He, if anyone, ought to know. For twenty-five years he has been a newspaper man and has "covered" police headquarters in both New York and Chicago. In New York, he rode almost nightly with Lieut. Charles Becker (since executed) and his raiding Strong-arm Squad. In Chicago, Dion O'Banion saved his life during a race riot and started a friendship which ended only with O'Banion's sensational "bumping off." He has known well (if sometimes briefly) scores of gangsters, and is the author of "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime."

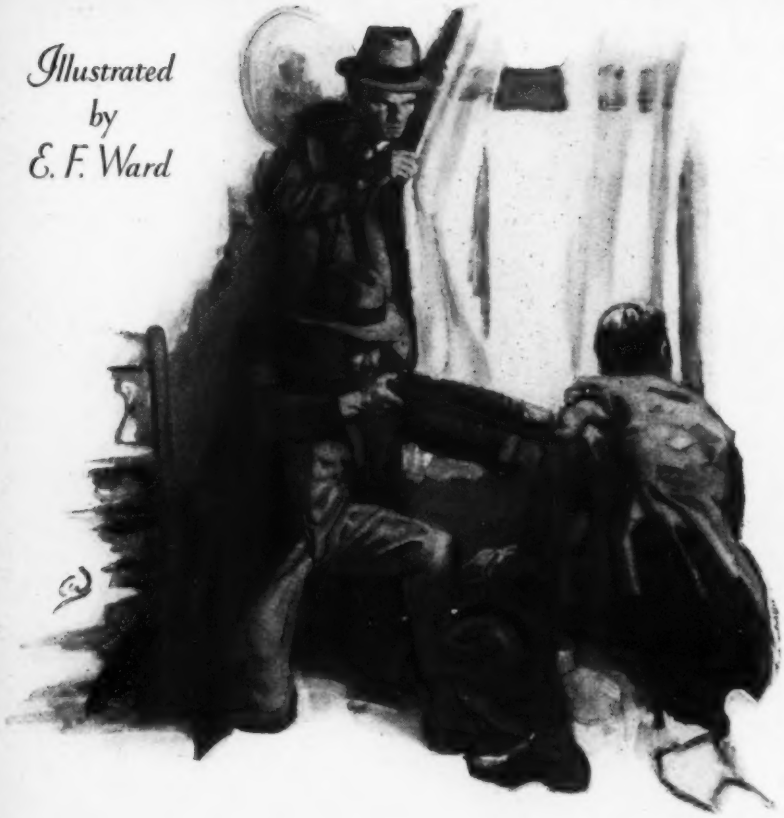
AN ELEMENT of novelty will be found on these pages, because unlike most discussions of prohibited America, no effort will be made in this article to explain or defend the attitudes or conduct of either dry or wet elements. Nor will there be any prediction of the golden days which must inevitably follow the complete ascendency of either faction. All of that has been done, with greater frequency than accuracy, through ten turbulent years.

We are concerned here with an overtone of menace such as no nation has experienced. It threatens to replace—and to beggar—the present crime structure of the United States, which in itself has never been equaled or approached in the history of civilization.

To most Americans—wet, dry, impartial or impatient—the entire subject of prohibition has become a national headache. So by way of a preliminary and welcome ice-pack let it be understood that the words set down will not become controversial—a rare phenomenon in this day and nation!

Rather, let us review the only coöperation ever recorded between the contemptuous warring factions under Prohibition—that efficient sequence by which they

Illustrated by E. F. Ward



In a hired room, rival gangsters set up a machine-gun—and in the shadow of a cathedral death sprayed Hymie Weiss as he crept to headquarters.

built a *Frankenstein* of crime that is the talk of the world. For what that *Frankenstein* may do in the event of the widely urged repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment might well leave the gossiping world in silent awe.

Last year, according to Dr. James M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, the perfectly organized and murderously vicious American bootleg liquor industry made more than three billion dollars. And by way of giving you a perspective on that sum, let it be said that the estimated cost of prohibition-enforcement—such as it was and what there was of it—combined with loss of revenue was but nine hundred and thirty-six million dollars.

Less than a third of the income of the bootleggers! And for secondary perspective on that second sum, let's set down the amount paid into the Federal Treasury by all the individual taxpayers in the country—$882,727,114. Less than was lost through Prohibition alone!

Approximately eight hundred gangs, made up almost entirely of the criminal element in this country, were equipped—aside from their power of threat and political assurance—with more than three billion dollars! Thwarting the law, corrupting elections, tainting the judiciary and buying or shooting holes through every obstacle to increased criminality.

That's the structure of crime that the Drys and the Wets, in that order, have built.

Let us not talk of good intentions, or tolerate thoughtlessness. The Drys gave the criminals of this country that opportunity—and the Wets, drinking liquor of any quality at any cost, gave them the money.

The result has been terrific beyond measurement. Murder is a commonplace. Four thousand homicides have occurred in the city of Chicago alone in the ten years of prohibition, a record never semi-approached in any decade of that hectic city's history. Crime and disregard for law is nation-wide; organization never before considered possible in the underworld is established and has been in efficient operation for years. The comforting slogan that crime does not pay has been bitterly laughed off—it pays in the billions!

"Big shots" in the booze racket fear their compatriots—but never the law! They are seldom arrested and scarcely ever held.

They are not the ones who pack every prison in the land to the last foot of corridor-space. They are not the unfortunates who participate in the frantic and unprecedented riots that have occurred in Auburn, Dannemora, Folsom, Leavenworth, Missouri State, Ohio State, and a dozen other prisons. Those rioters, smashed, burned and berserk, are but an understratum of the criminal structure.

They are mainly in three classifications: Old-fashioned criminals bereft of leadership by the opportunities the "big shots" have found in Prohibition; young and untalented criminals who, unable to break into the booze-game, but determined not to work, have become involved in anything from robbery to murder, and miscellaneous convicts in impressive numbers brought into the walls for activities hazed in bad booze—that perpetual fluid of violence.

There is a fanatic pressure about these riots; in prison annals there have never been any other disorders to compare with them either in intensity or number. The basis of it, prison authorities say, is that—like the majority of the population outside prison walls—the prisoners have come to the belief that crime is crime only when one fails to "get away with it." They are impatient with the ill luck that has befallen them—knowing in their hearts that infinitely worse criminals of their acquaintance are unhampered entirely and hailed as companions by corrupt officials and politicians.

Prisoners have an urge and an impatience that confined men in this country have never known before. They are aware of wholesale corruption of police and other law-enforcing elements. They have a contempt for the formerly awesome wardens and guards that is almost universal. Briefly, they have lost respect for law!

They don't expect punishment; and their attitude—in which they are perfectly sincere—has led to a combustion of criminal violence that has brought about amazing developments. Demands by prisoners for changes in clothing, food and even wardens have repeatedly been heeded after these violent demonstrations. Unprecedented conduct, unprecedented results!

The pitying visitor to an American prison is a thing of the past. The visitor of today is curious—thrilled—anxious to have individual and widely publicized malefactors pointed out. The prisoner's reaction is surly—contemptuous. It's all new!

Against this teeming background, then, this jostling, desperate, determined and difficult-to-curb defiance, we come to the discussion of the new American Utopia—offered by the Wets.

On June 30, 1919, liquor and its train of miseries were banished from the United States, by law. Those who urged, supported and—shall we say?—put across the Federal enactment were not notably temperate in their predictions. Future empty jails, increased law and order, and millennial contentment and prosperity were promised throughout the land. A fit country indeed for the non-voting soldiers to enjoy on their return!

The Wets drank a sour toast to these predictions, and have laughed long and thoughtlessly during ten troubled years. It would greatly simplify things if that were to be the last laugh!

Today throughout the country there is a powerful and obviously growing campaign backed by representative groups and individuals to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Various incontrovertible factors—including widespread polls of popular

opinion—indicate that it is time to consider the possible eventualities of this movement.

The discomfiture of such Drys as are less than fanatic has obviously impressed the Wets not at all. They are now engaged in their own clarion predictions! With the repeal everything will be all right! Snooping will be replaced by amiability; the taxpayer will get something for his money; the farmer will regain his grain market; the kindly neighborliness of American life will be returned, alcoholic deaths diminish and the basis of corruption cease. Happiness absolutely guaranteed when the red nose replaces the blue!

Not once, in conversation, in the Wet campaign advertisements or in the multiple lectures has this writer heard anything tangible about what is to become of the gangster organization which is now a government within a government in this country. The perfectly organized, utterly vicious, politically powerful and murderously intent group which had an income of more than three billion dollars last year. The wet point of view, if any, seems to be that these vast legions, comprising the best-known criminals in the country from every line of "grift" will become apprentices in some trade.

Crime? You haven't seen anything yet.

With Repeal comes the deluge!

In 1919, in July of that year, this writer came near to death while in the company of a gangster. It may be well to explain that, all things considered, the writer could not have been in safer company. There was a race riot in Chicago in which thirty-eight people were killed and five hundred and forty-three injured. The writer, then doing feature articles for a Chicago newspaper, was assigned into that dangerous district, but could induce no cab-driver to go in there.

Finally the newspaper provided a motorcycle, one of several, and a driver for it. The driver of my cycle—as valorous a person as I have ever encountered—was employed in the circulation department of the newspaper. That is, when he was not tampering with promising safes! The job kept the police off him, gave him the reputation of being employed. Such jobs were then essential.

When once we got into the heart of the riot, it was through his efforts alone that the record of dead was not an even forty. That's a great way to strike up a lasting acquaintance. I got to know him well, even when he became a bootleg millionaire. For my driver that day was Dion O'Banion, most reckless and colorful of the vast group of Chicago gangsters, who was shot to death in his flower-shop in 1924.

He was one of the very earliest hi-jackers and general booze desperadoes; and yet—dead in 1924—his constant thought was just how long the booze racket would last and how tough it would be to go back to the old "grift." Go back? Every man-jack of them will go straight back to their routine criminality the moment the booze bank-roll terminates with Repeal!

Murder multiplied to massacre: seven men machine-gunned by booze competitors. "Who shot you?" one was asked. "Nobody," he whispered, and died.

Every prison survey ever made in this country has established the fact that the percentage of reform is negligible. What incentive is there for the bulk of these ex-convicts—even before the spoiling influence of such sums as three billion dollars as largess for crooks—to "go straight" when they are completely out of touch with the tedious routine and comparatively modest rewards of honesty? They are usually dissipated and totally habituated to a criminal life. Age-old history of suffering criminals is insufficient to convince an upstart crook that an honest person is less than stupid.

All of the pillars and recruits of crookdom under Prohibition will follow a course that—as a matter of record—has never varied except in rare instances of superior character or unusual incentive.

They will go back to vicious criminality with such appetite for money, with such organization, such friends, such contacts as were never known in the underworld in all its history. And what do you imagine will be their relations with the police with whom they have had major financial dealings? And what do you imagine the reactions of these police, newly bereft of income—income to which, like the gangsters, they have become thoroughly accustomed?

In the course of my newspaper work I have met among the "big shots" "Schemer Drucci," Hymie Weiss; Dion O'Banion, Al Capone; Pete Gustenberg, and a score of others concerned with activities directly dangerous to others. They quit their usual operations for increased income with decreased risk. The booze game is a tough racket; they're not recruited from clerking circles. For example, I knew Vincenzo Cosmano, a killer and a Black Hander for years; he had quit it cold for the racket with its vastly increased earnings.

What has become of the lottery wars, big safe-blowings, the almost daily Black Hand outrages, particularly in the foreign districts of cities throughout the country? The famous and important Italian Squad of New York's Police Department, which was headed by the slain Joe Petrosino and later by Mike Fiaschetti, is no more. Abolished in 1924! Why? Because the top-caliber Black Handers were all in the booze game. No work, slight risk —vast remuneration.

Let us at this point inject a quotable attitude from one Danny Ahearn, a young man of Manhattan, twice tried and acquitted for murder, and who has been tried for eighteen other major crimes and escaped conviction. He has twelve bullet-holes in his body, but is still active and chipper enough to utter the following:

"Why should I work? Look what I've gone through. I went through more than any guy living so far as the underworld is concerned. That's why I'm in gambling and bootlegging. A fellow in this racket aint outspoken. I aint looking for any trouble;

Trucks shrouded in sudden death tear through sleeping towns with liquor to make men gay, mellow or violent—depending on the mercy of the brewer. "Okay, Buddy!" says the satisfied cop.

Unloading into the high-powered launch was a cinch. But back in the rising fog near the mainland, a coast patrol was preparing the offensive that was to kill three men.

but if it comes my way, into the grave goes the guy with his face down to the earth.

"I have no use for a punk. There are some guys that if you pat them on the back, they will go out and kill a guy for you. You can get the biggest men in the country killed if you treat the punk right. I believe that if a guy kills a guy, he should have a reason for it."

If this were just an oral quotation, it would have but little value or application here. But it is from the actual transcription of a stenographer. The young man has yet not even considered the possibility of the booze graft stopping; but in order to make the above attitude of mind, such as it is, applicable to this story, attend this further quotation from the estimable Mr. Ahearn. Mind you, there is nothing trivial about the view. He's a top-caliber gunman, whatever that is, on his record alone:

"In the underworld, friendship lasts as long as money is being made. But as soon as money runs out, unless there is more money to be made right there and then, friendship ceases."

At this juncture, it seems almost negligent to fail to quote Mr. Ahearn on another matter, since it gives as good an insight as any into the general caliber of persons now on luxurious vacation due to Prohibition, but who will promptly return to their routine tasks with the coming of Repeal:

"I was once offered twenty thousand dollars off a man to kill his wife. She was double-crossing him. I didn't want the job, because I knew the cops would pick him up, and I didn't know whether I could depend on him. I figured the best way to do the thing was to drive past with a car, pick her up and be nice to her. Get her to a cabaret, let her gain your confidence. Be nice to her and tell her you are going to take her to the mountains on a vacation. Take her to the mountains, the two of you together. Get yourself a room in a hotel, and every day go out and dig yourself a nice big ditch. Then take her for a walk in the woods, and when you reach this spot, take her and hit her on the head and kick her into the hole, which is known as a grave, throw dirt on her and bury her alive."

Now, no matter how incredible that may sound or seem, the technique closely resembles that actually used in a murder for which the accused man was acquitted. It is a quotation from Ahearn's newly issued book "How to Commit a Murder," which has wide circulation in general book-stores.

Could anything be more illustrative of the tolerance of the American people and officials in the matter of crime?

It simply proves that a people can become accustomed to anything. In the last two years in London there have been twenty-nine murders. In the same period there have been seven hundred and seventy-five murders in Chicago alone. And there can be no greater folly than to believe that Chicago is the only festering spot of crime in America. It's spectacular, true, but ten other cities of this country compare with it proportionately in general crime.

A two-way insight into the vital threat of Repeal has recently been afforded by the stock-market crash. *(Please turn to page 120)*

As she passed, she raked them with a glance of secret, assured knowingness.

LOVE MAGIC

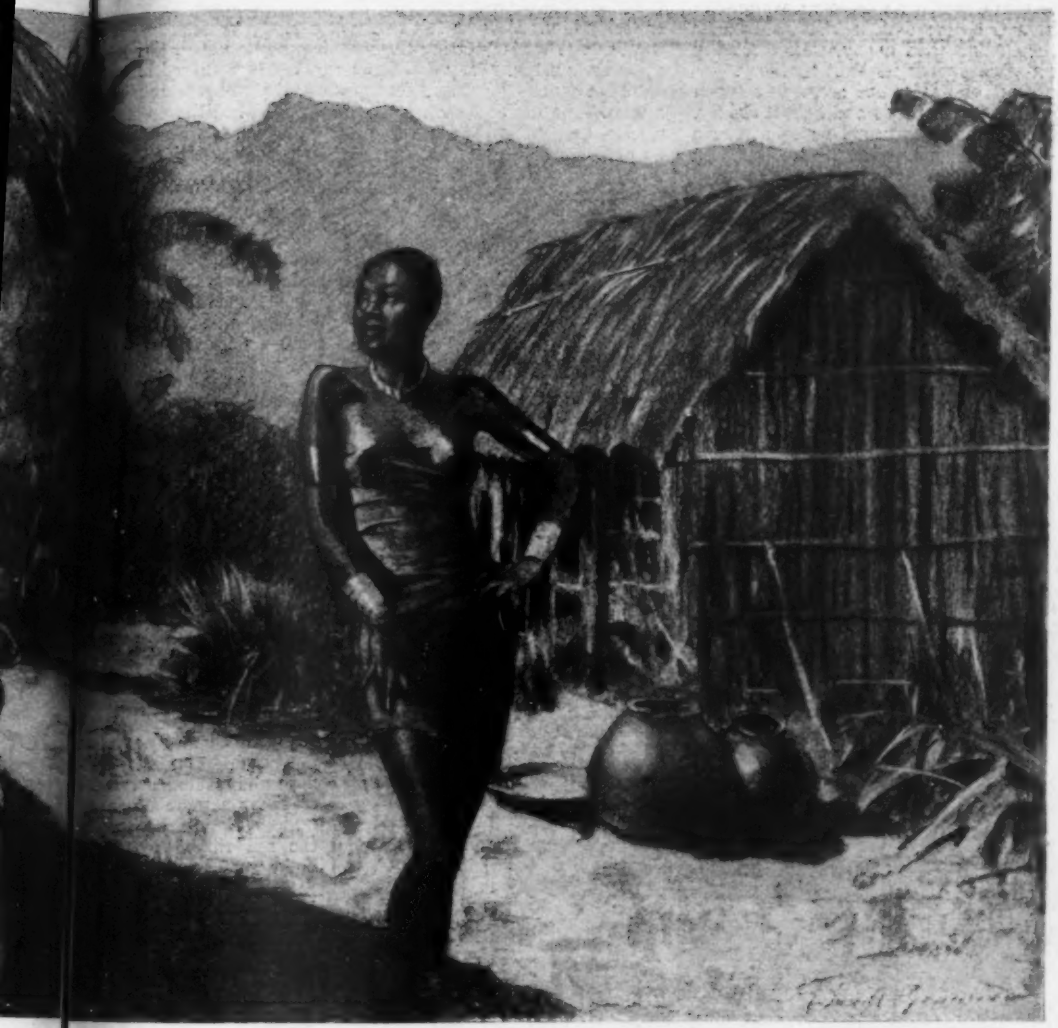
How a white man put his life in the hands of a sorcerer..... and the sorcerer's daughter"

A FLICKER of red calico showed around the corner of the cook house. Both men caught it, as they stood glancing out into the glare of African sun from the shadow of the deep-thatched *baraza* or veranda, where they had lingered after a late lunch. Then the girl came into clear sight, walking slowly and deliberately across the clearing before the house.

The purposeful casualness of that walk, the insolent arrogance of that high-held head! Impudent devil!

She was a tall, slim wench with a length of scarlet calico knotted beneath her bare shoulders, over her firm young bosom. She had skin like black satin, and the bright beads about her throat, the brass bandings on her arms and legs, below the knees, set it off with barbaric brilliance. There was very definite distinction in that small, close-cropped head of hers, reared so defiantly on the straight neck, bared so fearlessly to that African sun which would have struck a white man down in his tracks . . . . . As she passed the men, she turned and raked them with a long, level-lashed glance, remote yet intimate, without recognition for Randall, yet with a curious quality of secret, assured, almost contemptuous knowingness—the look of a native woman who has known white men as mere men.

The irritation in Randall leaped to anger. She wanted taking down—flaunting herself before his guest like that! Keith couldn't be blind to her—and to the meaning of her. He'd never mistake



Illustrated by
J. Sands Brunner

her for the wife of a house servant—not with that air, that look. He knew his way round too much for that. Probably he'd heard there'd been a piece of red calico about the ranch in the past.

Clive Randall scoffed at the judgment of his fellow-men, but the very spirit in him that scoffed at their judgment, resented their having a chance to sit in judgment.

He cocked derisive eyes at his guest. He could read the man's troubled thoughts. Let him think what he liked and be damned to him, those eyes of Randall's said. Did he think Randall had tacked King Arthur's Behests to his Knights in his room when he got himself engaged?

That was exactly what Keith thought—what any nice-minded, serious young American would have thought. Keith had heard stories of one wild kind and another about Ranny in the past, and had prophesied with the rest of the Colony that that reckless young man would come the inevitable cropper; but being a kindly soul, he had been pleased when Ranny had gone down to Nairobi and got himself engaged to a nice girl just out from America—though he knew a mildly resentful envy at the way Luck smiled on wild young men and passed by sedater and worthier chaps. Naturally he had been taking for granted that all Ranny's wildness was a thing of the past.

Now here was that black baggage very much at home on the place! It wasn't thinkable. The wedding not three months away—the nice girl waiting down at Nairobi—and Ranny held by his past.

He shot a furtive look at the figure of the girl, now only a gleam of scarlet against the green of the banana grove; then his eyes dropped to his motor-bike at rest in the shadow below him.

"I'll be pushing on," he muttered.

"Bit hot, yet. Sure you won't stop on?"

"No—the bike gives me a breeze. Thanks for the *chakula*."

Both men's voices were over-casual.

"Glad you came this way," said the planter. "Get a bit fed up with solitude in these parts."

Keith glanced out over the fields of cotton and coffee about them, to the rolling slopes of brushlands, dipping and rising, like an interminable encircling sea. The heat was shimmering in the air; the eyeballs ached with it. On the horizon, far-away blue mountains stuck up stiffly like cut-out cardboard against the cloudless blue of the sky. A lone vulture hung poised on the wing, as if pinned against a back-drop.

"It must be lonely," Keith said involuntarily.

"Lonely as the devil."

Keith looked quickly up from the machine he had bestraddled. Randall was a step or two above him, a striking figure, a long, lean chap in khaki shorts well above his sunburnt knees, his white cotton shirt rolling open at the throat, its sleeves cut away just below the shoulders.

It was the usual planter's costume; yet the lines of Randall's slim body gave it an air of piratical elegance—there was a distinction in everything about the chap. He had the willful,

by Mary Hastings Bradley

Who wrote "Drums in the Dark" *and* "The Gorilla Trail"

handsome face of one of his own Cavalier ancestors: a white skin that took an even color from the sun; dark, rakish eyes under heavy lids; straight, lank black hair, and a gay, satiric scoffing mouth, sharp-edged and firm-angled under its light mockery.

He was a man whom no shaft of misfortune seemed to touch or at least to daunt; he took life in his hands and held it lightly. His courage was wanton; he invited danger and never turned a hair when it was on him—men called him the coolest hand in war or in the field that the British East had ever seen. He loved high stakes; and when, at cards, he lost them, he lost lightly, with the same hardy nonchalance as when he won.

There was something in him that could resist no challenge, brook no defeat. Keith had envied him, admired him, and disapproved, as a cautious, none-too-lucky man disapproves of triumphant rashness, and for the past few minutes he had been disliking him. Now he felt oddly at sea.

With one leg supporting the machine, he hesitated, then looked up again quickly. "Why don't you chuck it?" he asked brusquely.

"I am chucking it," said Ranny promptly. "This is no place for a wife. I'm hiring a chap to run it for me—he'll be up in a few weeks—and I'm going down to Nairobi. Going in with Trelawney as outfitter and white hunter. Pots of money to be made these days, with royalty and Americans all over the place."

"That's good," said Keith. He added: "And I'd get that girl far away before anyone else happens by."

Randall stiffened. "That's my own bally business."

"Is it?" said Keith dryly. He wanted to add, "Isn't it Phyllis Meadows' business?" but the words did not come, under the warning in Randall's eyes. Instead he flung out: "Look out she doesn't stick a knife in you, or slip you a parting dose in your tea. You never know these blacks."

"Why on earth should she?" Randall sounded genuinely entertained. "I can take care of myself."

Keith frowned down at the handle of his machine. "It's your business—as you said," he returned shortly. "Well—toodle-oo!"

Abruptly he started the engine, and a series of explosions followed his drive down the clearing. In a moment he was nothing but a dark streak scooting through the glare against the red 'of the sun-baked road. He disappeared behind a curve, to reappear a more distant and rapidly diminishing speck on the red ribbon that wound out across the brushlands.

"Oh, *damn!*" said Randall impatiently, staring after him. Then his gaze shifted toward the bananas. Where the devil had she gone? She had taken of late to absenting herself on afternoons. Cooking up some hocus-pocus with the old medicine-man, her father.

God, he felt ill! One of those queer moments, after eating, was coming on him again. He had felt its presage when talking with Keith, but had managed not to show it. His stomach felt burning, and tightening. He felt as if his vitals were all contracting, tying up in a hard knot.

It wasn't fever. There were no chills, no temperature. His bones didn't ache, but they felt weighted with lassitude. Just because he longed to relax and sink down, he kept himself stiffly standing. He felt as if fighting something — something that was in his own veins.

By Jove, he believed she *was* poisoning him! He'd known she was up to some hocus-pocus with her love-charms, for twice there had been black feathers under his pillow and a queer flat fold

(Please turn to page 69)

"I have many of these," said Randall. "A great magic for you, Kugara!"

OLGA MARIA AURORA MEDOLAGO

This radio star is the Spanish wife of the Italian Count Angelo Albani. Last September the famous singer Sophie Breslau said to her: "You're married; you have a child. It's time you did something with your beautiful voice." They went to Romberg's office. When "The New Moon" opened, the Countess stepped on a stage for the first time in her life, carrying off the lead dramatic rôle!

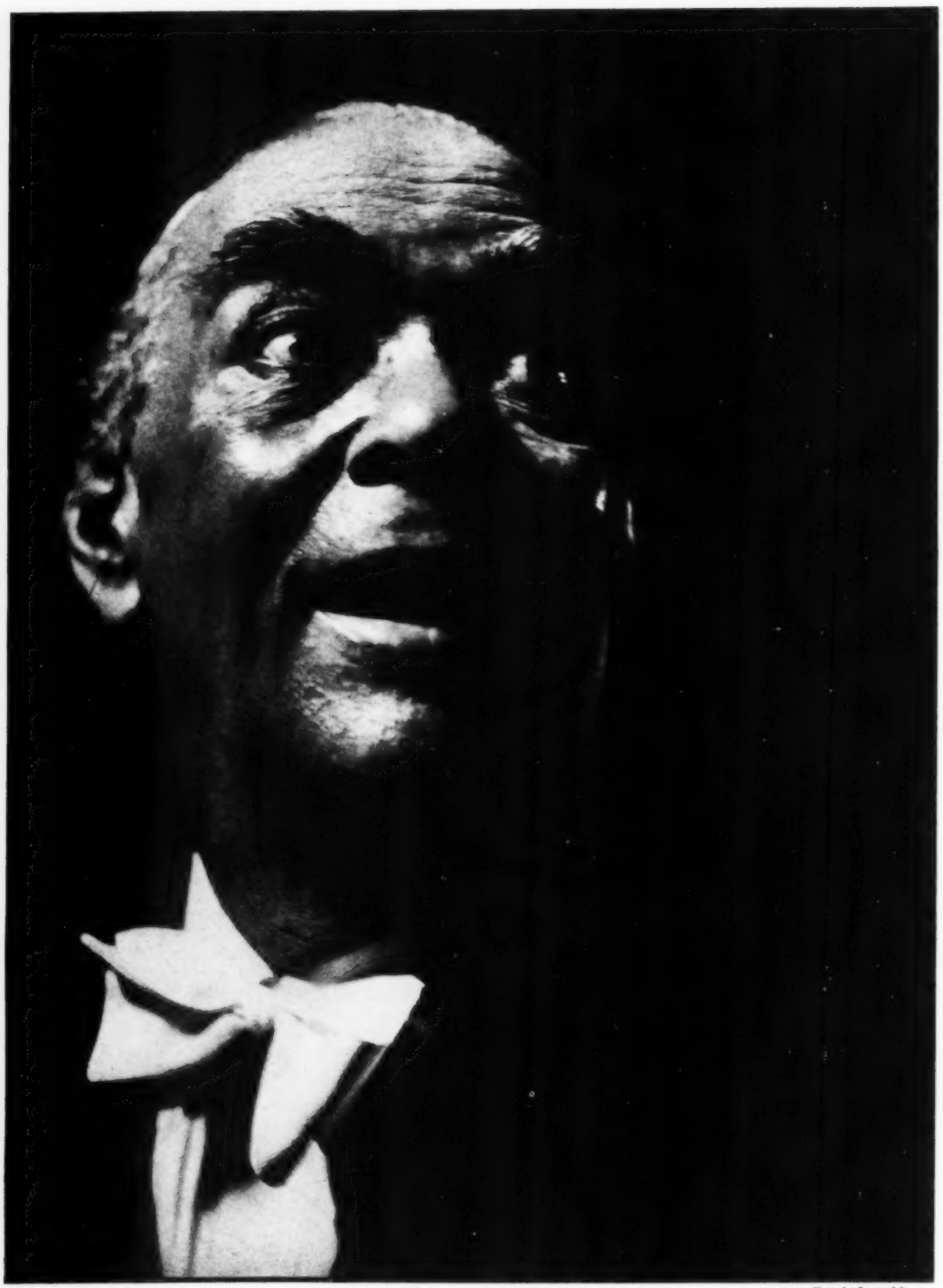


Photo by Lazarnick

RICHARD B. HARRISON

is sixty-six, and he just made his début as *Jehovah* in the Pulitzer Prize play, "The Green Pastures." At once childlike and majestic, he projects the negro's conception of the Lord's battle with sin. For forty years he's been a teacher, preacher, dramatic reader. His parents were fugitive slaves, and slim savings from jobs within the grasp of his race—bell-hop, porter—paid for his studies.

Photo by Lazarnick

KATHARINE CORNELL

agonizes on the ex-lover she poisoned in "Dishonored Lady." She likes such rôles, believing audiences enjoy plays that precipitate them into unfamiliar pitfalls. Her husband and director is Guthrie McClintic. Rehearsing ten years ago, he accidentally overturned a table on her toes. She wailed. "That's the way to cry!" he beamed. That started things. She adores Greta Garbo and detective stories.

MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE AND HER DAUGHTER

A little lady of great histrionic potentialities, Dolores Ethel Barrymore, announces her arrival in her first camera test. Her mother, the former Dolores Costello, has that fatal sad, sweet helpless beauty men adore. John Barrymore ranted against her timidity in rehearsals of "The Sea Beast"—finally shattered it, and made her a star. And so they were married.

Photo by Lazarnick

ALEX J. MORRISON

A follow-through in quintet arrangement by a noted authority on golf technique. "Swing with one smooth, flowing motion, without mental or physical interruption," he says, "and there'll be fewer hooks and slices." Douglas Fairbanks, Grantland Rice, Rex Beach and Charlie Chaplin are on his coaching list, and he's played with famous golfers at his exhibitions.

In Tune With

Ginger Rogers

In a recent picture Ginger sang a mournful ditty: "I Got It, But It Don't Do Nothin' for Me." But that was just acting. This young lady of nineteen summers is a comédienne, a dancer and a singer who spreads her wings over the big three—the radio, the talkies and the legitimate. (No, she's not exactly omnipresent—once she had to hire an ambulance to get her through traffic in time for her show.) She started at a tender age with the hornpipe—that's where most of us left off. Then she captured the Texas State Charleston championship with its reward of four weeks' vaudeviile tour. Theatrical agencies were inhospitable. But when Paul Ash took her on in his Brooklyn show, musical producers, radio and movie directors presented their cards immediately.

Edward Dean Sullivan

Elsewhere in this issue he exposes the helplessness of the wets and drys who beat pale hands against gangdom—the murderous octopus that sucked three billion dollars into its tentacles in 1929. He wrote "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime." He has covered both New York and Chicago police headquarters, has been a staff poet and humorist and a sporting editor. He has chatted with freedom—or extreme caution—with the czars who amuse themselves between campaigns with the sports of kings and queens. Mr. Sullivan—whose picture appears above—is now at work on another significant article which will soon appear in Redbook.

Preston Sturges

gambled his own money on his first Broadway play—greater faith hath no man! It was hailed faintly, and died. He turned to acting: he was fired. Then he wrote another play—wrote it in six days and sold it on the seventh: "Strictly Dishonorable," the s a u c y, naughty, innocent, gunless comedy of speak-easy life. Immediate acclaim was his. He writes songs, too—and sells them! Yes, he *is* the boy who eloped with an heiress, and he's the son of Madame Desti, Isadora Duncan's biographer. A recent photograph of Mr. Sturges is reproduced at the right.

Photo by Arnold Schröder

OUR TIMES

Nancy Carroll

It was Home Talent night in a theater down on the East Side of New York. Over from Tenth Avenue—on the West Side—came the little Misses Carroll. They thrilled to one moment of unadulterated triumph; then their consciences demanded confession. Tenth Avenue-ites? Oh, well, talent eradicates boundaries, and they brought home the prize. That was Nancy's début. Overcoming maternal opposition, she went on the stage in New York and later California. One day she was refused admittance to a movie lot where she had a luncheon engagement. Red hair flew; blue eyes flashed. Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose," witnessed the outburst, and delayed Nancy to sign her up as leading lady in the movie version of Miss Nichols' play. Nancy's picture appears at the right.

Mary C. McCall, Jr.

With a poignant story about two valiant young hoofers, Miss McCall makes her début in Redbook this month. While in Vassar College, class of 1925, she ran a column in a Poughkeepsie newspaper, reviewed movies for Will Hays, and for a year edited the Vassar *Miscellany News*. "A year full of fear and pride," she writes. "I spent the following year at Trinity College, Dublin. Home again, I worked in an advertising agency—the boss thought I had the consumer's point of view on cosmetics! In 1928 I married Dwight Franklin. My first story I wrote when I was seven. Last year I had my first acceptance from a magazine."

Maurice Chevalier

This jovial Frenchman has become one of America's latest movie idols. He has been in turn an apprentice carpenter, an electrician, a printer, a doll-painter and a salesman. His father died when he was eleven, and after that he helped his mother support the family. The diversity of his jobs indicates the number of times he was fired. Even at his début as a singer he failed. He went to war in his teens. He was wounded, escaped from an enemy prison, and was decorated. His first successful singing job paid him fifty cents a week—tickets today fifty cents and up, please!

Photo by Lasarnick

HUBERT PRIOR VALLÉE

(Commonly known as Rudy.) His mother is Irish, his father French-Canadian, and he came from Maine to the hearts of his countrywomen via Yale with the help of a saxophone. He is just twenty-nine and gaining altitude on his million-dollar ambition. He joined the Navy with every good hope to win the war, but they found out his age and jailed him till his parents called for him.

LOVE MAGIC

(Continued from page 60)

snakeskin sewed in his clothes—a fold that had disgorged an ommonly skinny frog-leg and some débris that looked like nail-ings—but that hadn't affected him except to ironic amusement. The ill feeling was passing. He told himself that he was simply ily-liverish from a bit of bad meat . . . . Poison him—why the il should she? Keith was an old woman—but he was right in though Ranny wouldn't give him the satisfaction of owning the girl ought to be sent far away. He'd tell her today.

With recovered energy he went indoors and sat down at his ritable. His room was at one end of the *baraza*, entered from *baraza* or from within the house; the servant had a similarly ed room at the veranda's other end.

The house was a whitewashed affair of mud and plaster, with eep-thatched roof; there wasn't a wood flooring in it. It was an's house, rough and ready, with plain facilities for living. It would be jolly to have a *pukka* house down at Nairobi, with the stuff that women know how to stick about—and Phyllis ows a pretty dining-table bright with glass and silver. Life was ng to be a bit of all right! He ought to write Phyllis—he ought have got a letter off by Keith. He looked at her picture smiling at him, a pretty girl in furs and a small hat. He wished it owed her hair. She had lovely hair.

He *was* lucky—he thought it in no humility, for humility was in him, but with a confident rejoicing. Phyllis was just the a man wants for wife—young, unspoiled, companionable. She d come out to visit her sister, wife of a D.C., and he had had luck to meet her first off and make a go of it. They were waiting now for him to get settled at Nairobi, and for the hes and things her parents were sending from New York.

How he wished he were with her! He loved her just as he ted to love a wife, fondly, happily, gladly. She gave him a e he had never known before; it was in another world from s business with Ndala!

Why had he ever kept the black woman in the house when he d come back from Nairobi? She had been part of the accus-ed life here. Just as well not to give her resentment too much e to bear fruit—he didn't need Keith's warnings.

Loneliness originally had caused his trouble. The everlasting, riable, devouring loneliness, that seized on you evening after ning, sucking your blood like a vampire. . . . .

And there had been adventure to Ndala. He relished the smol-ing spirit in her. There had always been an antagonism of minance between them.

His eyes, that had been resting idly the photograph of Phyllis, sharp-ed suddenly with scrutiny. The pic-e had a veiled look. He picked it scratched at it with his nail. A n, white, gelatinous film was spread er the picture.

Carefully he rubbed with his hand-erchief, and it peeled off like the e of an egg. More of that hocus-cus! Some charm to damage Phyl-. His mouth quirked ironically, but little coal of anger in him blew hot. e could keep her black hands off girl's face!

He *would* send her packing. . . . . .

The afternoon passed without a n of her. He had finished his coffee er dinner, which he took on the ra, when he saw her lithe figure ddenly outlined against the cook's e. Something was poised on her ad—a gourd, it seemed—that she k down, while she waited.

Usually Randall took his cigarette a steamer chair in the open, where could watch the last paling of the lemon-green sky and the ever-mysteri-s onrush of the dark; but tonight went directly within and began rking on the accounts on his table. Presently he became aware that she as in the darkness behind him, wait-g. Finally he turned his head.

"*Jamba!*" ("Greeting!") he said indifferently, in the Swahili that was their speech.

"*Jamba,*" she returned, in the extraordinarily soft voice of the native woman. Her teeth were a flash of white in the shadows.

He moved, so that the light of his lamp reached her.

"Ndala, what did you bring from the village?" And what a fool he was for asking, he thought; she must be thinking it too.

She took her time about answering.

"*Pombe,*" she said at last, without expression.

"*Pombe,* eh?" *Pombe* was the native drink of banana beer, and it was not unlikely she had fetched some. The necessity for being in the right made him a little taunting. "Perhaps you had been drinking *pombe* when you walked before my friend, today?"

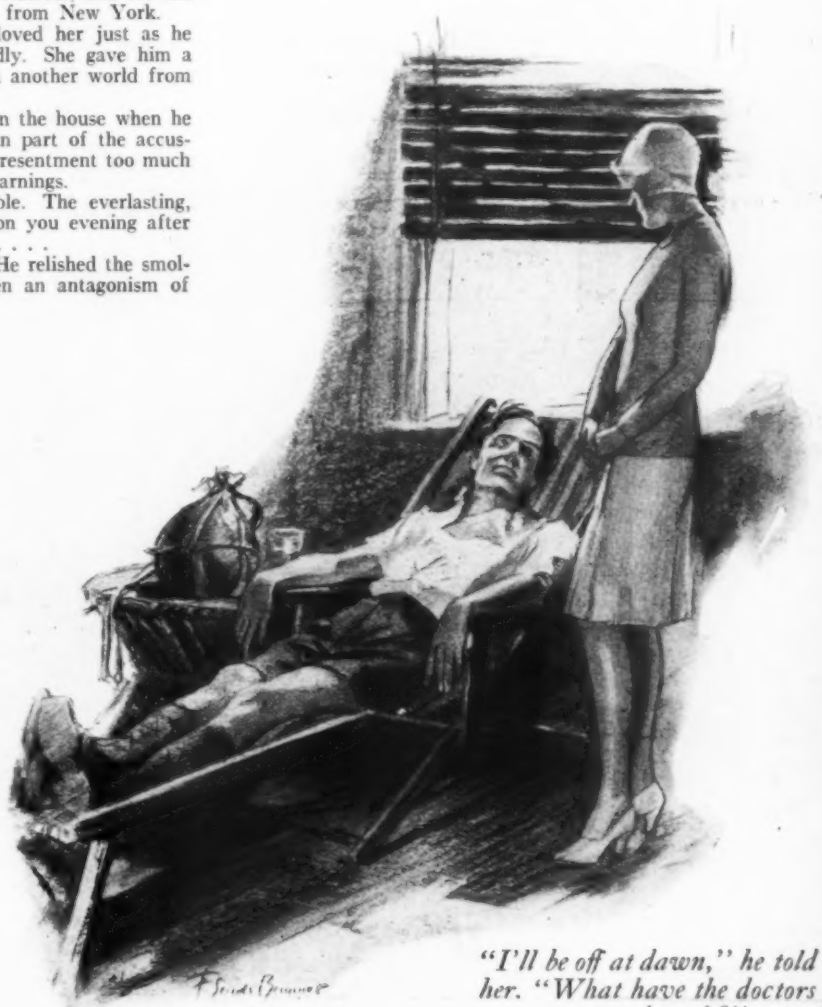
She sulked under the rebuke, but there was a sly triumph in the eyes that watched him.

"And you have been meddling with this on my table. More of your *dawa*. Do not do that again; that is my *bibi*." In Swahili *bibi* meant either *woman* or *wife*—either word told the story.

Her gaze shifted to the picture with an odd secret look under the unwinking lashes.

"In a few days now I go. This—is finished. I have a present for you." He put his hand on the canvas bag of silver displayed on his table. "You may take your blankets and your chair and the big box. A new white man is coming to do my work for me."

Impassively she listened. Then: *(Please turn to page 145)*



"I'll be off at dawn," he told her. "What have the doctors to say about it?"

They Thought They Could Buy It

A frank account of the ways in which young married people in America today go out after Happiness.

by Dorothy Walworth Carman

The Story So Far:

LYDIA SMITH and her husband Seth; Amelia and Joe Browning and their four children; Joyce Millard and her handsome husband Clifford and their two children Gam and Cherry: three families living in a New Jersey suburb, each member of them striving for—happiness?

Seth Smith was a simple-minded man, happy if Lydia's latest fad allowed him a peaceful evening with a wild West novel. Sharp-faced Lydia was eager to elevate Seth's tastes—she was eager, indeed, to improve the whole world.

Life did not puzzle Joe Browning. One was graduated from high school, went to work in an office, was faithful and diligent, fell in love with the right girl and married, settled down and had children, raised the children to be faithful and diligent—died and went to heaven. But life was hard for Joe just the same, and for Amelia, with her children and her house to look after.

And yet — consider Joyce and Clifford Millard, who were both healthy and handsome, and had two attractive children: Clifford had a pretty good income too—he was a sort of bond-house gigolo, well paid for selling securities to wealthy and impressionable women. And yet—

One afternoon Joyce went in to New York and phoned Clifford to meet her at a hotel for dinner and the theater. And when he kept the appointment, an hour late, he said to her:

"Do you know why I've seemed tired? It isn't work. I'm tired—of you. I—I meant not to tell you, but your coming in tonight was the limit."

Joyce felt as if the world had exploded. The room grew dark and circled. "*Sh-h-h*, Clifford! That old lady will hear you."

"I don't care. Let her hear. I want this over with and understood. I don't love you, and I'm sick of pretending I do."

And yet—Clifford and Joyce continued to live on in the same house; and their world apparently knew nothing of their status.

Time passed, as it does in the Brookstones of this world;

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A most depressing spectacle; one ought to carry episodes like this with a high hand.

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

Amelia Browning learned, with a rebellion that soon passed, that she was to have another child. . . . . Seth Smith joined a secret society and was deeply impressed by the initiation ceremonies. It was good to get away from Lydia sometimes, too. . . . . And Joyce Millard recovered from her shock with a certain amazed joy. She had been first a daughter, then a wife; now she was herself, a person. She kept wondering what life was, when one became a Person. Life must be more than the sum of its side-shows; she was fumbling for the entrance to the main tent. (*The story continues in detail:*)

SATURDAY afternoon in Brookstone was a time for doing odd jobs, fixing the catch on the kitchen door, washing the car, or taking it downtown to fill with vegetables that were going cheap because they would not last over Sunday. The markets had a deflowered look. Only a few tomatoes left in the window, scarcely a dozen ears of corn scattered on the shelf. Women were smelling the melons, thumbing the yellow fur of the peaches, stripping down the corn to look at its teeth, pinching the lettuce heads, pulling stalks from the red pineapples—showing all the suspicions that marked them efficient housewives, while their better two-thirds waited for the bundles. They would not take any butcher's say-so about the freshness of a fish. They had to look at its eyes themselves to be sure. But they would take anybody's say-so about the Government.

The first of that next September, after the little girl Bella was born, Joe wanted a raise in salary. He had been discussing that raise with his neighbor Tom Raymond every Saturday afternoon as they mowed their lawns, side by side, in the good green smell of cut grass. Joe and Tom had leaned on their mower handles and talked. Joe felt Amelia was the wisest of her sex; he would not dream of doing anything important without her advice. But there were certain things he could say only to a man. Even the best of women could not understand how an office worked.

Tom Raymond was one of those men who are very humble at the office and very lordly at home. Many Brookstone men had two distinct personalities of this sort. They began to change color on the ferry. They were heard on the trains at night, boasting to those across the aisle; but they spent their days very meekly, saying: "Yes, Mr. Pendleton." Others were lords at the office and slaves at home. And some family men were devils with the women in Manhattan. They thanked God that New York was a large place. What did the poor saps in small cities do when they got to feeling that life is short and blood is running hot in the old veins?

Tom Raymond was always talking about what he told the boss yesterday or intended to tell him tomorrow: "Y'know, boy, you gotta realize your own *value*. Don't let the old son-of-a-son think he can get away with it!" Tom visualized every boss as a sinister creature who spent his entire time trying to get away with things. "If he thinks he can impose on you, he will. Why, boy, you're worth twice what you're getting."

"Not twice, Tom, but I would like—"

"Well, you're worth at least ten dollars a week more."

From where Joe stood, he could see all the back yards on his street. Here and there other men were standing and talking in that way they had on Saturday afternoons. Joe wondered if they were discussing the same things as he and Tom. Real neighbors did not talk about national business conditions as much as how hard it was to get along with that old so-and-so. According to Tom Raymond, offices were hotbeds of outraged justice, unappreciated virtue and slighted ability. A normal person would suppose that business executives wanted men who could do their work well. But Tom knew better; as soon as business executives saw that a man was bright, they knocked him down and sucked the spirit out of him. His chances for advancement were meager. The heads of departments just naturally hated bright men, and bright men must watch out. . . . . Joe was not sure that Tom was right. He had always been treated square in the Simmons Roller Towel Company, except his pay was rather low, considering he had been with them fourteen years. . . . . Joe stooped and laid the flat of his hand on the grass, because he liked to feel the damp.

"But don't you think, Tom, it's unwise in the long run to ask for a raise? With my family, I can't afford to take any chances. If I was alone, now— After all, they know how long I've been with them, and they know my work, and if they think I'm worth more—"

Tom raised his grass-stained hands to heaven in a gesture of horror at such an unhatched state of mind.

"Boy, where have you been all your life? Haven't you got your eyes open? D'you mean to say you actually think they would raise you of their own free will? Boy, there aint no Santa Claus. They'll keep you as low as they dare, and *you know it!* Now you march in there and tell that old son-of-a-son-of-a—"

"I have to play safe, Tom; I don't like to seem a coward, but—"

"They wouldn't give a man the gate just because he asked for a raise. And what if you did get the gate? There's plenty of other jobs. That's what *I* always think. Plenty of other jobs."

"Not at my age."

"What the hell—you're only thirty-four!"

"I'm old to be hunting for a job. It seems as if the fellows in their twenties were getting all the breaks these days."

"Sure. You know why. The big bugs get 'em cheap and work 'em hard. Now, boy, you do as I tell you—you march in there Monday morning. You don't want to be a blasted slave all your life."

Joe had a vague general idea of what was due him as a free-born American citizen. He had never considered himself a slave. He resolved to strike for the raise Monday morning. All that Saturday afternoon when he was clipping around his rosebushes that smelled of tea—that Saturday night when he was watering

lawn, his hose hissing over the grass, beating on the walk—and Sunday with the rotogravure section—he planned bright things say.

Monday morning he put on clean clothes from head to foot. chose the gray suit, because it made the best impression. Just fore he went down to breakfast, he stood and looked at himself the mirror, rubbing his hands together with that little nervous ture he always had before mirrors. He had talked to Amelia out striking for a raise, and she had advised him to strike, but did not tell her that he was going to do it this morning: she uld worry all day. If he didn't get it, time enough for her to w tonight. If he did get it, he could come home and lay the es at her feet. He had never had much good news to lay at elia's feet, and yet she still believed in him. She always said was wonderful. After long days at the office, being at some-dy's beck and call ("Seems to me you're slow with those figures, owning!") it was good to get home and be called wonderful. elia restored his soul.

At the breakfast-table he looked with extra solemnity on his ildren. The knights about to ride off on quests were nowhere r as anxious as Joe. And there was no comforting glamour about intention, nothing that could be put in a ballad r a wandering blind man and a lute. It was just a e of wanting ten dollars more a week, so as to— choked on his oatmeal. When he kissed Amelia od-by, he almost told her.

But he denied himself the pleasure of hearing r say: "It'll be all right, Joe." He went down front walk, waving his newspaper back at the baby. When he was on the train, he began to feel very afraid. His hands perspired; his legs felt spongy. He was ashamed of being afraid. He wondered if other men ever dreaded their bosses like this. Other men always seemed bold as lions. Tom said he'd as soon snap his fingers under an old boss' nose as walk across the street. Joe wished he knew for certain about other men. He didn't want to be yellow, but Mr. Hartsook had so much *power*, you know. . . . . Joe did not consider it was a blot on civilization that one member of the human race should be afraid of another. But it did seem peculiar to him that he should fear another *man*. Joe told himself that he must remember the boss was only a man, and not anything out of nature. There was even a rumor he had kidney trouble.

Joe had been at the office only a quarter of an hour when word was sent that the boss wanted to see him. It seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. When he rose from his desk, he straightened his tie and pulled down his vest. In this moment he felt quite calm. His legs were not spongy now. After all, he did know his value. And there was such a thing as a good fight. A man wasn't born here to—

When he went into Mr. Hartsook's office, over the thick rug that caught at his feet, Mr. Hartsook was busy looking over some papers. He motioned Joe to sit down. Joe admired this office. The view of the bay from the windows. The tall chairs carved in leaves and fruit—the oil paintings. Chrysanthemums. Joe didn't believe there was a handsomer office in New York. The boss had taste. But he did wish Mr. Hartsook would stop looking over the papers in that deliberate way, as if there was all the time in the world. Joe could see his eyes move across a line and down to the next. It was sort of unnerving to watch him.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Browning. Have a cigar."

The boss pushed the box across the table with large negligence. The first puff of the rich smoke turned Joe giddy.

"Did you wish to see me, Mr. Hartsook?"

The boss was ten years older than Joe, but he seemed the same age. He had that well-cared-for look which comes with money and leisure to dress in the morning. He used lavender water after shaving.

"I suppose you have heard, Browning, that our company is merging with the Howard Crash Towel Company."

"Yes, I have heard. Mr. Melcher was talking to me several weeks ago. I think the crash towels are going to be a great thing for us."

Joe had smoked so fast that his cigar end was already trembling with ash. He made an awkward reach for the tray. Annoyance passed lightly over Mr. Hartsook's face. The fellow needn't have *dived* like that.

"A merger necessitates a good many changes, Browning. A

"You'll be well chaperoned," said Derek. "You needn't be uneasy."

vast organization like the Howard Crash Towel Company amalgamated with our own—a good many changes. Some are painful; but they are necessary."

At the word "painful," Joe's spine chilled. He laid down his cigar. This was not going to be the best time in the world to ask for a raise. It occurred to him there was something fearfully unnatural about sitting here while the boss went on like this.

"Mr. Melcher sees eye to eye with me regarding these changes. And we have been sorry to realize that certain men must be let out. It isn't that they don't do good work. It's just that there isn't room."

Joe was not a man to let anyone insinuate. He wanted things honest.

"You mean me, Mr. Hartsook?"

The boss looked down and brushed some imaginary dust off his vest. How he hated a scene like this! He ought to have let Melcher do it. Whenever he discharged a man, he remembered the time he shot a pet dog.

"Well—yes—Browning. I—we—are sorry. It isn't that your work hasn't been satisfactory. But there isn't room."

Joe felt quiet. Now he was not at all nervous. He saw the boss distinctly, even to his eyes, with their thick light lashes, his narrow mouth, the signet ring on his hand.

"I take it you're keeping young Crane," Joe said.

"Yes. He is—to be frank—he is *faster* than you, Browning. Of course you know you'll get a month's pay, and if there is anything we can do in the way of recommendation— A good man like you should have no trouble."

"But I've been here fourteen years!"

The boss drummed his fingers on the desk top. His nerves were none too good, with things at home the way they were. What Helen had said at the breakfast-table this morning—damned unpleasant woman.

"That makes us regret your loss all the more, Browning. But with a merger like this, some men must be left out. It's the cost of progress." He made a vague gesture in the air. "Yes sir, the cost of progress."

"But young Crane—"

"He's faster than you. We can't be sentimental about this. Business is business."

In the glare from the window, Joe saw the shining surface of the boss' desk, without one grain of dust. He saw the rounding bowl of red chrysanthemums. But it was the glossy desk that seemed to stupefy him; he could not keep his eyes away from it. He laid his hand on his knee and felt the warmth through his thin strained trouser.

"I have given what you might call my youth to this business, Mr. Hartsook."

The boss took up his paper cutter and ran it lightly through his fingers. Helen had said she simply would not stand it any longer. If he couldn't be nice to her friends— Good God, was this fellow going to stick here all day?

"There's no use in being morbid about it, Browning. I've told you we are sorry. But it's the cost of progress. You've gained experience here that will always be valuable to you. You'll get a month's pay. And if there is anything we can do in the way of recommendation— I tell you—I'll write a personal letter to a friend of mine."

Joe knew he ought to get up and go, but the disaster did not seem so real when he was still sitting here. He passed his hands over his hair. It felt dry where the gray was, over the ears.

"There's something about this doesn't seem quite fair, Mr. Hartsook."

The boss was honestly startled. He stared. All thoughts of Helen went clean out of his mind. Now here was craziness, pure and simple.

"I fail to follow you, Browning. There's nothing unfair. I don't want to be brutal; but after all, a firm has a right to keep those it wants and discharge the others. Now hasn't it? I'm sure you see eye to eye with me—"

There was standing room only for Joe's emotions. His thoughts jostled so, at the narrow gate of speech. Not one could come through. It seemed as though he ought to do something, knock somebody down. A man shouldn't sit still and let a lot of guff be the words out of his mouth. If Tom were here, he would tell Mr. Hartsook what he thought of him. No use acting like a blanket blank worm. . . . . "Well, I'll be going," he said.

The boss extended his hand. He even rose, halfway.

"Good-by, Browning. You have our best wishes. A man like you should get a berth in no time. Er—have another cigar?"

"I'd be obliged, sir, if you would write that personal letter you mentioned."

"Uh—what personal letter? Oh, of course, of course. I'll write it at once and send it out to you."

Joe looked helplessly around the office. The tall chairs carved in leaves and fruit. The oil paintings. The view of the bay.

"Better finish out the day, Browning. Good luck! We'll be interested to know how you make out. Would you mind asking Mr. Melcher to step in here, please?"

Joe opened the door with the ground-glass pane, his last shelter. At a time like this, if a man could only step out into a vacuum, where he only did not have to face the office force! They always looked curiously over their typewriters at any man who came out from Mr. Hartsook. He would have to pass young Crane's desk. . . .

He finished out the day. At noon he went to his usual stand-up dairy lunch and had his usual glass of milk and graham crackers. He drank and ate, leaning against the white-tiled wall. He wondered if he looked like a man who has just lost his job—like a failure. The row of men against the wall seemed rather sallow and puffy. Come to think of it, they were a worried-looking lot, as they went around day after day, not daring to call their souls their own—as if they were afraid of somebody in the office. The men who sat down to lunch did not look so hunted.

All the afternoon he spent clearing out his desk. There were certain little objects he had grown attached to in these fourteen years. His inkwell, his paper-weight, a goo-goo-eyed penwiper that one of the file clerks had given him for fun. His desk was an old friend.

All the afternoon he was opening drawers and throwing things into the waste-basket. Of course everybody crowded around and said it was a shame. "Old Hartsook's a wife-beater. Good luck to you, Joe. You'll get a place in no time. . . . . We'll miss you like hell. Good luck, Joe. . . . That young Crane has been bulling around. Let us know how you make out . . . . Good luck to you, Joe. Drop in and see us."

A failure — that was what Joe thought, as he went home. On the train he looked at his hands, holding his newspaper. It was queer that nobody wanted the work these two hands could do. Seth Smith across the aisle now—doing a cross-word puzzle—he was wanted. Every other man on the train had his place. Losing a place must be very much like dying. Joe saw the newspaper print blur before his eyes. He had never known, as he and young Crane worked side by side, that young Crane was faster.

On the way home from the station he caught sight of Tom Raymond ahead. He walked slowly, so as not to catch up with Tom. He knew Tom would ask if he'd told the boss what he thought of him. Evidently the fifty cent side of town was seething with men who had told the boss what they thought of him. Tom said that a man who did not speak out was a lousy little egg. Joe walked very slowly, so as not to catch up with Tom.

Joe had meant not to tell Amelia until after dinner, so that her dinner would not be spoiled. But when he saw the affection in her face, he dissolved—he could not help it. He sat down in the hall chair and laid his brief-case on the floor.

"I was let out," he said.

He watched Amelia closely to see if perhaps the shock would

FANNY HEASLIP LEA

tells a story of love's delight when two are young, and the world is watching the ways of youth under the moon— in the next, the September Redbook, under the title:—

"FIREFLIES"

Joyce decided that men's badness was overestimated. It seemed difficult to rouse recklessness in the upper classes.

destroy her affection. He had heard that a woman doesn't like to think she has married a failure.

For one fleeting instant he saw her face go lean and white. But afterward he thought he must have dreamed it. "Is that all?" she said.

"All?" he croaked. "Isn't it enough?"

"I thought something dreadful had happened. Go on upstairs and wash your hands and hurry right down to dinner. We've got sweet potatoes."

All through dinner Joe sat and stared in wonder at Amelia, serving, keeping the children's manners good. With a fine casual air she told him that old Mr. Brown's gallstones were much worse. She told him they were invited to substitute at Frances' bridge-club next week. Joe began to believe that nothing so dreadful had happened, if Amelia could think of somebody else's gallstones. He felt as if he were waking from a queer, overwrought dream and finding it was morning. When dessert was over, Amelia rose from the table and began carrying the dishes out to the kitchen.

"We're going to Newark to the movies," she flung back over her shoulder.

She stacked the dishes without washing, which was always the sign of a joyous state of mind in Amelia. They got a neighbor in to sit with the children. They walked down to the bus. All the way to Newark, Amelia pointed out the sights to Joe. A barber shop with a fat man being shaved convulsed her.

"I'll get another job," he said, "soon."

Amelia turned starry eyes to him and smiled serenely.

"Are you still thinking about that, Joe? Why, of course you will. I'm glad you're out of that place. I never thought it brought out your talents. I never took to that Mr. Melcher."

"Then you don't think I'm a failure?"

"You must be crazy. A man isn't a failure if he loses one nasty underpaid little rat of a job."

When they reached Newark, it was only eight o'clock, a half-hour before the big theater opened. They weren't going to any of your cheap continuous movies, but the swell kind that ran only two shows a day. They strolled down Broad Street, arm in arm, through the intense light and darkness, looking in the shop windows. Joe felt that somehow it wasn't the end of the world to lose your job. There were other jobs, weren't there?

"When we get rich," Amelia said, with conviction in her tone, "I want one of those silver vegetable dishes. Solid silver, not plate. With our monogram. Will you give it to me, Joe?"

It made him feel good to promise. Why—who knows?—he might get a job at a higher salary. Then he'd drop into the office and sneer at Mr. Melcher.

"Look, Joe, at that square emerald ring. Some day I want you to give me a square emerald ring. And I want a white kid evening pocketbook with gold on it. Don't you forget, Joe!"

It came over Joe in a great fresh wave how lovely Amelia was. She always looked so well in her clothes. That coat with the raccoon collar just seemed to set her off. *(Please turn to page 114)*

RITZ MAN

A love story of a brave bluff that was called—and of the surprise that followed the show-up

by Dorothy Dow

Illustrated by R.L.Lambdin

IT was ten minutes before six. Candy put aside the poster on which she was working, and ran to the mirror that hung over her dressing table, to see if her nose was shiny.

Across the court, some one was playing a phonograph; or no, maybe it was a radio; Candy couldn't be quite sure.

She sang softly to the music, as she powdered her nose:

The sky was blue, the night was cold,
The moon was new—but love was old.

And she felt happy, remembering that they had sung that song in "The New Moon," and Larry had taken her to hear it. She ran her hands through her hair, fluffing it out so that every gleaming golden thread seemed to catch the light. She wouldn't change her smock; if she did, Larry would ask why she was all dressed up.

"A fine bunch of bums is what you are. Drunk, too, I bet you."

If he stopped in, he would ask her, that is. Of course, he didn't always stop in. Usually he would run up the stairs in a tremendous hurry. Then in a little while, thirty minutes, forty-five minutes, he would dash out again, down. If he went by without stopping to pound on her door, and call a greeting through its panels, there would suddenly be a familiar feeling of depression in the region of her heart. His steps, going down, down, down, would accentuate that depression. "He's—going—out—with—another—girl;" those steps would chant that maliciously. If he stopped in for a few minutes, in dinner jacket, or in only slightly less habitual white tie and tails, immediately her heart would feel as bright as her hair—gold bright, dazzling bright. Once in a while—never oftener than once in eight or ten days—he would not hurry so; he would not go past her door when he came up, but would knock on it, then open it immediately, before she had time to jump up from her drawing-board. He would come in, with his jaunty walking-stick over one arm, and his hand filled with letters. He would say: "Having dinner with me tonight?"

Those were red-letter nights. She hated herself for feeling that way about them. Absurd, to be in love with a man who would never be in love with you; or who, if he did fall in love with you, would never let it come to anything. A man—she always tried to be scornful about this—who was out to make a rich marriage, to get a lot of money as soon as he could.

Larry was frank about it too. She had known Larry for eight months, ever since the first week he had moved into the cheap little one-room apartment across from her more luxurious two-room-and-kitchenette. For six of those eight months she had known everything about Larry. Things that the whole world knew, of course; that he was handsome, gay, amusing; that he was over six feet tall, and that he worked for Kerr and White, Bonds; that he had been graduated from a small university and had come to Chicago a year and a half before. But there were other things she knew, that no one else knew; Larry had told them to her himself, unashamedly.

He made two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and he had not another cent in the world. The major part of that went for tailors' bills, club dues, flowers to girls. Investment, Larry called it—investment for the future, a ritz front.

"The way I look at it," he explained, "you never get anywhere by working overtime and wearing shabby clothes and being good to your mother. Not anywhere you want to go, that is. This is a fast world, and you've got to be fast to keep up with it. Fast and fancy. I have a theory that I'll get along better in business by wearing a gardenia in my buttonhole, and spats, even if I have to eat cereal in my room to pay for them, than by sticking on the job in last year's suit—because I can handle the job all right, but so can a lot of other people. That isn't the trick. The trick is to make 'em notice you, make 'em like you. You have to play the social game to do that, put on the dog."

That was why there were things to know about Larry that the world didn't dream. The world knew that he was a young man about town. "My dear, he's asked everywhere. Though they do say that he and Joan Kerr are inseparable lately. He dances divinely, and he has the *best* line. What? Why, I really don't know. They must be nice, though, because he's charming. Traveled, and knows all about books and the theater, and all that. Something in Kerr and White, I don't know exactly what. Charming." The world didn't know that Larry got his mail and his phone-calls

She was wasting time. In reality she was listening.

relayed from the club, by deft arrangement with a friend and the doorman, but that he lived, because he couldn't afford anything better, in apartments where you can get a one-room for seventy dollars a month; that he cooked his own breakfasts, that sometimes he even cooked his own dinners when, in an off season, dinner invitations were irregular; that although he talked so lightly of Paris, he had never been there; and that his references to the "little place we have in the country" referred, in fact, to nothing more or less than an old-fashioned farm, fortunately some twelve hundred miles away.

Not that Larry ever lied about things—simply that he gave, so plausibly, so perfectly, the impression of a young man who presumably has a private income, a wealthy family, and a sure path ahead of him in the world.

"A ritz front; that's what I'm betting on. Look here, grant that I'm simply practical when I say that all the good things in the world depend on money—travel, opera, books, leisure. If you have money, you have them all. I want them; I want them while I'm young. I'm going to get them, even if"—he grinned—"I have to sell myself for gold to get them. Marry for money."

Candy, who herself had had more than one chance at marrying for money, and who had romantically chosen to wait for love, wondered why she didn't hate Larry—why, instead of despising him, she simply liked him better every day. There was something insidious about his charm; it swamped you, smothered you; you couldn't get away from the sheer boyish sweetness of it.

"He's a he gold-digger," she told herself crossly, and then some elfish voice inside her breast hotly denied it, leaping to Larry's defense. "Well, what if he is? Money is what all the world wants—only most people aren't clever enough to get it. He's just smart, that's all. You can't blame a man for being smart."

Tonight she knew that he would have a dinner engagement. Maybe, though, he would stop in for a minute, on his way out. It was five minutes of six now, and he was due any moment. She hated herself for being always aware of the time when he was due to come home. Like a—watchful wife! Only in a wife it was excusable. Silly, but still excusable. Candy had no excuse.

She went back to her drawing-board. The young man on it, who was shortly going to show the world the latest thing in collars, looked a little like Larry. Lots of her ads did. Not strange, that. Still, she hoped no one ever noticed.

She made a line, and erased it, and made another, but all the time she did it, she was aware that she was wasting time; in reality, she knew she was listening, and loathing herself for listening. "There he comes. No, that's the man down the hall. There he comes now. Noisy—noisiest person in the building. He's whistling. He must feel grand tonight. Grand, because he's going out with Joan Kerr. Maybe I ought to have gone to dinner with Nick. This is the third time I've turned him down. Maybe he won't ask me again."

The steps paused in front of her door, to her surprise. The whistling stopped; there was a *rat-tat-tat* on the wood, and then Larry flung the door open and stood in the doorway.

She loved his tallness, when it beamed down at her from her doorway. It made her feel small, fragile, dainty. It made her glad that her bones were light and little, and that her eyes were green-gray. His were blue, dark blue, and his lashes were brown, with lighter tips, almost as though they had been powdered. Nice lashes.

"Hello, lamb," said Larry, grinning. "Still drawing beautiful men and lovely ladies for the great American public to try to look like? My, my, you're on the wrong track. You'll never get anywhere if you work like that. Idleness is the idea, nowadays."

"I wish I could persuade the agency that it was," Candy pretended to groan. Her mouth was smiling. Just looking at Larry somehow always made her want to smile, except when it made her afraid she was going to want to cry. "Somehow they have the old-fashioned idea that work ordered for Wednesday has to be done by Friday at the latest."

"Wrong," corrected Larry wisely. "All wrong, my girl." He sat on the edge of a chair and lit a cigarette, and handed it to her. Then he lit one for himself, and they puffed companionably for a moment. Candace only liked cigarettes when Larry lit them for her. Other times, she never smoked at all.

"Listen, Candy. Have dinner with me tonight?"

"With you? But I thought you had an engagement with Joan Kerr!"

"Well, I did. But it's this way: She's got a cousin in town, and he's up at the house tonight. So she phoned, and asked me if I wanted to bring a girl along, to make it a foursome. We'll have dinner at the Tip-top, and then go some place and dance, I guess." His voice was coaxing. "Come on, Candy, come along. It'll be a good party. The cousin's a good guy, even if he does hate me. Half cousin, really, or something like that. Comes up from St. Louis now and then. I guess the idea was that he and Joan were going to get married."

"And then you crashed in, Larry?"

"Then I came to town." He grinned. "How about it? Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll come. I'd love to." It would be—educative, to see Larry and Joan Kerr together. It would teach her just how much punishment a heart could take, she told herself. She hated going, but she wanted to go, just the same. Perhaps if she saw Larry smile at Joan Kerr in the same way he smiled at her, it would be good for her. Shake some of the nonsense out of her head. Perhaps!

She put on the gold-lace dress that had been worn just once, to the Charity Ball, with Nick. Larry had never seen her in it. Gold lace was rather chorus-girl-y, especially when it was cut so low in back that one felt a little afraid it might fall away altogether. Still, it was undeniably becoming. She knew that it was becoming, because Larry's eyes widened when she opened the door to him. He whistled.

"Ye gods! You look like something set to music, Candy. The 'Evening Star' song, maybe. Or 'Celeste Aïda.' That gold's the color of your hair, exactly. You'll knock old Hank's eye out, if you aren't careful. Better stop and take him some blinders to wear."

"What about you?" she asked, forgetting that it was a rule never to flirt with Larry. Too many girls did that, as it was.

Larry grinned engagingly.

"Me? Oh, I've been blind for the last six months. Didn't you know that?"

JOAN KERR was small and dark, and if you had been wanting a model for a perfect flapper type, you would have looked no farther. Her legs were slim and perfect, and her hair was sleek against her small head. When she smiled, she showed small pointed white teeth, set with just the slightest irregularity. She smiled most of the time, except when she was laughing. Candy hadn't wanted to like her, but as soon as she saw her, she knew that she liked her a lot. The cousin, Hank, was of middle height, with an Adolph Menjou mustache, and an eyeglass. His smile was slightly supercilious, especially when he greeted Larry; but when he greeted Candy, it seemed to melt, and become more human. She knew that was because he decided, on sight, that he liked her, though whether he liked her a lot or not she couldn't tell. He had the usual line, which was all right if you were good-natured.

"Tell me about yourself. Where have you been hiding? I'd always flattered myself that I knew everything good about this town."

"There's very little to tell, unless you want my age and weight. And nowadays no lady tells those—not the right ones, anyway."

"Twenty-three. One hundred and nineteen on the hoof. Now tell me not to be fresh." His smile was slightly arrogant, but not too much so. "Now you go on from there."

Joan had taken Larry over to the windows. They were standing very close to each other, talking. Candace wondered what they were talking about. Did he call her honey? Did she like it? Oh—

Almost any young man would have been glad to be with Joan Kerr, even if she had been poor. That she was an heiress was just so much more frosting on that particular cake. Watching furtively, Candy couldn't see that Larry looked at her any more adoringly than he looked at herself. But that Joan liked him awfully well was plain for the world to see. And that Larry fitted into the big luxurious home, the stately walls, the dark rich draperies, was plain to be seen too. He was as much at ease as if he had lived in a home like that all his life. Candy grinned a little wickedly, remembering what Larry had told her about his own home.

Candace jerked her attention back to Joan's cousin quickly. He had been asking her something.

"Profession, commercial artist. Ambition, to do portraits. Chances, only fair," she told Hank, smiling nicely. "Now you tell me something—something nice."

"I think you're very beautiful. I think I could learn to like you a lot. And I think it's time we had a cocktail. What do you think about that?"

"I agree with the last sentence completely." She was glad to have the glass in her hand, glad to feel the tang of the dry Martini as it went past her tongue. Larry smiled at her, over the rim of his glass, and she felt her heart turn over. ("Don't be a fool. He's just being friendly, for fear you don't feel at ease.")

"I've changed our plans all around," Joan Kerr said. "The family's out for the evening, and I thought it would be fun to have dinner here, and then have some of the gang up afterward, and throw a party. We can dance, or play a little poker dice. Every place's dead at this time of year. Anyway, I feel like a nice quiet night at home. Everyone out by four in the morning, absolutely, even if they have to be dragged out. That suit you?"

She looked at Larry when she asked it. "Anything you want suits me," he said gallantly. Hank laughed—not a nice laugh, that. Candy remembered that he didn't like Larry. That laugh gave it away.

"Always agree with your boss' daughter, eh, Larry?" said Hank. "That's the way you get on in the world, eh?"

Larry didn't seem to notice that the remark wasn't as truly jovial as it should have been. "You never can tell," he replied, grinning. "Joan may tell her father to fire me if I don't play nicely. How about it, Joan?"

"Or she may tell him to give you a better job if you do?" murmured Hank, still with that same tone in his voice. Joan looked at him angrily, and frowned.

"Don't be an idiot, Hank," she said brusquely.

She turned to Larry. "I want you to see the new chromo Dad's picked up. Here, in his study."

It wasn't a chromo, of course, but an etching. Cameron had done it; and Candy, knowing his work, knew it was one of his best. Larry admired it.

"Not that I liked Cameron at his best," *(Please turn to page 106)*

"There's very little to tell, unless you want my age and weight."

The POINT of CONTACT

With practically no embellishment, Mr. Hellman presents Phil Speed, supersalesman.

IT HAPPENS to be in the sales office, punching palaver with Dan Trafford, when the pearl of great price drifts in and discards himself over the edge of the desk. He's a stranger to both of us, but not for long.

"Speed's the name," he announces with an amiable grin, "—Phil Speed, and always in a hurry."

"Yeh?" grunts Dan: "You can count on me not cramping your technique. Don't trip over the rug as you rush out."

"Is that a nice way to talk to Opportunity?" comes back Speed in a wounded tone.

"You're not Opportunity," declares Dan. "Opportunity's a big blonde baby in flowing robes, pointing a finger toward a mountain top. Anyhow, she always knocks before entering . . . . What are you—a salesman?"

"You could call me that," admits the visitor, "if you were taking a census or drawing up a jury panel, just as you could call Napoleon a soldier and Shakespeare a writer, but—"

"Say your piece," scowls Trafford, "and say it quick. If you're looking for a job, you'd better go out and beat up the elevator-boy for putting you off on the wrong floor. Right now I'm letting out men—"

"As indeed you should," cuts in Speed warmly. "Conservatively estimated, you can afford to pry eight or ten of 'em loose from the pay-roll to make room for me. By the way," he goes on, fingering the desk blotter, "I'd get rid of that if I were you and put a green one in its place. You don't radiate at all to red—"

"No?" yelps Dan. "You'll see more red radiated around here in about two seconds—"

"Color," continues the crasher, unperturbed, "has a most important bearing on our efficiency. Green would improve yours at least eight and two tenths per cent. As I remarked to Joe Daley at lunch—"

Trafford, all set for an assault, pipes down considerably. Daley's president of the concern, and any bird who puts on the nose-bag with him is not to be given the bum's rush by a mere deckhand like Dan.

"The chief send you here?" he inquires.

"*Send* is hardly the word," returns Speed. "Joe said to me: 'Call on Trafford, like a good pal, and see if he can persuade you to join us.' You may now get persuasive," he adds, settling himself more comfortably on the glass top.

"Where've you been working?" I horns in at this point.

"Everywhere," he replies. "From Rock Bound, Me., to Sunny, Cal., my wake is marked by the bleeding corpses of sales-resistance, the shattered fragments of hand-to-mouth buying and the carcasses of competitors—"

"Peddling what?" I interrupts.

"Steam shovels and hydraulic pile-drivers," answers the youngster.

"Steam shovels!" exclaims Dan. "Do you know what business we're in?"

"Sure," says Speed. "Cosmetics—creams, unguents, powders, soaps and perfumes—everything calculated to remove the warping lines of care and push back the wrinkling hands of Time. Do I know my lotions?"

"You've got the glib," agrees Trafford, "but why don't you stick to your steam shovels, if you've been doing so well with 'em?"

"If you promise to let it go further," returns Speed, "I don't mind telling you I've done myself dirt in that line. I've practically saturated myself out of a job. The United States today is a glut of steam shovels, thanks to my mother."

"Your mother?" I queries politely.

"Yeh," says he. "But for her son, the trade would still be languishing. I might also add that I've grown a bit tired of furnishing the machinery to mar the face of Nature. I wish now to make amends by improving on Nature. Get the angle?"

"In a way," replies Dan, "though it is somewhat obtuse. I don't know much about steam shovels, but I shouldn't imagine that the

by Sam Hellman
Illustrated by Tony Sarg

ood will you've created among the patrons of that game would elp you noticeably with the lady buyers behind the cosmetic ounter."

"That's where you're wronger than rain," asserts Speed. Women are constantly in the market for paints, powders and perfumes, while nobody ever wants a steam shovel. Think for a moment—how many of your friends and relatives are out shopping for steam shovels? How—"

"But—" splutters Trafford.

"There are no *but's* about it," insists Phil. "Steam shovels are not sold; they're inflicted. Before you can make a buyer steam-shovel conscious, you've got to make him practically unconscious, if you get what I mean."

"No," says Dan, "I don't, either."

"What," I asks, in an effort to get the conversation back to sanity, "have you ever peddled besides overgrown shovels?"

"Hydraulic pile-drivers," tolls off Speed, "equipment for glue factories, sugar-mill machinery, incinerators, butcher-blocks—and I once carried a side-line of tugboats."

"Boy," says I, "you've sure got a fine background for selling bath salts and permanent blushes. The repartee you must've picked up from tugboat captains and glue-factory supers ought to click heavy with the frills who buy the fancies. Ever do any business with women?"

"Not much," he confessed, "but I've seen Rudy Vallée work. Anyhow, what has sex to do with selling? My appeal's universal. Strong men break down, and puling infants dissolve in tears on their mothers' heaving bosoms when I open up; and nothing'll pacify 'em but pens and dotted lines."

"Sure," snorts Trafford. "I can just see a picture of a puling infant in tears over the prospect of getting in on the ground floor of one of your hydraulic pile-drivers . . . . . Well, this isn't shelling any peas. If the chief wants to take a chance with you on the road, that's his platter of pot-roast. There's no particular territory open—"

"Don't let that get you to counting sheep," says Speed. "I'd much rather free-lance. Just slip me the lost causes. I like to get business the hard way. You may not believe it, but a month or so ago I sold a complete layout of glue-making machinery to the widow of a man who'd retired from the game years before—"

"What," I inquires, "did she want with it?"

"Not a thing," comes back Phil; "but I convinced her that she owed it to her husband's memory."

"What a beautiful sentiment!" growls Dan. "How soon'll you be ready to go out among the lost causes?"

"In a couple of days," replies Speed. "Daley wants me first to get thoroughly familiar with the stock, and— How is your stuff? Pretty good?"

"Pretty good!" exclaimed Trafford. "It's the best there is, and our prices are lower than—"

"That's too bad," interjects the ex-tugboat peddler. "I like to handle a product that's inferior in quality and overpriced."

"If such is indeed the case," says Dan, "you've come to the wrong shooting-gallery. Why not sell yourself down the river to one of our competitors?" he adds hopefully.

"No," decides Speed, "I think I'll give your line a whirl. It's going to be rather a soft safari for a lad used to hacking his way through the underbrush, but I guess maybe I can stand a little coddling. . . . . Well, I got to be buzzing along. See you in the lion's cage!"

"What do you make of him?" asks Trafford when his cuckoo caller gets on the right side of the door.

"Just the old loud bassoon with bagpipe attachment," says I. "I wonder if the boss actually sicked him on you, or—"

"Daley sent him, no doubt," declares Dan. "That's a regular stunt of his—getting rid of epidemics by infecting me with 'em. He's bowled babies down my alley—relatives and such-like—you wouldn't hire out to peddle peanuts at a picnic."

"It's just possible," I remarks, "that this Speed laddie has something besides perspiration of the tongue. He's a nice-looking young fellow for an incinerator salesman, has a snappy approach and I imagine could be bounced out of a place eight or ten times before realizing that the 'Unwelcome' on the mat was intended for him."

The gal's no Gertrude Ederle, but her little playmate devotes himself to teaching her.

"Gosh!" grunts Trafford. "He'd probably take the mat inside and sell it to the owner, if what he says about himself—"

"After all," I goes on, "the youngster isn't asking you for a hand-out. He craves lost causes—"

"Lost causes, eh?" snaps Dan. "I'll give him some lost causes! Before he gets through with the accounts I'll hand him, he'll think it's a cinch to sell ocean-going tugboats to South Dakota society girls."

"Try him on a few in my territory," I suggests. "How about Brace Brothers, for a starter?"

"Great!" enthuses Trafford. "If Speed can even get them to accept one of our calendars—"

"*Sh!*" I whispered. "The boss!"

"Fellow by the name of Dash or Swift call on you?" inquires Daley, easing into a seat.

"Dash?" repeats Dan. "Swift? A Phil Speed was here—"

"That's it," says the chief. "What do you think of him?"

"Well," returns Trafford, "if he's one tenth as good as he admits he is, he can sell lipstick rouge to lumber-jacks! Known him long?"

"Never saw him before this morning," comes back Daley.

"No?" queries Dan. "He told us he had lunch with you and—"

"That's correct," nods Daley. "Funny how he got to me. I'm going through the mail when Miss James brings me a note from the waiting-room, reading: *'I heard something said about you in a night-club last night that you certainly ought to know.'* My curiosity's aroused—anybody's would've been; so I tells Miss James to send the writer in. As you know I get around Broadway some, and with all the racketeering and blackmailing going on—"

"What did he hear," I asks, "—if it's any of my business?"

"It's your business, all right," grins the boss. "He heard a girl say to another that Daley made the best nail-polish in America. My first instinct's to get sore, but the boy steps in with a line of patter that has me doped. Before he gets through, he'd talked me into taking him to lunch and into changing my desk blotter from green to red. It seems that I don't radiate to green—"

"You can have my blotters," interrupts Dan dryly. "It appears I don't radiate to red. Not to change the subject, Chief, how'd you like to get Brace Brothers back on the books?"

"I'd love it," replies the boss, "and I'd also love to have Pike's Peak delivered to my Park Avenue penthouse."

"Very well," says Trafford. "I'll have Speed look into the Pike's Peak matter after he brings in the Brace account."

"Aw, give the boy a break," growls Daley.

"That is a break for him," insists Dan. "His way's the hard way. He's hot for lost causes."

"The Brace business isn't a lost cause," says the boss. "It's last year's Fourth of July, as far as our seeing it again is concerned."

When I departs for the St. Louis territory at the end of t week, Speed's splitting a Pullman section with me. Socially kid's not such a pain, even if he is a bit high, wide and win After all, there are worse things in the world than wind. Imag the fix the country'd be in if Congress gave up wind and did no ing but vote. We'd have so many laws that we'd be arrest ourselves!

My feeling for Speed grows kindlier as the trip progresses. the time we reach the Mississippi, I'm sorry I've had anything do with the Brace game, and I'm seeking an out for him.

"Phil," I opens up, "do you realize what you've let yourself for?"

"Sure," he replies, "—something soft. I sell perfumes, soaps a so forth. Brace Brothers buy 'em. That's a point of contact. G me a point of contact, and I'll sell horse-radish to horses."

"Boy," says I, "you could have every point on the compass a contact and even sell horse-radish to horseflies, but you'd s not have a chance in Cohoes with the Brace boys."

"A pish and two tushes!" grunts Speed. "Just because there been a row over a bill—"

"Row over a bill, nothing!" I cuts in. "Trafford didn't tell y a fraction of it. The bill business could have been settled easi enough, but it's what went with it and followed afterward th cooked the kippers for us. Gil Fessenden, who handled the a count at the time, not only took a sock at Oscar Brace, but g into a jam with Bessie Elliott—"

"And who," inquires Phil, "may Bessie be?"

"The buyer," I explains, "and otherwise the white-haired gi around the establishment. And she ought to be. That dame built up the biggest cosmetic business in the Middle West."

"Well," says Speed, "you haven't told me anything yet that cause me to quit this game and go in for flagpole-sitting. Quarre don't queer me any. I once sold a Mulcahy incinerator to a bir with whose wife Mulcahy had eloped—"

"That," I points out, "could be charged off to gratitude; bu you'll run into no such breaks with the Braces. We've sued an been sued by them for everything from embezzlement by bailee t slander and mayhem. Oscar has a standing offer to lick Daley o sight, and—"

"All *ex post facto* stuff," shrugs Phil. "With me comes the ligh of a new dawn, peace on earth, good will to salesmen and so forth and fifth . . . . Where are the Brace Brothers getting their dress ing-table delicatessen now?"

"Mostly from the Rubinoff people," I tells him; "and it may in terest you to know that Jeff Hamilton, their big-shot seller, and Bessie Elliott are 't h a t way' about each other, and how! What would you conservatively estimate your prospects at now?"

"They couldn't be better," says Speed, "if I'd ordered them myself from a prospectus. This is something like. In my time I've overcome lawsuits, fist fights, trade depressions and outbreaks of hog cholera; but love—ah, to bust that bubble and bring home the bacon—*t h e r e ' s* a task worthy of the m a s t e r! For a while I was afraid this would be an ordinary soft-soap and sell proposition. This Miss Elliott—tell me: is she young, old—"

"Pile-drivers, incinerators, butcher-blocks—and a side-line of tugboats."

Hamilton is racing toward shore; Speed is supporting Miss Elliott.

"Bessie," I returns, "is a gal in the late twenties, and better for your eyes than boric acid. She's a blonde—and she didn't get that way out of her stock, either. A good sport after office hours, but a ten-minute egg who'll squeeze a discount till it shrieks, when she's on the job. At any rate, that's what I hear. I've never seen her except at a distance; and five'll get you ten that's the only way you'll ever see her. She keeps a couple of dogs just for the Daley boys."

"She could even keep a crate of cobras and a setting of asps," comes back Phil. "I'll not only see her practically nose to nose, but she'll be smiling into my eyes and picking my pockets for an order-blank."

"What are you going to do," I asks, sarcastic, "—find out what color Miss Elliott radiates to, or write her a letter about a conversation you heard in a night-club?"

"Leave it to Phil," says he. "Speed always does, and the results have been a bit better than phenomenal. There are more ways of killing an armadillo than by choking it to death with condemned caviar. I once broke into a bank vault and sold a bird who'd been accidentally locked in."

"Doubtless," I admits; "but if you break through Bessie, I'll make you a present of my left eye and both tibias. Where do you get all this confidence? You've never dealt with women; you don't even know the line you're handling—"

"Miss Elliott knows it, doesn't she?" interrupts Speed.

"Yeh," says I, "but you don't expect her to sell herself, do you?"

"Sure I do," he returns. "I always let my prospects handle both ends of the deal."

That's plenty for me, and I turns to my packing. Phil drifts out into the washroom to get brushed off. In a few minutes there comes to my ears loud talk, followed by a sound of scuffling, and I rushes forward to see what the shouting and the shooting's about. On the floor's a bozo with a welt across his jaw, and standing over him's Speed.

"What's the trouble?" I asks.

"I happened to bump into this bird," replies Phil. "He wouldn't accept my apology, so we just exchanged cards. He got mine, but—"

"Come on," I growls, pulling him onto the platform. "You're starting out well, feller. That's Jeff Hamilton you just beat up—the boy friend of Bessie Elliott." . . . .

I haven't the slightest notion how the big balm man from Gilead expects to go about getting the Brace business back; and for the nonce there's no chance of finding out. My schedule calls for a quick jump to Kansas City, and I leaves early the next morning. On the train with me's Jeff Hamilton, still nursing a swollen jowl.

It's a week before I gets back to St. Louis. Anxious to learn what progress Speed's made, I immediately beats it up to his room. The kid's there—he's all laid out in long tails, and measuring himself for a gardenia.

"Where are you going?" I inquires. "To a formal funeral?"

"Concert," he returns. "They've got a great symphony orchestra in this burg. They're doing Haydn's Requiem in C Minor tonight. Do you know Haydn?"

"Not unless he comes over the Maloney Bologny Hour," says I. "My music all comes to me that way. When did you and Haydn get so hot—while you were peddling pile-drivers to tugboat captains?"

"Between you and me," confides Phil, "I didn't even know he'd been sick until a couple of days ago. But Bess likes him."

"Bess!" I exclaims. "Bessie Elliott! Don't tell me you're on concert-going terms with her!"

"We lunched yesterday," remarks Phil languidly, "and I'm supping at her apartment tomorrow evening."

"Splendid onions!" says I. "Does the lady chance to know that you're one of Joe Daley's bright boys?"

"How should she?" shrugs Speed. "One doesn't discuss crude commercialism in social hours—"

"How," I interrupts curiously, "did you manage to meet her?"

Phil frowns with an air of well-bred annoyance. "How does one usually—"

"Oh, rats!" I snorts. "Cut out that Lord Humphrey de Vere stuff. I don't care how one does it, or even two. I want to know how a common fraction like you did it."

"Very simply," says Speed. "You don't think I've been coming to St. Louis year after year with steam shovels, incinerator sets and a side-line of tugboats without meeting people, do you? I've always been what you'd call a gregarious lad, if you'd ever heard of the word. At the Racquet Club I met a number of men who were acquainted with the Braces. In fact, George himself dropped in during the evening, and—"

"George?" I queries. "George Brace?"

"Yeh," returns Phil calmly, "Oscar's brother George. Through him, of course, an introduction to Miss Elliott was easily arranged."

"What," I inquires, "was your alibi for wanting to meet her—a conversation you'd heard about her in a goldfish bowl?"

"No," says he. "Some data on cosmetics I'm getting up for the Government—the Hawley-Smoot tariff, you know. I found her to be well-informed and quite a charming person. It developed in our first conversation she'd known a girl at Bryn Mawr named Helen Speed—my cousin."

"Your cousin?" I eyebrows suspiciousiy.

"She could have been my cousin," asserts Phil. "I've always had a feeling that if I ever had a cousin she'd be a Bryn Mawr girl.

I myself would probably have gone to Harvard if my folks had been rich and in Cambridge."

"Yeh," I grunts, "and I'd have been an albino if my folks had had pink eyes and lived in a rabbit hutch. You didn't, by any chance, leave the impression that Harvard had skinned a sheep for you, did you?"

"I may have broadened my *a's* a bit," admits Speed, "and spoken of the many friends in the bond business, but—"

"What," I cuts in, "is all this going to get you that's good at the bank? You'll be shown up—"

"Shown up as what?" he demands. "Couldn't I be getting up massage and mudpack statistics for Daley to send to the Senate? As for Helen Speed, who keeps up contacts with cousins, even supposing Bessie keeps up her contact with Helen? And they can't arrest you for flattening vowels and being chummy with the underlying debenture boys."

"Maybe not," I concedes, "but you'd better work fast if you expect to get anywhere with Miss Elliott. Hamilton's due back from his Western swing almost any time now."

"I have an idea," remarks Phil, "that Jeff isn't the apple of the lady's eye at the moment. Brace made some crack to Bessie about him, and there seemed to be more ice than orange-blossom in the gal's reaction."

"I can perhaps explain that," says I. "On each trip out this way Hamilton's been in the habit of spending the first couple of days in St. Louis, probably with his Bessie of Bessies. This time, you'll recall, he left town with me the next morning—"

"Think there's been a row?" asks Speed interestedly.

"Not exactly," I replies, "but a collar-ad lad like Hamilton can hardly call on the lady of his heart with a puffed-up pan and a bashed-in beezer. You fixed it good—"

"Great!" grins Phil. "All I got to do is lay for him and keep him out of her sight with socks."

"Making you the founder," says I, "of the sock-and-bust-'em school of salesmanship. Jeff, however, might join it himself."

"Not a chance," asserts Speed. "He's got a streak wider than the house-flag of a jaundice joint. He could have gotten off the floor the other day and licked three of me and my two brothers, if he'd the stuff they make violin strings of."

"I suppose," I observes, sarcastic, "you had it all figured to work out like this."

"Not precisely," he comes back, "but I had a hunch that some good would come of it! . . . . Well, I got to be shoving off. I wouldn't miss the suite for oboes in the Requiem for worlds."

"Ta-ta," I waves. "Remember me to the wood-winds."

"Oh, by the way," says Phil, halting me in the hall. "Got anything on for the week-end?"

"Nothing much," I tells him, "but I'm thinking of drifting out to Shaw's Garden and studying the lilies of the field. I'm looking into their system of getting by without toiling or spinning. Why?"

"Bessie's invited me to a camp she has out on the Meramec," returns Speed. "I thought of you and asked her if I could bring a friend along. Sure, says she. Any friend of yours—"

"Not this friend," I cuts in hastily.

"Why not?" he demands. "She doesn't know you—"

"No, she doesn't," says I, "but Hamilton does, and there's a sweet chance of his being there."

"I don't think so," offers Phil; "but what of it? Can't an investigator of cosmetics have a friend in the Daley outfit? Come on, feller; I want you to get a load of my technique."

"I'll consider it," says I. "Better breeze along, boy, or you'll miss a couple of andante movements and a pair of young scherzos."

Despite my stall about taking the matter under advisement, I haven't the slightest intention of cadging into Miss Elliott's camp. There's no reason why I should. The Brace account is no skin off my pink toes, the business being as cold as an Eskimo's ears long before I'd been assigned to the Southwest.

Of course, I'd like to see Speed make the grade, but I can't visualize anything ahead for him except a lot of embarrassment. It's true that Bessie's the last word in the Brace outfit when it comes to cosmetics, and the person to get to; but how the boy friend's going to make the switch from the phony game he's been playing with her to a selling campaign is beyond me.

On Saturday morning Phil renews his attack on my resistance, and like a sap, I falls. That baby could talk the tinsel off a Christmas tree.

"What," I inquires, "do you expect this junket'll get you?"

"I don't know," he replies, "but I have a feeling that much good'll come of it."

The camp-sites on the Meramec River are about twenty miles from the center of the city, the stream being the nearest flow of fresh water available to St. Louis. The gumbo that glides under the Mississippi bridges is technically also fresh water, but not within the meaning of the act of swimming.

Around noon we hops a rattler on the Frisco, and an hour or so later we're dumped off at a wide spot in the road called Valley Park. The Elliott camp's almost directly across the river from the village, and by yoo-hooing we manages to make our arrival known on the opposite bank.

In a few minutes Bessie's come over to us in a canoe. She's in a bathing-suit, and any gal looking as well as she does in a one-piecer has a justifiable complaint against clothes. Speed gets a greeting that would melt in your mouth. Me she just greets.

"Who's staying out here with you?" inquires Phil.

"Nobody but my aunt," replies Bessie.

"Bill here will look after her," says Phil. "He just dotes on aunts. My taste runs to nieces."

"As for me," smiles the frill, "I rather like cousins."

"Hear from Helen often?" inquires Phil carelessly.

"Not in years," says Bessie.

"She always was a terrible correspondent," Speed assures her. "I don't believe I ever got a letter from her."

"Were you surprised at her marriage?" inquires Miss Elliott. "I never imagined Helen would—"

"We were all rather shocked," says Phil.

"Shocked!" exclaims Bessie.

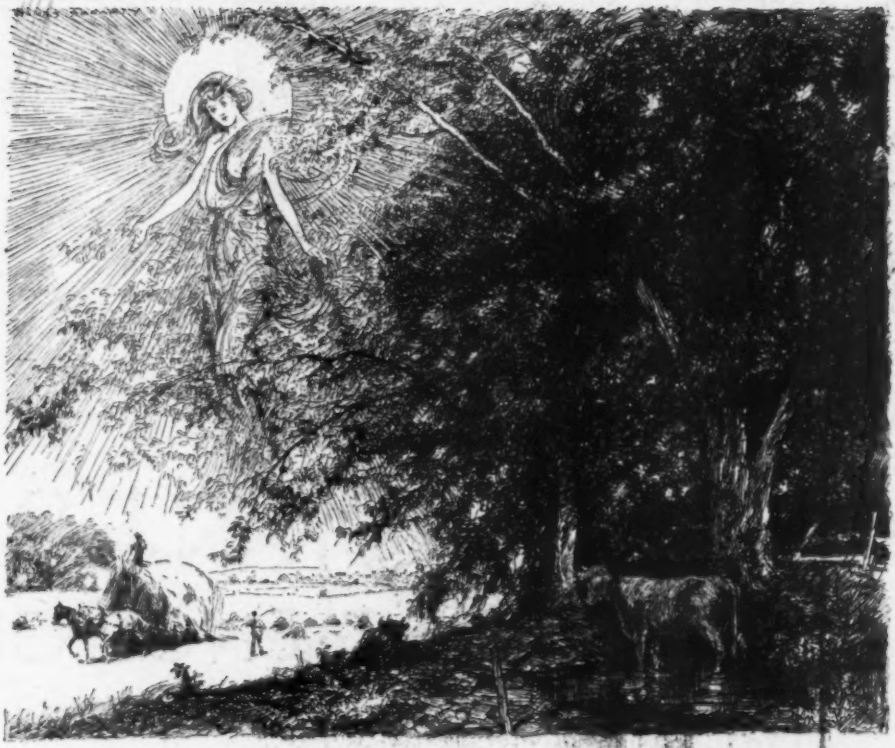
"I mean nonplused," he corrects. "That is, we rather regarded the whole affair askance. If I—"

The kid's going too far, and I determines to change the subject.

"Is the water here always as wet as it is today?" I chimes in brightly.

The canoe comes to the rescue at this point by grounding on the beach. The camp turns out to be a rough wooden shack with a large screened-in porch and two or three *(Please turn to page 138)*

"He wouldn't accept my apology, so we exchanged cards."



SUMMER

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Thomas Fogarty

SUMMER is a promise kept. The glory that is June is but the fulfilment of the promise that lay wrapped in the swathed and sealed buds that so valiantly clung to the naked stems of winter's growth. Snow and the chill rain beat upon them. Ice closed about them, a crystal armor; and the stillness of winter cast the mantle of deep sleep about them. Yet warm within lay the precious germ of promise.

Spring smiled, and the long blue fingers of winter relaxed. The laughing brooks bore the ice and snow away to fill the bosom of the lake full to overflowing with a sapphire flood. Gently the sun warmed the numb buds; softly the silver rains caressed them; slowly, so slowly they unfolded their protective sheaths; timidly they shed protecting husks and opened wide their blossoms to breeze and bee. Life was pledged anew, and the secret promise charged with more abundant life.

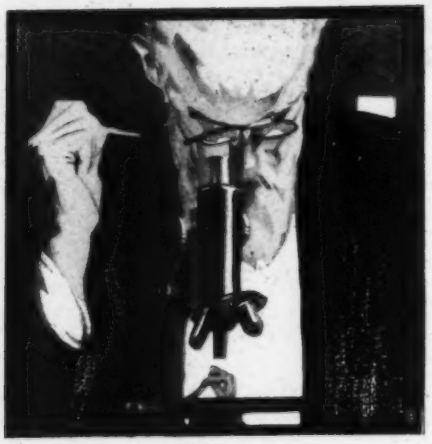
Growth was unhurried and deliberate, and faith was constant in her supporting power. Spring was not always smiling. Sudden thunder and lashing rain broke her spell. The swift tempest tore ruthlessly through the bloom, and the brown earth was strewn with petals. Hailstones in cruel haste cut down tender growth. Still the promise held, and the time of fulfillment drew nearer.

Summer came atiptoe, finger on lip, absorbed concentration in the splendid sunshine. Lavishly she poured it out upon all living growing things. Sustained days of stillness, of warmth, of brooding peace followed in long procession. The promise was coming true. The fruit so long in the borning hung ripe on the spray. . . . .

How is it with you? Have you guarded well the promise that was within you in the beginning—guarded and preserved it through good and evil days so that it might at last come into its own? That is a struggle worthy your mettle. It is easy enough to blight a bud of promise, easy to kill the sensitive growth that is the core of your being. Hard indeed it is to preserve it alive in the face of the world's opposition. Yet brave man must fulfill his destiny, lest he be counted less than worthy.

The promise that is peculiarly your own is sacred above all else. It must be cherished against all comers. Cling to your own idea; respect your own opinions; keep true to the compass of your own soul. Wrap yourself in silence and renew your strength. Retreat within yourself and take counsel of your spirit. Man is a lonely being; but he may well be a proud one, so long as he preserves within himself the germ of truth that was accorded him for his own.

The sound of the whetstone sharpening the scythe in the bright blue of summer is music to the ears of him who sowed the crop. The reward sets all things right, wipes clean all traces of storm and stress, and brings sweet peace. No prouder word, certainly no more honorable word, has ever been uttered than Paul's, "I have kept the faith." It speaks of a life rounded into completeness, a life ready for the immortality that is the wages of perfect growth.



SOUL SICKNESS
AND THE CONSCIENCE CURE

A leading New York physician tells in plain and simple words of some causes for the most tragic ills of today --and how they are cured.

by Clarence William Lieb, M.D.

THERE are some sicknesses that do not yield to ordinary remedial measures, psychotherapy or faith cures —many that seem chronic without cause, acute without reason, for which there seemingly is no primal, physical factor.

These mysterious ailments are growing more common. They are increasing with the increase of prosperity and the dissemination of money among larger numbers of our people. And they are found most frequently among those who, one would think, should be most well and happiest—those bustling men and women who are outstanding successes in all lines of business and the arts.

This type of sickness might be named "Success Disease," were it not that to call these ailments by such a name would invite the humorous comment that these sufferers, having no other worries, invent their symptoms to have something to worry about. But the folks most prone to suffer are the sort that have never permitted their own discomforts to weigh a hair's weight against the drive of their desires, the push of their pursuits, or to stand as hurdles in the roads to their golden goals.

Unaccustomed to pity themselves or others—habited to achieve results the shortest ways—these folks are helpless when at last they drive themselves in vain, push others without results, and suddenly realize that the things they were accustomed to do with joy they can no longer accomplish even with pain.

Helpless they stand. Bewildered they gaze about them at familiar sights that now seem unfamiliar. And they wonder why in the midst of their success—sometimes at the crowning moments of their careers—they falter and, stumbling, begin to fail.

Panic-stricken, they run to the family physician. They declare they are nervous. Neurasthenia, psychasthenia, are but two of the monstrous words with which they now become familiar. The family doctor sends the patient to a specialist; a battery of specialists materializes, and after all sorts of treatments, after journeys round the world in search of change and rest, they come home—as sick as they ever were.

While the symptoms may be radically different in each individual, the common denominator is loss of appetite and some form of stomach trouble. Headache is another common factor. Mental weariness, sleeplessness, continuous sleeplessness, extreme nervousness and "grouchiness" are symptoms that are frequently met. And then, in all too many cases, the story ends in unexpected death.

An instance that came under my observation—the case of a friend who died suddenly, seemingly for no organic reason—caused me to search my memory for his confidences to me, and to plumb my knowledge of his surroundings and problems for a solution to this puzzle that his doctors admitted they could not solve.

Here was a young man of more than usual fineness of character, a robust outdoors-lover, who left his office one day, went to the hospital for a minor operation and, for no apparent reason, died within twenty-four hours.

I came to the conclusion that Fred—let us call him Fred because that was not his name—had died for reasons not primarily connected with the operation, so minor indeed that only a local anesthetic was needed. What, then, was the cause of his death?

A few days before his operation, Fred came to me in an anxious frame of mind. He blurted out a question that led to a long dis

As each is raised in a different environment, to each is a different conception of sin.

Illustrated by George Howe

cussion of ethics. Fred cited a hypothetical case involving the "handling" of a boss. It simmered down to the questions:

"Does truth always pay?"

"Is truth always wise?"

Fred was the soul of honor; nevertheless I realized that this case he had propounded was by no means hypothetical. It was not a friend, but his own soul that he had placed on trial.

Suddenly he arose, exclaiming:

"You've done more for me than you know. Good-by."

Two days later he went to the hospital; the next day he was dead.

Fred had not been happy in his work. One of his closest office associates told me that he was a square peg in a round hole in that shop. It had preyed on his mind. Fearing another failure—for he had failed in another work not long before—Fred had "gone into himself."

Fred's widow is one of these rare human beings, met more frequently among men than women, to whom dollars flow like iron filings to a magnet. She was an outstanding success before Fred knew her. She loved him and endeavored to minimize every contrast between them. She was wondrously kind to him.

But there was Fred, wedded to a woman recognized as a great success in the very work at which he was not a success, unhappy in his labors in an office where he feared he was about to register another failure. He began to break under the strain—the contrasts of the office, the contrasts his wife mutely presented at home—a minor organic trouble came, and he died.

The case of Fred does not exactly fit into the category I am now going to tell you about, but it is a border-line case. It is a step in the reasoning necessary to understand the more radical types that I class as soul sicknesses.

Not long ago a man came to my office in as bad physical condition as any man can be and continue to work. He had been an

The sins committed to get money . . . are the cause of many a sickness.

extraordinarily successful man, had been sick for two years, had traveled the world over to regain his health, and confided in me that death was the only possible relief for his misery.

I shall not detail his symptoms nor describe the many examinations and tests, treatments and various diets prescribed for this person, without any change in his condition. He began to worry me. I must find relief for him. Idly—so it seemed to him—I asked a leading question about his business. It was most flourishing. Never before in all his successful life had he made so much money with such little effort—not even when his partner was working with him.

"Where is your partner?" I asked.

A shadow crossed his face.

"Lazing on the Riviera," he replied, and then swiftly added: "He's still my partner, you know. Several years ago he was content to retire on a paltry twenty thousand a year, which I pay him. Our arrangement"—he hesitated—"was for twenty per cent of the net profits as his share. I have sent him twenty thousand a year."

"What is on your conscience?" I gently asked.

His face went white. He tried to bluff that he was angry, insulted. But he knew that I was interested only in helping him. After a struggle he replied:

"I owe my partner three hundred thousand dollars. He never asked me for an accounting. He took without question what I paid him. I sent him twenty per cent of what had been our net profits the last year he was in our office. But the business has grown enormously every year since he was last here. The difference—"

"Make out a check for the difference and mail it to him," I urged.

He rose, and without a word walked out of my office.

Two days later he entered my door again. I reached into a drawer, drew out my checkbook—I knew we deposited in the same bank—and laid the book in front of him.

He opened the book and drew a check for three hundred thousand dollars. I supplied him with paper and an envelope. He gave me the letter to read. It told his partner that he was sailing on the next boat to explain the surprise this check represented.

The day before my patient sailed, he called on me. A glance told me he was no longer a patient. He was gloriously happy; he declared that he had never felt better in all his life, and I believed him.

That was five years ago, and I meet this man often. We are good friends. He has never been sick since that day. His friends said that his trip abroad made a new man of him!

The effect of the mind upon bodily function is quite strikingly portrayed at times. If you have ever been afraid or experienced a shock, you know that your mouth becomes dry and that clammy perspiration stands out upon your face. You also know that your face becomes pallid.

I recall that a soldier of fortune of my acquaintance—a cold-blooded observer of men under unusual conditions—declares that the odor of men about to go into battle is most offensive. He called it, "the fear smell."

The big steps in this vicious circle that the victim of soul sickness treads may be explained as follows:

The soul transmits the sorrow, the regret—whatever it is—to the mind. The mind cannot forget it. The thought returns to the trouble even when the patient should sleep. Soon he suffers from insomnia. Malaise develops. Appetite suffers. Next comes malnutrition. The body's resistance to infection is lowered. Along comes a microbe, for instance the germ of tuberculosis, and a chronic wasting disease sets in. Or intestinal infection may occur.

Then colitis develops; the poisons enter the bloodstream and act upon the mind, and the vicious circle is complete.

Perhaps the most truly successful doctor I have ever known was a Dr. B. with whom I became acquainted in my college days. Many times I have seen him, unashamed—not ostentatiously, but simply and in all humility—kneel and pray with a patient. Dr. B. was a physician to soul, mind and body.

To make my point clearer, let me tell you the story of a famous modern lover. He fell at last in love with a married woman. He truly loved her, as the story proves. She was happy until she met him. Her husband was a fine man; their sons and daughters were adorable. Both the lover and this woman developed different types of sickness, not many months after their relations began.

The woman developed a fear of heart trouble. She was convinced that she had heart disease.

The lover began to suffer from insomnia. He became highly nervous. He was of the romantic, dramatic type; and one day he poured his heart out to his doctor. The thing that haunted him day and night—it was startling to him to be troubled—was his sorrow at separating the woman he loved from the husband and children who worshiped her. Yet he had not the courage of righteousness to give up the woman he loved.

The doctor advised the lover to go away for a few months, camping if possible. After several vain attempts to give up this one woman he had truly loved, the lover made the final gesture of renunciation. He had his forty days and forty nights of sorrow alone, and then one day he returned triumphant. He was cured. And the woman had returned to her husband, and her heart trouble had vanished . . . .

The wages of sin <u>are</u> sickness and death.

One of the strangest cases I have ever known is the case of a man I shall call John. His case is noteworthy not because the man died—he deserved the death to which he sentenced himself—but because of the extraordinary conduct of his wife.

For years Mrs. John had known that in the same apartment house in which they lived, her husband had maintained a mistress. Never by look, much less by word or action, did Mrs. John permit the man she loved to know that she even suspected he was unfaithful.

John's conscience began to trouble him. He tried to induce his mistress to move out of the same building, but she would not move. Then John's mind began to brood over the very brazenness of his liaison. What he once had accounted a bit of devilish audacity he began to realize really was devilish. His health broke with astonishing speed.

On his deathbed John tried to confess everything to his wife so his soul might pass in peace. But she told him his mind was wandering, that he was the most devoted, the most faithful husband that ever lived. Again and again John strove to confess, but she only smoothed his brow and hushed him as she would a child who did not know of what he was talking. And John died—in perhaps the realest purgatory through which any man can pass on earth.

The wages of sin *are* sickness and death.

They are, indeed, as countless medical men will testify. No, I do not mean the social diseases and the concomitant physical wages that such sins inevitably demand. Everyone in his heart knows that is true. What I am striving to make clear is this:

Money-hunger and the sins that are committed to get money; sex desires and the sins that are entered to secure satisfaction; ambitions for which men sell their very souls, overturning the scales of justice; social desires, which most often grip women, who do anything, everything, for clothes

(Please turn to page 149)

Coningsby Dawson's
novel

THE AUCTIONING *of* MARY ANGEL

The confessions of a girl who longed to be sincere and found herself drowned in a tide of falsity, surrounding marriage today.

The Story So Far:

"MARRIAGE as manipulated by parents," said Mary Angel, "is the most rascally confidence-trick ever perpetrated. You ought to write a book about me, quoting me as a horrible example."

To keep her mind off her shipwreck, that is what I am doing.

Years ago I had been in love with Mary's mother, and I'd always been "Uncle" to Mary. This, however, was the first time I'd seen her since her wedding. At twenty-one, she already had an unsuccessful marriage behind her.

She spoke to me of her convent upbringing, and then of her all-too-sudden introduction, by her mother, into the fast and fashionable world of the Riviera—of her mother's prompt campaign to secure suitors for her. And she went on to tell me of the various men who made love to her, of the English yachtsman with whom she fell in love—and who suddenly sailed away.

"It wasn't till I'd been home a month that his first letter reached me," she went on. "The main fact it conveyed was that he was already married."

Mary became a débutante then, and for more than two years was busy with the business of bringing socially eligible young men to her feet. But none of these young men, when she'd captured them, pleased her—until she met Jeff.

"Then you love Jeff?" I questioned. "It wasn't a catch-as-catch-can match, as some people have hinted?"

"I adored him," she declared. "I still do."

But Jeff had been brought up to every luxury—and was earning thirty dollars a week. The young people won grudging consent from their parents; the engagement was announced, a church wedding planned. And each family waited for the other to make some move toward endowing the young people.

And neither family did anything of the sort. The wedding—an elaborate and expensive wedding—was of course contributed by Mary's people; and Mary's father gave her a check for five hundred. Jeff's father, reputedly well to do, who had given him an allowance of three thousand a year as a bachelor, offered a wedding gift of fifty dollars. With the two checks and some other funds as a stake, they departed on their honeymoon. When the money was exhausted, Jeff wired his father—who replied that the marriage was no affair of his.

What happened next, Mary promised to tell me some other evening, and I went away wondering—and speculating also, I must admit, about the other man I knew was calling on this precious Mary Angel in this little apartment where she was living husbandless. *(The story continues in detail:)*

AT the start Mary warned me that if I joined her in this collaboration, I was due for the deep end. What she failed to foresee was that if the deep end claimed me, we should both take the plunge tied, as it were, in a sack together. I have reason to believe that we are being spied on by people eager to attribute significance to our innocent association.

Ridiculous, of course! I need no one to remind me that Mary is half my years; she pays homage to my few gray hairs by bestowing on me the purely honorary title of "Uncle." Unfortunately, it

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ave been called "Uncle" by a young lady is no disproof of guilt in a divorce court. Men are as liable as women to the emotional rainstorm which has been termed "the second blooming." Were I to be accused of blooming a second time with Mary, many of my actions would lend color to the interpretation.

To discover where I stand, I am attempting to take a dispassionate view of the situation. I am forty and over. Between forty and fifty respectable men, even more than rakes, are prone to make sentimental asses of themselves. Since their urge is to persuade themselves that they are still youthful, they rarely select maiden aunts to assist them in making whoopee. So I labor under no illusion that I could clear myself by pleading that Mary might pass for my daughter.

Some one, I am convinced, is interested in gathering data for blackening Mary's character. On the last two occasions when I have approached her apartment house, I have been compelled to postpone my visit. How often the same thing has occurred without my noticing I cannot say; but these two times an automobile cruised behind me, accommodating its pace to mine. The last time, I swung round to confront my pursuer. That he wasn't anxious to be recognized was evident. Wheeling about, he trod on the gas and escaped before I could catch a glimpse of his features.

My conjecture is that her in-laws, the Stanhopes, have put detectives on my track. No one does that in the hope of hearing any good about you. If my guess is correct, then her precious husband, whom she defends so magnanimously, is planning to be rid of her.

How to protect her? She's indiscreet to the point of insolence. Perhaps she's too vain to believe that anyone could think ill of her. Perhaps she's morally so nearsighted that she doesn't perceive her direction. One thing is certain—she lacks the imagination to relate causes to their future effects; when disasters arise which her own negligence has planned, she is honestly horrified. Her first instinct is to blame somebody. Were I to tell her that she is being watched, I might develop a persecution mania.

There's a back street runs behind Mildred Mansions, and a back entrance used by tradesmen. By employing it, I can outwit the detectives and Mary will be none the wiser. The solution is not dignified, but the only alternative is to leave her brooding on my absence for interminable, unbroken hours.

The phone is ringing. As I expected, it's Mary, inquiring—in the humble child's voice she adopts—how she has offended.

"Days long as months, Uncle Biff, since I've seen you!"

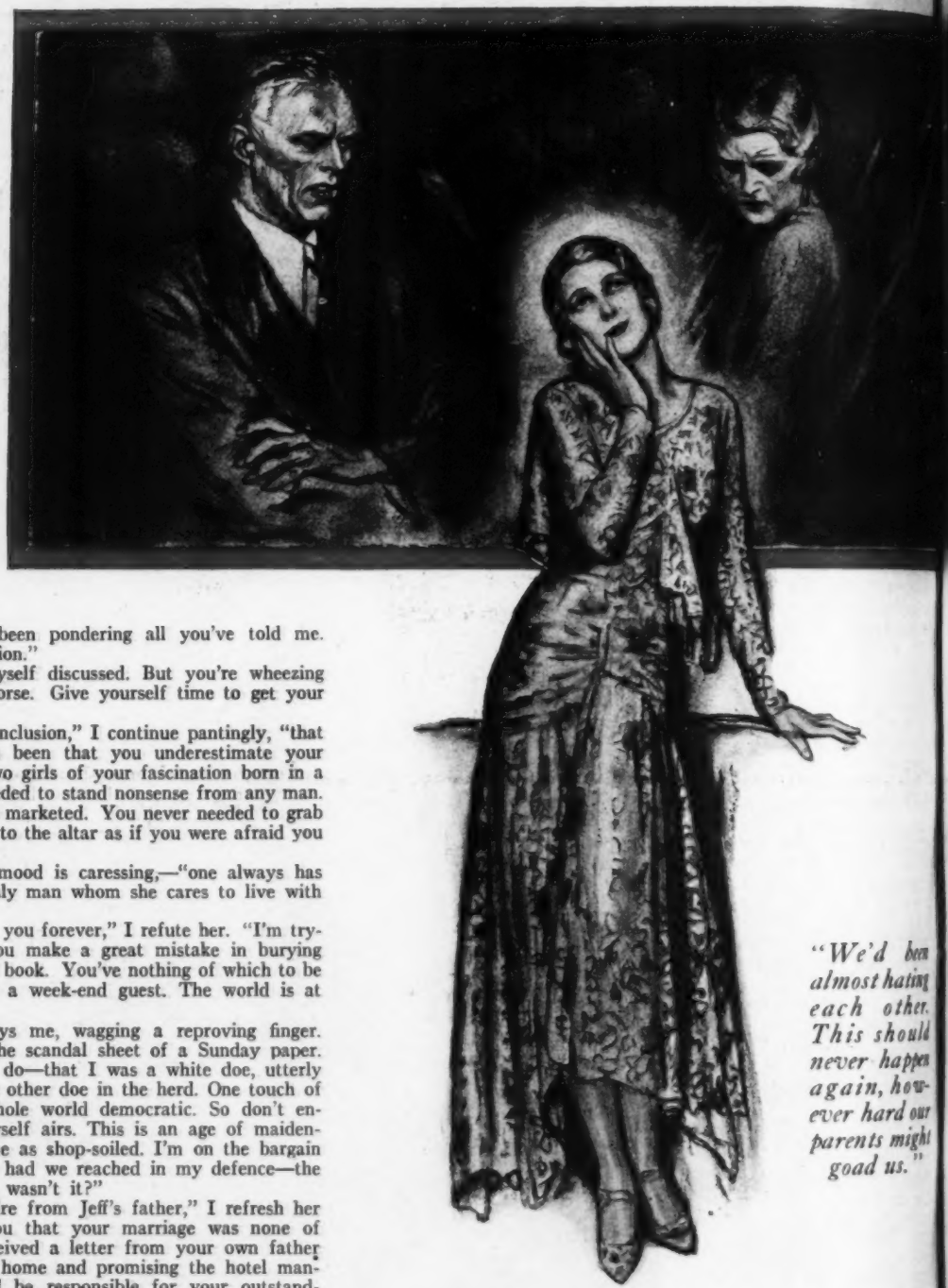
I promise that I'll be round within the hour. . . . .

Having stolen in, I avoid the elevator and climb the many stairs.

"You're as winded as if you'd been running," she reproaches me. "You must be more careful; you're not as young as you were."

Patronizing references to my age invariably annoy me. To distract her, I fly off at a tangent.

"Prepare yourself for a shock," she persisted. "She's the woman my daddy loves."



"Mary Angel, I've been pondering all you've told me. I've come to a conclusion."

"I adore to hear myself discussed. But you're wheezing like a punctured cab-horse. Give yourself time to get your breath."

"I've come to the conclusion," I continue pantingly, "that your gravest folly has been that you underestimate your charm. There aren't two girls of your fascination born in a century. You never needed to stand nonsense from any man. You never needed to be marketed. You never needed to grab at a man and rush him to the altar as if you were afraid you might lose him."

"But darling,"—her mood is caressing,—"one always has to grab the one and only man whom she cares to live with forever."

"Jeff isn't living with you forever," I refute her. "I'm trying to tell you that you make a great mistake in burying yourself. Jeff's a closed book. You've nothing of which to be ashamed. He was only a week-end guest. The world is at your disposal."

"Flatterer!" She stays me, wagging a reproving finger. "You're hysterical as the scandal sheet of a Sunday paper. Once I thought as you do—that I was a white doe, utterly more precious than any other doe in the herd. One touch of marriage makes the whole world democratic. So don't encourage me to give myself airs. This is an age of maiden-worship. Men regard me as shop-soiled. I'm on the bargain counter . . . . How far had we reached in my defence—the end of the honeymoon, wasn't it?"

"You'd received a wire from Jeff's father," I refresh her memory, "informing you that your marriage was none of his business. You'd received a letter from your own father ordering you to return home and promising the hotel management that he would be responsible for your outstanding debts."

Mary laughs inappropriately. "What babes in the wood we were! I wonder how many honeymoon couples have found themselves in our predicament. In three weeks we'd spent just short of a thousand dollars, which wasn't desperately reckless considering the huge sums that had been expended on our wedding. We'd simply lived on the scale to which we'd been accustomed. Our honeymoon certainly wasn't out of proportion."

"Then if you weren't at fault, who was?"

"Our parents," she smiles cheerfully. "You shake your head. You must refrain from snap judgments! I don't want to waste time in repetition, but I have to make things plain. My bridal-gown, which could be worn on one solitary occasion, had cost more than our honeymoon. The flowers to decorate the church must have cost twice the price of my bridal-gown. I suppose the minister, harpist and grand-opera soloist couldn't have pocketed less than another five hundred, which was the sum Daddy gave me as a going-away present, and ten times as much as Jeff's father gave his only son. What right had they to marry us off as royalty and then leave us in the lurch to starve as paupers?"

"Hold hard," I check her. "I could be a pauper very pleasantly for three weeks on a thousand dollars."

"So could we," she snickers. "But when those three weeks were ended, we hadn't a bean with which to bless ourselves. Since we weren't reducing, we were anxious to learn whence our next meal was coming."

"I share your anxiety," I prompt her.

"Well, as you know"—she sticks out her tongue—"Daddy, besides promising to settle our hotel bills, had enclosed our return

"We'd been almost hating each other. This should never happen again, however hard our parents might goad us."

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

fares. He'd forgotten, however, that it would be necessary to nourish us on the train, so Jeff pawned his watch."

"The least he could have done under the circumstances."

"Not at all," she contradicts; "he could have pawned my jewelry. As you may imagine, we conducted some heart-searching conversations during the journey; we weren't one bit interested in the landscape. We were prodigals yanked back from the Far Country with the strong suspicion that there would be no fatted calf to greet us; it had been killed in advance to speed our departure. And oh, boy, how it had been slaughtered! I'm willing to acknowledge," she goes on, cuddling her knee thoughtfully, "that Jeff and I weren't practical. All our lives we'd had people who had cramped our style by their jealousy in providing for us. Please don't look so condemning, Uncle Biff. One doesn't teach a child to swim by dropping it from a liner in mid-ocean. Jeff and I weren't exactly drowning; but by golly, we were scared."

"I'm not condemning," I decide to steer a middle course. "I can see your point of view; but I can also see your parents'. Jeff's father had written truly, if harshly, when he'd wired, 'I didn't ask you to get married.' If it comes to that, nobody except one of the two people chiefly concerned ever does ask anyone else to get married. Marriages are too upsetting; they trample too many affections; they sever bonds. You and Jeff had taken the bit between your teeth. First you'd challenged your parents' authority. Then you'd intimidated them into consenting. Having contracted obligations which you had no prospect of fulfilling, you expected these same parents, whom you'd flouted, to assume your obligations. I'm not surprised they rebelled."

"Spoken like Queen Victoria," she congratulates me. "Are you telling me that I failed in duty when I married a man of my own choosing?"

"I'm telling you," I reply, a trifle nettled, "that you can't boast one minute that you can outjump anybody, and the next clamor to be trundled in a baby carriage."

"Granted," she soothes me. "But who had taught me to be both weak and headstrong—vain as a peacock and pampered as a puppy? I was faked. I wasn't any of the fine things I purported to be. My good looks were a third cosmetics. My style was the taste of dressmakers. My self-confidence was the belief that I was prosperous. Strip me of my war-paint, and there wouldn't be any picture; the only thing genuine left would be the canvas. You're boiling over with protests; but it's the truth I'm telling you. Any man who married a girl raised by my standards was bound to acquire a gold-brick."

"Why this merciless self-denunciation?"

"Because I was beginning to perceive," she rushes on, "that Jeff had been swindled. He hadn't needed to be mercenary to suppose that I would bring him money—everything Mummy had done, from my coming-out to my wedding-had been calculated to convey that impression. Heaps of people gaze into Fifth Avenue windows and admire lovely objects which they know they can't afford. If Jeff had been made quite sure at the start that he couldn't afford me, he'd have gazed in the window with all the other shoppers, admired and passed on. The same argument applies to myself, for he too had been given a deceiving setting of gorgeousness—horses, servants, social position, cars. If I'd been made quite sure I couldn't afford him—"

"Hang it all, Mary!" I lose my temper. "Where's your pride and your sense of proportion? This fellow, who hadn't the ready cash to defray the expenses of his own honeymoon, had had the cheek to approach a man of your father's standing and to demand your hand in marriage. Within three weeks of your union, he was

dunning your father for contributions to your support. What attitude do you suppose any conscientious parent would adopt toward such a son-in-law? The French have a very ugly name for a man who lives on a woman."

"Spare me. I know it. Your opinion of Jeff is that he was a gentleman bum—though I doubt whether you'd add the gentleman. By the same token, I was a lady bum. I'd never done a day's work. The philanthropists who had grown tired of maintaining me had auctioned me off. I'd been knocked down to Jeff with practically nothing but the clothes I wore. Every hour of that train-journey I puzzled how I could compensate him. At last I hit on a solution—a solution, mark you, which was quite in keeping with my character.

"'Have I got *it*, Jeff?' I asked him.

"'Cinderella, you drive men crazy—if Helen's face could launch a thousand ships, your face could produce another World War.'

"'Then leave everything to me. Stop worrying. I'm going to try my appeal on our daddies.'"

"I'm sure that worked the miracle." I sigh despondently.

Nothing is serious to Mary. She claps me between the shoulders.

"What a discerning old crab you are!"

"Then it did work?"

"Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness," she mocks me. "But we're skipping whole pages; we've not reached that part. Jeff and I were still at the stage where nothing would content us but holding hands all the time. If you don't think we were red-headed lovers, you miss your bet. That's what makes it so pathetic to hear you humming and hawing as though our marriage had been optional.

"We spent the morning in New York, screwing up our courage. It was afternoon when we halted before the parental door. Mummy was at a bridge club: Daddy at the office. The butler informed us that my room had been prepared. It felt unreal to wander through my home with a husband tagging after me. Somehow I no longer belonged. The very walls seemed to disapprove of me.

"The landing, outside my bedroom, was piled with wooden boxes, containing our presents. Mummy had had them packed during our absence. They gave a look of disorder. It hurt to see them all ready for removal. They kind of yelled that my reign was over—that everyone would be thankful when the last traces of me were gone.

"'Aren't they frauds!' I giggled. 'You and I are the only real persons.'"

"I spent the respite sorting away my pretties and picturing so many scenes from the past. How when I was little I had sat at that window watching for a boy in a fur coat to rescue me. How when I was a débutante, I had prinked and fussed before the mirror for parties. And then that last night of single blessedness, when I'd become hysterical and Mummy had warned me, whatever I did, not to have babies. . . . . .

"Mummy's voice in the hall—

"'My darling child!'

"She crushed me in her arms, but she never guessed how badly I wanted her. The next moment she was inquiring in a tone that was vaguely hostile: 'And has Jeff accompanied you?'

"I knew then that it was to be a choice between her and Jeff. Iniquitous, wasn't it?"

"Go on." I withhold my verdict.

"Well, until Daddy put in an appearance, we chatted brightly about the weather, the press-notices of my wedding—polite nothings. Only once did we verge on controversy, when Mummy made a dirty crack at the swells whom Jeff's people had included in their list of guests, many of whose invitations had been returned as not known at the embassies and country estates to which they had been addressed. Jeff and I were all for peace. I kicked his shin to remind him.

"'Sorry,' was his only comment.

"Men are much more sincere than women; Daddy can't pretend. He talked to me as though I were a remote acquaintance and excluded Jeff altogether. Dinner was painful. Over coffee in the library he rose suddenly.

"'I must speak with you alone, Mary.'

"In his den upstairs, as he lit a cigar, he shot a question.

"'Is he kind to you?'

"I realized at once that I could make him intensely happy by slipping off my frock and calling attention to imaginary bruises. He would have forgiven me everything—though God knows what there was to forgive—had I told him that Jeff was in the habit of beating me. Such a confession would have restored his confidence in me; it would have been an appeal for his protection. It would have given him the excuse to rush downstairs and kick Jeff into the gutter. What I didn't understand then, as I do now, was his utter loneliness. Mummy had gradually tiptoed out of his life; for years they had only acted at being married.

Perhaps I'd tiptoed out of his life too; but as he proceeded to explain, he didn't find fault with me for that. Mummy's fatal belief that she was always right had prevented him from taking any hand in my upbringing.

"I challenged her to poison Jeff's mind against me. She sprang into action: It was a sad day when her son had wed me."

"Of course, being a man, Uncle Biff, even though you're not a father, you've guessed what was at work in the back of his mind. I'd been stolen from him. That the theft had been legalized made no difference. He longed to be revenged.

"When I assured him that Jeff was tenderness itself, he couldn't disguise his disappointment. He branded Jeff's tenderness as sentiment. He would have preferred to see me the wife of a man who beat me, if at the same time he worked for me. The tailor's dummy who was my husband—But at that point I stopped him. Why all the fuss? I wasn't an alley cat. I hadn't returned from a joy-ride. He himself had accompanied me to the altar. If we'd spent too much on our honeymoon, I was the one who had been extravagant. I'd been trained to have all my wishes gratified. Jeff hadn't had the heart to refuse me.

"'Then he had better find the heart,' Daddy flared. 'I don't intend to be his banker, and though I say it reluctantly, you're his responsibility.'

"'But I'm what you've made me.'

"Perhaps I didn't use those words. Probably I told him that after having made such a mess of me, he was grossly unfair to pass on his failure to my husband.

"'I didn't make a mess of you,' he retorted sadly. 'The mess was your mother's doing. She forbade me any authority. All I was permitted was to provide money and sit up late at night for you.'"

"He chewed on his cigar angrily.

"'Weak—of course I was weak! Kids of your age knew it all. And now your marriage is so much my concern that within three weeks I receive S.O.S. telegrams. Pray, were any sent to old Stanhope?'

"It was the question I had dreaded. Daddy's real feud was not with Jeff. He would have been perfectly delighted with Jeff if his father had settled on him a lump sum—say enough to produce in interest the allowance he'd been giving him. So you see the trouble was money. It had nothing to do with character. Our extravagance on our honeymoon was only a pretext for this show-down.

"I had to own that Mr. Stanhope had not been omitted—in fact, that Jeff had applied to him first.

"'And his answer?' Daddy demanded.

"'That he hadn't asked Jeff to get married,' I admitted reluctantly.

"'The old miser!' Daddy burst out. 'The wedding cost him nothing but the half day he wasted in attending it. It cost me thousands. What a father! I can almost feel sorry for his son.' He seemed to, for he let up on his bitterness long enough again to inquire:

"'You're sure Jeff doesn't abuse you?'

"'Daddy dear, he adores me. The idea's absurd.'

"'Then let him prove it by supporting you. It's a bit thick, after having been cleaned out by your pretentious wedding, to have you back on my hands, dressed up like a million dollars and actually penniless.'

"'Cleaned out, Daddy! But you're rich.'

"He changed his tone from accusation to a plea for sympathy.

"'It's been a terrible strain keeping up appearances, Mary. Making you socially eligible has left me exhausted. The last straw was your wedding. I simply can't face financing a son-in-law—especially a son-in-law who was thrust upon me. In justice to myself I must retrench.'

"To me it seemed that this was with a purpose—to prevent me from striking him for an allowance.

"'If you were still single,—he pushed back his chair, signifying that the interview was ended—'I would stake you; but I don't propose to spare old Stanhope's pockets by sacrificing for a lazy young dog whom he's raised to do nothing.'

"The first words that greeted my ears as we came downstairs were Mummy's.

"'Having made your bed, you must lie on it.' She was addressing Jeff in a hard, cold voice.

"At sight of me and Daddy she turned.

"'I don't know what your father has been saying to you, Mary. I don't care what arrangements you've concocted. You always had the trick of twisting him around your finger. This is the time when you don't. You're off our hands. You have two feet of your own. Learn to stand on them.'"

"What was the upshot of this unpleasantness?" I strive for information. "You hadn't arranged where you were going to settle when you set out on your honeymoon, so—as I understand the situation—unless your parents allowed you to stay with them, you had no roof to cover you."

"You win your guess." Mary shrugs her lovely shoulders. "There was a bed upstairs, and a door that locked. I signed to Jeff and beat an ignominious retreat.

"Inside the dear little room which had once been mine, I flopped to the floor and giggled hysterically.

"'Aren't they frauds? You and I are the only real persons.'

"Jeff wasn't sure whether I was being humorous. Kneeling beside me, he took my hands.

"'Your appeal didn't work the oracle, Cinderella. Looks as though all our loved ones had short-changed us. But I never meant to short-change you, Cinderella. You do believe that?'

"'I know you didn't.' I clung to him passionately. 'You haven't short-changed me, Jeff. You wouldn't. You're the only friend I have.'

"'But why do they hate us?' he whispered later as we cuddled beneath the sheets in the silent house.

"'We're married.'

"'But they wanted us to marry,' he protested. 'They didn't want us to marry each other; that's evident. But they wanted us to marry some one. My mother was everlastingly chucking girls at my head.'

"'It's an old Spanish custom,' I snickered.

" 'What is?' he questioned.

" 'To persuade people to marry and then treat them as lepers. Don't you see why? When we lived at home we were their possessions.' "

Mary winks a naughty eye.

"Of course you, who are so wise, have already discerned that jealousy lay at the root of the mischief. Their property rights had been invaded. Jeff and I had preferred each other. Parents who would have gone without shoes for you when you were theirs, refuse you a crust when you're some one else's. . . . .

"Next day my people didn't relent. In their bedroom during the dawn-hours they must have arrived at some sort of a compact; at breakfast they were firm not to be played for suckers. They had thought up the most stunning arguments. I'll give you a few samples.

"They'd postponed their careers for my sake; at last they had a chance to live for themselves. I'd run wild long enough; it was high time I came to my senses. They'd overspent themselves that they might obtain what I'd desired. I'd desired a husband. Well, there sat Jeff. They'd got to pull in their horns. They'd heard an awful lot about what was due to youth; it was fair to remember that even more was due to middle-age. Daddy protested that if he died, there'd be little left except his insurance. Jeff caught my eye, as much as to say: 'So much for the accuracy of *dossiers!*' He'd already told me that his father had gathered excellent reports of my family's financial standing.

"Mummy took up the running.

" 'It's this way, Mary: while you lived at home, neither I nor your father could move without stumbling over you. Speaking for myself, I consider I've been a martyr. You usurped my privileges by constituting yourself your father's auxiliary wife. If I disagreed with him, there was always you to take his side. The longer you're married, the more you'll understand what I'm driving at.'

"She didn't need to split my head open. I recognized an ax when I saw it. But I wasn't permitted a chance to say so, for she was continuing poetically: 'When fledglings have left the home-nest, they can't come flying back. What's true of sparrows is true of human beings. It's a law of Nature.'

"As far as Daddy was concerned, he bordered on mutiny. That very morning the mail had brought him a pile of wedding-bills clamoring for payment. He was as willing to quarrel with Mummy as he was with Jeff and me. He accused her violently of having contracted the chief part of these debts without his consent.

"As an escape after lunch, Jeff and I visited his parents. Our reception was the duplicate of my own home-coming, only more suave, if you understand me. Daddy Stanhope, the downy bird, derived the usual kick from cuddling me. Gee, it's cheap to be a father-in-law and squeeze a pretty girl for nothing. His starchy dame clutched Jeff to her bosom as though he were the sole survivor of a shipwreck. She examined him for scratches as though she expected to find an eye missing. All went well till a reference was made to money. Daddy Stanhope became courtly.

" 'We'll discuss that as between men.'

"He disappeared, Jeff following. I recognized the familiar police strategy: hustle the criminals into separate cells in the hope that behind closed doors they'll convict each other.

"The moment we were alone, Madam Stanhope paved the way for confidences. How on earth could we be short of money? I lit a cigarette to steady my nerves and murmured between puffs that fifty bucks didn't go far on a honeymoon.

" 'But you had more than that, my dear.'

" 'If we had, Mrs. Stanhope, it doesn't concern you. Fifty dollars was the extent of your own and your husband's liberality.'

" 'Your telegram was very alarming,' she persisted. 'It indicated to us that our son's wife was extravagant.'

"Can you beat that, Uncle Biff? I asked her how much it cost her to run her home for three weeks and added the information that, despite rumors she might have heard to the contrary, hotels charged more for double rooms than for single ones.

"She ignored my sarcasm, though her corsets creaked with indignation. A man in love was in a woman's power to make or mar him. She implored me not to lead her son into loose habits.

"That got my nanny. I let her have my bucket of dirt and kissed my hand to reticences. I challenged her to poison Jeff's mind against me. If there was any poisoning to be done, I'd get there first. I gave her an unexpurgated description of what my parents thought of her and her husband.

" 'You played my daddy for a good thing. You bragged about your social connections and created the impression that Jeff was the season's catch. You smirked to the last moment, dropping mysterious hints of the fine things you planned for him. But what did you plan? You left him on our doorstep as though he were a foundling. You satisfied your vanity with a pompous wedding. You frisked my daddy like a pair of hold-up artists.'

"Suddenly I remembered her lists of wedding-guests and the stacks of invitations which kept returning, marked 'unknown at this address.' She was an old snob; so when I taunted her with having tried to impress us by claiming acquaintance with well-placed people who were complete strangers to her, she sprang into action.

"From then on it was a competition as to which of us could be more venomous. I was a vulgar little thing; it was a sad day for her when her son had met me. She criticized the reckless *chic* with which I dressed—there wasn't much she didn't criticize. I called attention to the antediluvian vintage of her hats—a remark which won me an enemy for life. We were hard at it, handing flinty advice, when the male portion of the Stanhope clan rejoined us.

"The downy bird was twinkling with benevolence; he might have come from concealing gold in Christmas stockings. He went straight to the point. Jeff had been talking to him about ways and means. His kindly nature prompted him to sign a check, but that would be relieving his own feelings at the price of our independence.

" 'I've told Jeff, Mother'—he turned to his wife—'as I'm now telling Mary, that when two people consider themselves old enough to marry, they must be considered old enough to handle their own destinies.'

" 'Bologny!' I flung at him. 'Come on, Jeff! We wouldn't touch a cent of their lucre.'

"Even that didn't ruffle him. From the steps he addressed our backs: 'Mother and I will be always glad to entertain you here for your Sunday dinner.'

" 'She won't,' I whispered to Jeff. 'Neither will he when he's heard all the timely home-truths I've handed her.' "

"And pray what was the verdict of God's gift to women?" I ask.

"If you're referring to my husband, please call him Jeff."

"I was referring to no one else."

"He was ashamed and furious. What made him most sore was his father's smug prophecy that one day he would thank him for his refusal. What he'd actually said was something of this sort:

" 'I'm putting you on your mettle, my boy. It hurts like the devil. Everything's up to you. You'll have to strip off your coat and work.' Swelling out his chest, 'The way I did!' he had added.

"It wasn't until we'd left the trolley and were almost at my parents' door, that Jeff broke his worst news. His father, cruel as it might sound, had felt compelled to make a final excruciating sacrifice: to spur his offspring's energies, he had cut off his allowance.

"The full calamity didn't dawn on me. My first thought was for Jeff's pride.

" 'Whatever happens.'—I seized his arm.—'that's something we must never tell my people! I'll sell my jewelry—part with anything.'

(Please turn to page 132)

PHIL SPEED, super-salesman, slips into the real estate business with all the silence and secrecy of a ten-ton motor-truck mistaking a china shop for a cement road with a "go" sign before it.

Don't miss

"REAL ESTATE"

by **SAM HELLMAN**

Next Month

Maudlin Thoughts on an Old Dance Programme

by Ethel Jacobson

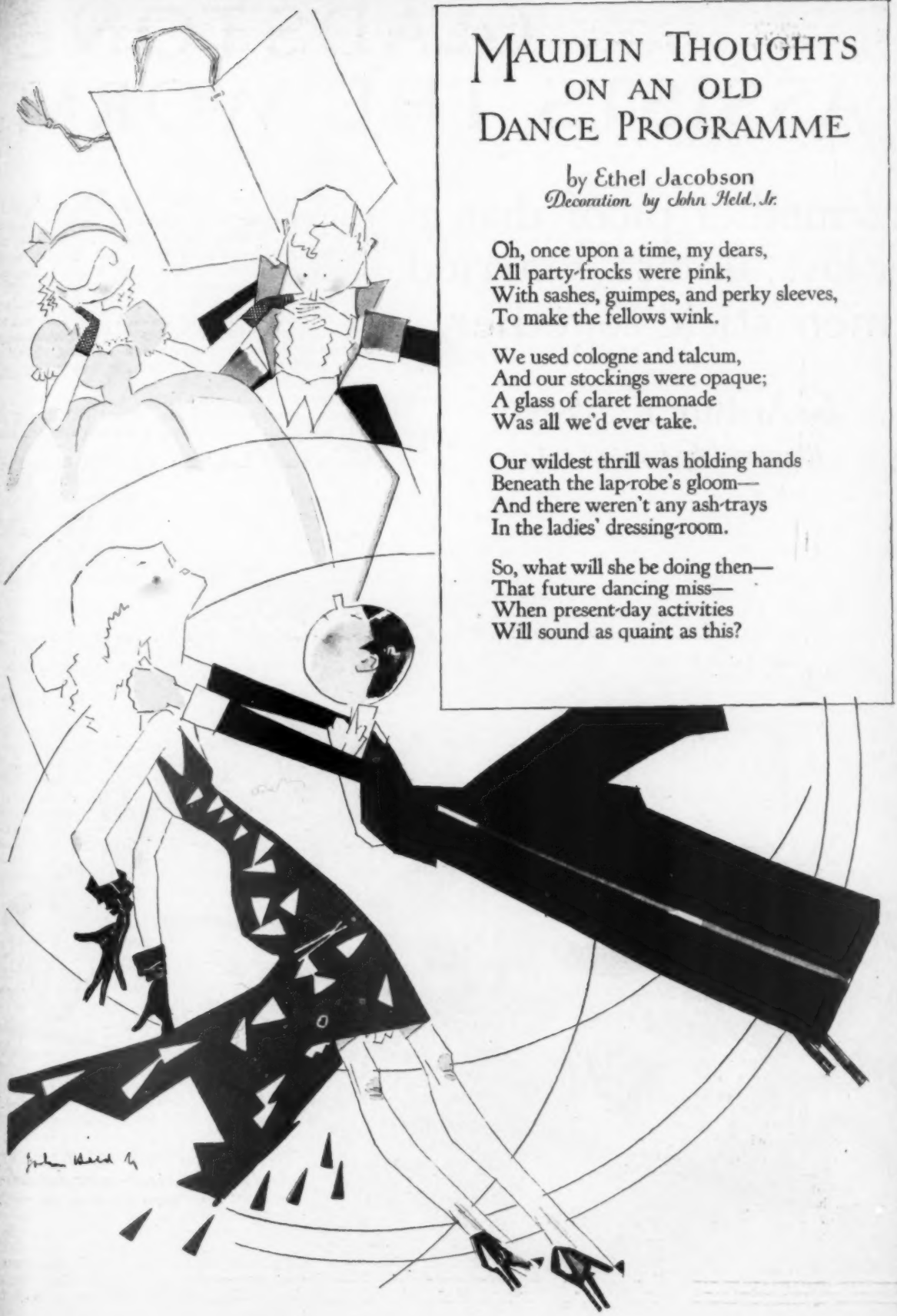
Decoration by John Held, Jr.

Oh, once upon a time, my dears,
All party-frocks were pink,
With sashes, guimpes, and perky sleeves,
To make the fellows wink.

We used cologne and talcum,
And our stockings were opaque;
A glass of claret lemonade
Was all we'd ever take.

Our wildest thrill was holding hands
Beneath the lap-robe's gloom—
And there weren't any ash-trays
In the ladies' dressing-room.

So, what will she be doing then—
That future dancing miss—
When present-day activities
Will sound as quaint as this?



GLADSTONE ASSISTS THE WORM

Another proof that all is lost, unless married men stick together„

by Arthur K. Akers

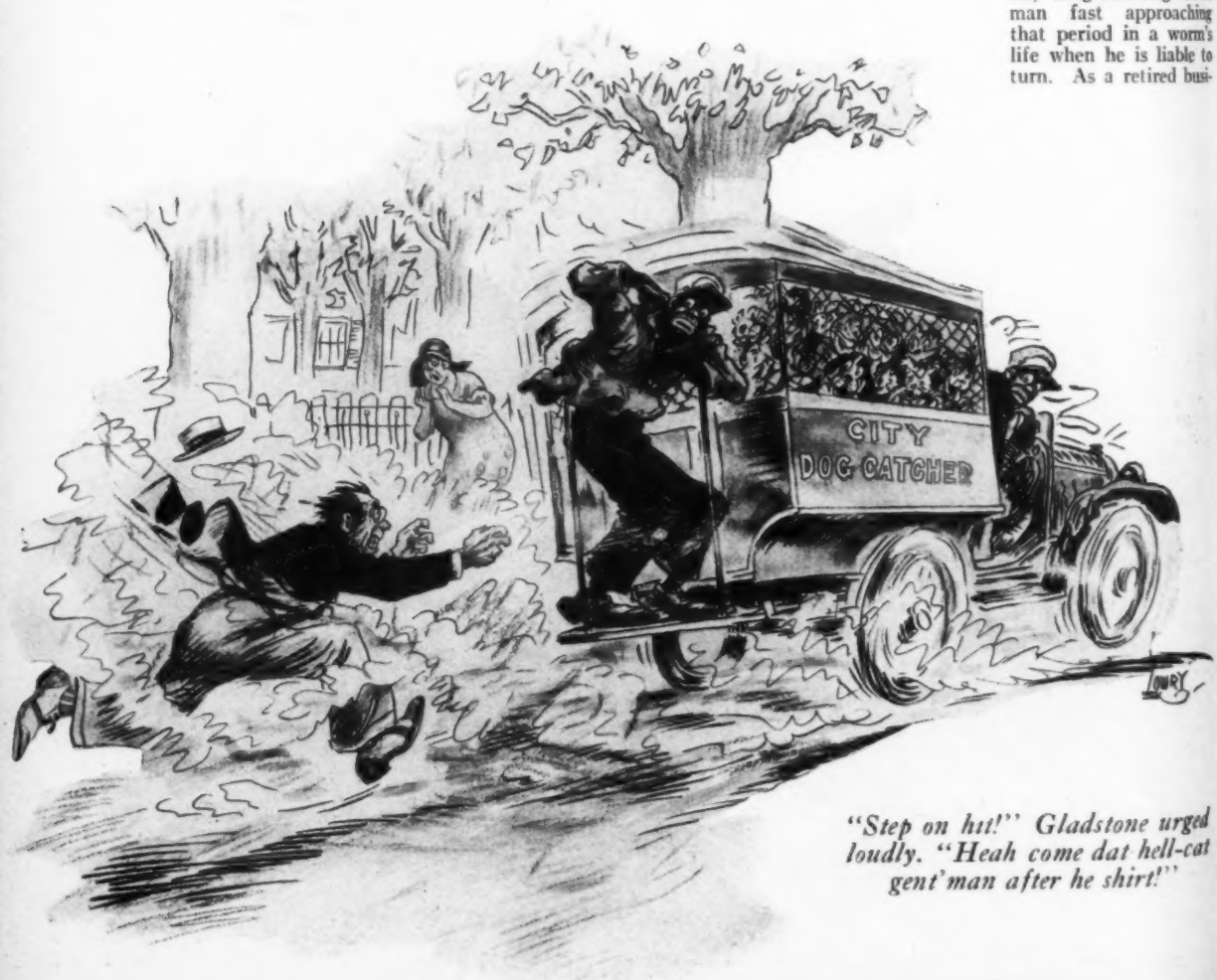
Illustrated by Everett Lowry

MRS. WILBUR W. BURNETT performed the grand-lady equivalent of chewing her pen as she labored over her guest list. Every name and every omission called for deepest thought. For Mrs. Burnett was going to show Demopolis. Ever since her arrival from the North in this old Southern town, she had felt that it had underestimated her importance socially. Now that was to be rectified. Social calendars and the awakening of Demopolis to her true worth and standing should date from the forthcoming luncheon she was giving to the Woman's Civic Uplift Club.

Hence her agony over the guest list.

Hence another agony—that of Mr. Wilbur W. Burnett as he pretended to nap in his hammock swung beneath two live oaks in the side yard.

Mrs. Burnett was of the brigadier type. Mr. Burnett was of the type that brigadiers marry—a mild, dyspeptic, long-suffering little man fast approaching that period in a worm's life when he is liable to turn. As a retired busi-



"Step on hit!" Gladstone urged loudly. "Heah come dat hell-cat gent'man after he shirt!"

"Re-li-able I is! An' look what you done to me!"

ness man living in the South for his health, he was now finding himself without adequate excuse for absence from home during the impending luncheon. Mrs. Burnett, in fact, had counted heavily upon his presence—had even given him what she spoke of as "little duties" in connection with the affair.

Which was the background against which two Demopolis citizens of quite a different color met. It was in the shelter of the Burnett garage, in the alley which ran to the rear of the luncheon locale.

"Huccome you carryin' yo' shoes in yo' hand, Gladstone?" Slim Silver, the local colored expressman, was seeking light of the other.

"Aint want to git heahed," the gangling Gladstone responded guardedly. "Aint you see dat gent'man hell-cat over dar in dat hammock?"

"He aint look so fierce," estimated Sim carelessly. "Me an' him git on fine."

"Yeah? Maybe yo' wife aint wash fo' him."

"Whut dat got do wid hit?"

"You w'ar one of he shirts once an' find out! I borrers one dem bright blue ones of his'n out of he wash, an' wuz gwine past de white folks' rest'rant in hit. Mist' Buhnett settin' in dar eatin' hisse'f some pie—twel he see me. Den he aint eat no mo'—he come right awn out! I never seen nobody think so much of dey shirt befo'! I got to crope by easy twel he tame down some."

Sim shifted his gaze and the subject. He had troubles of his own, anyhow. "I's got job of work li'ble to happen to me any day now," he bulletined.

"Bad luck bound to come sometime," philosophized Gladstone sympathetically. "Work come to even the best of men at times."

"An' dis heah pow'ful p'tic'lar job," elaborated Mr. Silver. "Right nex' do' heah to Mist' Buhnett. Mist' Young done move 'way to Miss'ippi an' leave ev'ything in he house. He say he gwine write me to git he fu'n'ture all out an' ship hit to him in freight car. So dawggoned pushed wid business now I cain't hahdly 'tend to hit all—had a job of haulin' jes' las' week! Sho' is hell to be reliable."

Again Gladstone sighed sympathetically. It made him tired just to listen to Sim. He sought to remove Mr. Silver's mind from the cause of its distress.

"If hit wa'n't fo' Mist' Buhnett all time sleepin' out heah in he yahd," he observed idly, "wouldn't be no way tell dese heah places apaht."

"Dat whut dey got numbers fo'."

"Dat's a fact. Aims to git me pa'r of glasses at de dime-sto' fo' Sundays, nohow. Use 'em week-days to read numbers wid."

"Sho' would make you look like you been to school," contributed Sim in delicate deference to Gladstone's inability to read, regardless of glasses.

"I got be gwine now," concluded Gladstone. "All broke out wid business at de lodge."

"Gwine be all broke out wid blisters if you aint put dem shoes back on," Sim left him a health-thought for the day. "An' don't let Mist' Buhnett git you!"

Mr. Burnett stirred uneasily and sat up, blinking, in his hammock. Paper in hand, he yawned, stretched and started for his house.

At her desk Mrs. Burnett presented him an uncompromising back. She had scratched the same name out three times and restored it three times, until she had developed a vague feeling that it was all her husband's fault.

Which made it a particularly poor time for him to venture tentatively: "Er—I think I'll have to be out of town on business next Wednesday."

"You haven't *had* any business since you sold the canning-factory," she reminded him firmly. "So you will be here."

Mr. Burnett recognized a tactical error too late.

"My stomach's been troubling me quite a lot lately," he veered. "I don't really think I'm well enough for—"

"Wilbur!" his wife stopped him in his tracks. "You've evidently forgotten that only yesterday you were quite well enough to accept that invitation to go fishing down the river Tuesday. Of course, if your health prevents your being here for my luncheon, you could hardly expect, either—"

Mr. Burnett beat her to it. "Oh, all right! All right!" he barked. "I'll live: they haven't quit making bicarbonate of soda yet! And when I die, the funeral'll probably be all my fault and bust up a party of yours! I—"

"*Wilbur!*"

Mr. Burnett went out—to cast an envious eye at the vacant Young yard next door. Two trees there lured him—their distance apart was fully an inch better for his hammock. Not to speak of the geometrical increase in his personal peace that went with each additional foot of separation from his own socially stirred vine and fig-tree!

"I'll fix up the ropes over there for it tomorrow," he promised himself. "Life's getting to be just one hen-party after another around here. If only I could—"

Mr. Burnett sighed.

"Aint want to git heahed—aint you see dat gent'man hell-cat?" asked Gladstone.

"Wilbur! Where are you, Wilbur?"

At the same hour, on an adjoining stool in a Strawberry Street barbecue stand, Gladstone sat and admired the ten-cent-store cap of Aspirin Edwards.

For Aspirin Edwards was an office-holder. Boldly if amateurishly penciled across the soiled front of his once-white green-visored cap was his title, cITY dOG kETcHEr.

"How de dawg business, Aspirin?" Gladstone betrayed a friendly interest.

"Dawgs gittin' faster all de time," Aspirin indicated that every profession had its problems.

"Maybe dat jes' means dey gittin' to know you better," Gladstone contributed his bit to scientific research.

"I been thinkin' 'bout dat, too," admitted Aspirin dispiritedly. "Dey's one ol' greyhoun' lights out fo' Frawg Bottom faster'n de Bumin'ham bus ev'y time he sees me comin' wid de bu'fly net. Take a fast boy to cotch him."

"Or one he aint know," Gladstone opened his mouth idly—and put his foot into a fresh field, with far-reaching consequences.

"How 'bout you gittin' on de job, he'pin' me, den?"

Gladstone sat up. A career opened before him—public office in the public eye!

"Whut kind un'fawm does I w'ar?" he further betrayed the trend of his mind.

"Jes' anything you c'n git: de Mayor aint p'tic'lar. Git yo'se'f somep'n loud in de shirt line, an' aint nobody look at yo' pants den. De cap'll say *'Sistant Dog-ketcher.*"

Gladstone paid his check in a dream. "Be wid you soon's gits myse'f a shirt," he accepted the municipal office. "Sho' will rustle round prominent 'mongst de dawgs den!"

Outside, Gladstone inventoried the pocket that had no holes in it. A dime was his sole reward. Which produced a problem: he couldn't buy a flaming shirt with a dime. And without one, the job lacked half its glory. Even a cap lettered "Assistant Dog-catcher" would be of only doubtful satisfaction above a mere suit of overalls. For lack of a suitable shirt, he must, then, forego public office—

Yet, after all, must he?

For before him, a few blocks farther on, suddenly appeared an answer—*the* answer! The same blue shirt that had figured so notably in arousing the ordinarily mild Mr. Burnett's recent wrath!

Gladstone circled the block in debate with himself. St. Anthony had a cinch in comparison. Safety First and Prominence at any Price battled, and Gladstone was their battlefield. For already he could see himself on Strawberry Street in that royal shirt. Wearing it, he would admittedly be living dangerously—but he would also be assistant dog-catcher!

On the third circuit, urge for office won. Following which Gladstone pushed aside a loose paling in his fence, removed two clothespins from the line, whipped the shirt behind him, and disappeared within his own front door. . . . .

Sim Silver drowsed on the front seat of his truck, and only partially awoke as the newly resplendent Gladstone passed on his way to take the oath of office. Sim had something depressing on his mind that he couldn't half locate until he recognized Gladstone. Then it clarified.

"Mist' Young done sont me word git ready to move he fu'n'ture an' ship hit one day nex' week," he resumed his former conversation. "Got me all busted out in a sweat wid so much business to 'tend to! Mist Young aint let nobody but me look after nothin' fo' him. Sho is hell to be reliable."

Gladstone remembered that a boy might get sunstroke rushing around in the sun.

"I sets down 'side yo' truck an' rest a minute," he took precautions. "Whut you gwine do, is yo' business git too big fo' you?"

"Done set up all las' night studyin' 'bout dat," admitted Sim. "Dat huccome cain't hahdly stay 'wake now. Bein' reliable like I is, keeps on bringin' in de work. Dawggone near ruin my rest a'ready."

Gladstone felt the urge to move away from a place where reliability was the subject of discussion. It was generally felt in Demopolis to be one of his own personal weak points. For no apparent reason, the white folks seemed to think he mixed up everything he touched.

So, "Asp'rin waitin' fo' me now," he stated importantly. "Him an' de Mayor lookin' fo' me to he'p 'em out."

"He'p out how?"

"Keep 'wake, an' you gwine see. Done late now: cain't hang round no mo' talkin'. So jes' let yo' eyes tell you. When dey sees somep'n you cain't b'lieve, dat'll be me."

Some days later Mr. Wilbur Burnett came forth from lunching recklessly at the Demopolis Inn. On the morrow was his wife's luncheon. But other forebodings were now adding themselves to his gloomy state of mind. Certain qualms were beginning to gnaw

"Oh, Lawd, Mist' Buhnett, lemme live!" he gibbered.

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How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

How ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in her luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bbe Daniels

BETTY COMPSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."*

ANNA Q. NILSSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "Leaves my skin like velvet."*

SALLY BLANE, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's a wonderful soap."*

LUX TOILET SOAP

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

at him, mentally and physically. For the Inn's deep-dish huckleberry pie had been all such a pie should be—and more. So much more, in fact, that Mr. Burnett had striven to drown his impending social sorrows in a second serving of it. And the wisdom of that proceeding was now becoming an important local question in the region of his fourth vest button from the top. It was, indeed, beginning to affect his whole outlook on life. Where some men were wont to go berserk under the influence of strong drink, the mild and subjugated Mr. Burnett came nearest to turning when attacked by solid food.

ALL in all, it was no time for him to see what he told himself he could not possibly be seeing. It was turning the corner of the Square, opposite the Inn. And the broken chugging of its four protesting cylinders was hard put to drown the barkings of incarcerated curs looking proudly down upon their pedestrian inferiors in the street!

At its wheel in dignity sat Aspirin Edwards. And importantly upon its step in the rear, clad in a white cap and Mr. Burnett's own favorite blue shirt, clung Assistant Dog-catcher Gladstone Smith!

The owner of the shirt uttered a low malignant moan, and the full influence of the huckleberry pie swept murderously over him.

"Twice!" hissed Mr. Wilbur Burnett, and plunged into the street to the rear of the dog truck.

Gladstone turned gray of gill, gave the distress signal of three lodges simultaneously, and backed Standard Oil over Shoeleather for place.

"Step on hit, Asp'rin!" Gladstone urged loudly as he shrank in horror against the back of the truck. "Heah come dat hellcat gent'man after he shirt!"

Whatever else Aspirin Edwards was, he was not one to turn a deaf ear to a lodge brother in distress.

And whatever Mr. Wilbur Burnett was around home, he was no worm when it came to seeing a colored boy in a white cap publicly wearing his best blue shirt on the back step of a dog-wagon—which conflicting circumstances instantly resolved the situation into a ground-gaining contest between man and machine.

Aspirin took to dusty unpaved streets in his haste. Within the cage of the dog-truck, the imprisoned canines entered joyously and vociferously into the spirit of the occasion. Here was some new game of tag being played for their amusement and edification by a red-faced gentleman who galloped madly behind them in the dust of their bestirring! Gratefully they gave tongue to him, while Gladstone clung to the hand-rail with one hand and strove frantically to divest himself of Mr. Burnett's shirt in transit with the other.

"Drive by my house, Asp'rin! *Drive by my house!"* he besought his superior above the canine chorus. "Lemme leave dis heah shirt dar!"

Obediently Aspirin changed his course—and in so doing took the pursuing Mr. Burnett in full cry past the one socially-aspiring person in all North America whom he least cared to have see him openly chasing a dog-truck on foot!

"Wilbur!" bugled the unbelieving Mrs. Burnett from the sidewalk. . . . .

Gladstone dropped panting to the street, shed Mr. Burnett's shirt, re-hung it on his wife's clothes-line, and was back on the rear step of the dog-truck—all before Aspirin had fully finished bringing it to a halt.

"Whut dat white man want?" queried Aspirin in relief.

"Want me take off he shirt," gasped Gladstone. "Le's us cotch dawgs over on de *fur* side of town awhile, twel business git better over heah!"

"Aint gwine cotch no mo' dawgs nowhars twel nex' week," demurred Aspirin. "Got to let 'em 'cumulate. Work all time, an' us li'ble cotch ouahse'ves out of a job."

"Suits me," acquiesced Gladstone in relief. "Dat white gent'man sho' is stir' up 'bout he shirt."

"Boy, you better staht studyin' up some way to please him," advised Aspirin in parting. "Do somep'n to make him like you better."

Gladstone ducked at length into Hogan's Alley, and felt safer. There he met Sim Silver with two extra corrugations furrowing his dusky brow.

"White folks aint never keer how busy you is!" he complained. "Dey all time pilin' mo' work on top you."

Gladstone looked his sympathy.

"Whut dey tryin' do to you now?"

"Dis heah letter!" Sim pulled it from his pocket. "Heah I got to spend all day tomorrer, mighty near, movin' a cow down de country fo' Cap'n Rogerville—an' I gits me dis—from Mist' Young whut used to live nex' do' to Mist' Burnett. Mist' Young say he want he fu'n'ture moved out of he house an' haul to de freight depot an' put in a car over dar tomorrer widout fail. Gwine ship ev'rything in one car to Miss'ippi, whar at he done gone. Ev'rything but whut's in he kitchen, he say."

"Why aint you put off de cow? Ol' cow aint know whut day hit is."

"Naw, but Cap'n Ed do. An' he aint never got over bein' in de waw, dat way: when he say move de cow, he mean move de cow! An' when he say move de cow *tomorrer,* he mean jes' 'xactly dat."

Gladstone perceived a profit ahead for himself: there was always a lot given away or missing when a boy helped the white folks move. By helping Sim, he might be helping himself during dull times on the dog-truck.

Sim seemed to be thinking along the same general lines. But his face clouded as something else occurred to him:

"Wa'n't hit fo' you workin' fo' de city," he qualified as he beheld the lettering on Gladstone's official cap, "—dat, an' you all time gittin' ev'ything you does balled up,—I'd git you to ship Mist' Young's fu'n'ture fo' me."

"Aint git nothin' mixed up!" Gladstone defended his record. "Jes' has bad luck sometimes. I jes' as soon move de cow, nohow. An' us aint gwine cotch no mo' dawgs twel nex' week."

"But Cap'n Ed say fo' *me* to move de cow pussonal," demurred Sim. "An' he right heah in town whar at he can watch me. Den Mist' Young say fo' *me* to ship he fu'n'ture. Both de same day, an' both 'spectin' me to 'tend to hit pussonal. Sho' is hell to be reliable."

"Aint but one thing fo' you do, den," Gladstone cut the Gordian knot. "Cap'n Ed right heah lookin' at you: you got do whut he say jes' like he say hit. But Mist' Young, now, he over in Miss'ippi—he aint see you, so he aint know *who* load he fu'n'ture. All he notice is whut a good job I does fo' him, an' you gits all de credick."

Sim's mouth opened admiringly. "Boy, you's done growed a brain!" he voiced his feelings. "You quit gittin' ev'ything you tetch mixed up now, an' us both gwine be settin' pretty!"

"Is if I c'n git right wid de hell-cat gent'man," agreed Gladstone, slightly less cockily. For Mr. Burnett lived right next door to the Young house.

Then something else occurred to him. "Aint git me no glasses yit," he essayed. "I c'n haul de fu'n'ture, but how I gwine keep dem freight-cars straight? All looks jes' de same to me when I aint got no spec's. Cain't read de numbers, den how I know I loads de right car?"

"I goes over wid you early in de mawnin' an' show you de right car. All you got do den is ricollect which one 'twuz."

"You better tie somep'n on hit, too, so I aint git mixed up. Sho' would hate to git in bad wid no *mo'* white folks twel me an' Mist' Buhnett gits right."

"—An' I fixes up 'bout de shippin' papers wid de railroad gent'man, too," further outlined Sim. "Den all you got do is to go to Mist' Young's house right next to Mist' Buhnett's, an' staht loadin'. Ev'ything cep'n whut's in de kitchen—Mist' Young say he done sold dat. You hauls boxes an' barr'ls over dar an' put whutever's loose round he place in 'em. Latham an' 'Poleon's gwine he'p you. An' de car gwine go right th'u', so you aint need crate an' mark nothin'. Now, you done got ev'ything right?"

Gladstone displaced his cap to give his straining brain air.

"Me an' dem helpers gits ev'ything but de kitchen things out Mist' Young's house, an' hauls hit to de freight-car whut you ties de rag onto," he summarized. "You 'tends to de rest."

"You got *somep'n* right de first time, den!" applauded Sim. "An' don't pester none about Mist' Buhnett. He's sleep in dat hammock of his'n, out in he own side yahd, half de time. So all you got do is work fas' an' easy an' not stir him up none. Heah de key to Mist' Young's house; Latham an' 'Poleon'll meet you on de Squar' 'bout mid-mawnin' tomorrer. Move ev'rything but de kitchen an' de scrubbery in de yahd, Mist' Young say."

GLADSTONE awoke the following morning with a lot of sympathy for the President of the United States—he too probably had a lot on his mind when he woke up every morning!

Sim Silver wasn't through his own breakfast before Gladstone was at his door.

"Come on an' tie somep'n on dat freight-car so I'll know hit 'paht from de rest," he urged of the reliable Sim. "Aint gwine git no' mo' white folks mad at me."

"You done got yo' tonnage now, dat's a fac'," admitted Sim as he polished off his last batter-cake. "Don't you git nothin' mo' mixed up. Le's go."

Down in the railway yards Sim held converse with a clerk from the freight-house. "Dis heah boy"—he indicated Gladstone—"all time gittin' somep'n mix' up. So us gwine fix hit so he *cain't* go wrong: gwine tie dis heah blue rag—"

"Aint no luck to dat!" interposed Glad-

stone earnestly. "Look whut happen las' time I gits mix' up wid nothin' blue."

"—Ties dis heah *white* rag on de right car fo' Mist' Young, den, gwine to Miss'-ippi," amended Sim obligingly. "I aint p'tic'lar, jes' so he load de right car."

"It's a good idea," agreed the clerk, noting the car's number and initials. "And if he gets it loaded in time, we can put it right in the local and have it gone out of here before noon."

"Dat just whut Mist' Young craves. Sho' is in a swivet fo' he fu'n'ture. Gladstone an' dem boys gwine load hit fas'."

Gladstone swelled proudly, for the first time since the dog-truck had rounded the corner at the Demopolis Inn. "Cain't git nothin' wrong now!" he observed convincingly. "Got ol' rag tied on de car to mahk hit wid."

MR. WILBUR BURNETT dozed gratefully in his hammock. Even a moment's peace was good. Life had not been everything that he could desire since the incident of the dog-wagon and his shirt. And when he awoke, it was going to be much worse. Already, under the pressure of the social importance of the day, Mrs. Burnett had become increasingly difficult to get along with, as well as increasingly prone to forget properties and provender that were vital to the success of the occasion. It was to be a great day for Mrs. Burnett. And by the same token, it promised to be one of the worst days in years for *Mr.* Burnett, beginning immediately, he dimly recognized, as once more a well-known voice began to cut commandingly through the texture of his dreams.

"Wilbur! Oh, *Wilbur!* Where *are* you, Wilbur?"

Mr. Burnett grunted, blinked, and felt the domestic harness thud heavily back into place upon his galled shoulders. He had thought his recent strategic move had put him out of range this time—

"Oh, *Wil*-bur, where are you?"

"Hell!" grumbled Mr. Burnett crossly to himself, rounding the corner of the house. "Here's where I catch it again!"

"Oh, there you are! Off sleeping again while I work my fingers to the bone! Much *you* care about our position in this town—chasing dog-trucks, sleeping in a hammock in the yard, with all I've got to do yet before my luncheon!"

"*I* didn't get it up. What you want?"

"Help, that's what I want! And a little interest on your part! There's half a dozen things to be done, and three people to do 'em, that's what! The maid's gone for my best luncheon-cloth, and she takes *her* time. The laundry's lost it, and she's chasing all over town with them trying to find it and identify it now. I've got to go right down and see about the flowers, and there won't be a soul left on the place—"

"What's the matter with leaving me? I was doing all right—"

"Because you're going to take the car and go out to Mrs. Woodruff's, a few miles beyond Gainswood, for me—"

"Yes? What's she got—a couple of sideboards and a four-poster bed that you want me to haul in here for the occasion to give it atmosphere? Well, I won't—"

"Wilbur!" Mrs. Burnett cut him short. "Don't try to be funny just as I am about to give a luncheon! It's chairs: we haven't enough, and Mrs. Woodruff phoned me she had four that just matched ours. She's going to polish them for me, and you may have to wait just a little while, but you won't mind, will you?"

"I'd wait till night if I could!" growled Mr. Burnett at a safe distance. And in his eye was the look of a man who is about to be pushed too far.

THROUGH the streets of Demopolis labored and sputtered the truck of Slim Silver, the reliable. At its wheel, bowed down with the responsibility of keeping his business straight and of keeping out of sight of Mr. Wilbur Burnett, rode Gladstone. And beside him rode his helpers Latham Hooper and Napoleon Nash—to move a white gentleman's household goods to a carefully tagged and identified freight-car.

As they neared the recent home of Mr. Young of Mississippi, Gladstone put on additional lookouts.

"You niggers watch out bofe ways now," he instructed them importantly. "Is you see white gent'man in a hammock in he yahd, don't wake him up. Dat's all I got say—don't wake him up!"

"How us tell which house move de fu'n'ture from, Gladstone?" questioned Napoleon.

"Hit's de one nex' do' to whar at Mist' Buhnett live, all time sleepin' in he hammock in de yahd," Gladstone squelched him. "Dat reason us got move so easy: you stir up dat hell-cat gent'man, an' you aint git no he'p from me round heah, dat's all."

Latham saw it first. "Dar de hammock, but aint nobody in hit," he pointed out.

Gladstone strained his eyes, to a similar happy result. Already the enterprise was beginning to look better! The freight-car was safely tagged; the hammock was empty of Mr. Burnett; and altogether, the road seemed providentially cleared for a successful piece of moving. Not a mix-up in a carload!

"Hold tight while I steps on hit," he voiced his relief to his helpers. "Us gwine show Sim Silver how to move fu'n'ture. Us ships while others sleeps. Le's make has'e an' git loaded befo' dat Mist' Buhnett come back an' staht shootin' round me 'bout dat blue shirt."

With a flourish Gladstone backed his truck down the drive. Over next door, the hammock of Mr. Burnett swung gently in the breeze, empty.

"Ol' luck jes' fixin' rally round me 'gain!" exclaimed Gladstone as he fitted the Young key into the front door, which opened almost at his touch.

"Git dem boxes an' things in heah now, an' le's git movin'," he instructed. "Mist' Young sho' did go off an' leave ev'ything settin' *as is*. Dat whar at havin' a whole car by hitse'f gwine come in—de car wid de rag tied on hit, so us cain't git nothin' mix, up. —Step on dem dishes, 'Poleon! Rally round dat lamp, Latham! Like de rabbit say to de dawg: 'Le's go from heah!' Rush round an' git gone befo' de hell-cat gent'man show up next do' some mo'!"

"Dar now!" Gladstone closed the second and final load, at the end of a hectic hour. "House done empty; car done full—de one wid he rag on hit. Aint git nothin' mix' up, jes' like I says. An' old switch-engine waitin' to shove dat car right in de tail de train. Ev'ything done 'tended to now but me gittin' right wid Mist' Buhnett 'bout dat shirt!"

IN the Strawberry Street barbecue stand, that noon, Gladstone lounged and rested from prodigious effort. Beneath the freight-depot slumbered Latham and Napoleon—the sleep of the just.

The news was therefore not broken to Gladstone until late, and after the return of Sim Silver.

Mr. Silver's eyes were starting from his inky face until they resembled china doorknobs glimpsed in the dark.

"Re-li-able I is!" howled the strangely moved Mr. Silver, in the grip of an emotion that startled Gladstone by its intensity. "Reliable, dat whut ev'ybody say 'bout me! An' look whut done happen! Look whut you done done to me!"

"Done done to who?"

"Done to who?" shrieked Sim, beside himself. "How I know who-all you's ruint yit? Dey's got two doctuhs an' a trained nuss wid her now! An' cain't nobody find *him* yit! I gits back from movin' dat cow, an find out how you done ruint me, mixin' ev'ything up—"

"I aint mix *nothin'* up!" Gladstone was firm in denial. "Puts all dat fu'n'ture in de car whut you marks wid de rag tied on hit, jes' like you say."

Sim seemed near apoplexy at this.

"Aint say you mix' up de *car!*" he bellowed despairingly.

"I aint mix up de car?" repeated Gladstone dumbly.

"Naw—you aint mix up de *car!*" raged Sim, beside himself. "But jes' because Mist' Buhnett move he hammock over *nex' do'* into de Young's yahd to git away from he wife pesterin' him so much, you lets dat mix you up on de *house!* While ev'ybody happen be 'way from home, den, you moves all *Mist' Buhnett's* fu'n'ture out *an' ships hit to Mist' Young*—jes' befo' de ladies all comes to de big pahty Miz Buhnett fixin' give! Miz Buhnett git back wid de flowers an' finds her whole house empty. Doctuhs been workin' over her ev' sence."

In a heap on a bench collapsed the stricken Gladstone.

"Lawd he'p me to git right!" he moaned. "Mist' Buhnett sho' gwine shoot me now!"

"Wid a cannon," added Sim grimly.

BUT Gladstone's grief was short. A newcomer was pushing his way through the startled circle that surrounded the suffering furniture-mover—a newcomer with a package.

One glance at him, and Gladstone strove frantically though futilely with the fastenings of a rear door.

"Oh, Lawd, Mist' Buhnett, lemme live! I aint aim to do hit!" he gibbered.

But Mr. Wilbur Burnett, wearing the unmistakable air of a worm that has finished turning, halted him in midflight with:

"Maybe you didn't—but I appreciate it just the same. We can get the furniture back—it hadn't been put in the train after all; but there's about thirty of those women that'll *never* be back, praise be! And not a word to Mrs. Burnett, ever, you understand; but here's a package for you—a reward for what you did, and a reminder to keep your mouth shut, you hear?"

And far into the evening Gladstone sat and marveled at his gift—at the blue splendor of the shirt that he again would wear upon the rear step of the dog-wagon when next it should venture forth!

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RITZ MAN

(Continued from page 79)

he said casually. "I admit that he's a fair enough technician, but there's something missing—that indefinable something—"

Candy repressed a snicker at that. Larry had picked up all his art patter from her. "I don't know a thing about it, and it's part of the game to know," he had told her, grinning. "You put me wise. Tell me what to say."

Now, with that air of his, he said what was right, better than she herself could have said it—just as, five minutes later, he was talking imported cars with Joan exactly as if he had three or four of his own. Candy knew he had read up on imported cars, sitting before her fireplace one evening, and chuckling as he read, at the swank of the ads.

A little more ritz, that. People liked to place themselves by just such slight things. Most people didn't do it as well as Larry did, just as most young men who had the background of a country home, a State university, and a couple of years in the city, didn't talk so well about the Berkeley being the only decent place in London to lunch.

"Been to London lately?" asked Hank. There was the same note in his voice that Candy had noted in the first place—meaningful, almost as if he suspected.

"Not lately enough," said Larry easily, pretending to be plaintive. "I certainly would hate to be rich enough to pop over every three months or so—wouldn't you, Candy?"

"I couldn't bear it," she declared. "In the first place, I've never been even once, and if I was to go that often, I'd probably die of joy."

"You'd manage to live through it," Joan told her pleasantly.

THEY had a dinner which was perfect of its kind: Iced melon, fish with a most delicious golden sauce, and then fat little squabs with stiff squares of jelly; avocado salad, and a creamy cheese. There were more cocktails before they sat down, and there was hock, and then champagne, bubbling into the stem of the most fragile glasses Candace had ever seen. Only money, a great deal of money, could give you a dinner cooked and served like that—just as only a great deal of money could buy the hundreds of books bound by Sangorski of London which lined the long library . . . . . Why should not Larry, or anyone else, for that matter, want these things, if they could get them?

There didn't seem much doubt that Larry could get them if he wanted them. Even at dinner, while she had been friendly and pleasant to all of them, Joan had made it plain that her attention was really for Larry; after dinner, when half a dozen couples came in, loud, gay, eager for fun, it was with Larry that Joan danced most of the time. Candy couldn't help watching them now and again, as she danced with Hank or the other men, mostly with Hank. He had had a good deal of champagne at the table, and several scotch-and-sodas immediately afterward; the alcohol had made him not drunk, but very devoted.

"You're a shy little thing, aren't you? That's all right with me—I never did like the kind that were out hunting all the time. Men-hunters. The world is filled with them nowadays. I like some finesse, myself. And you have it. I'm for you."

SHE was glad when another man, a nice red-headed man with a contagious laugh, cut in on them, and took her from Hank. It didn't do much good, though, because it only gave him time to go to the buffet and pour himself another drink, and then he cut back, almost pulling her away from the red-headed stranger, who had just finished asking her what her address was. Hank came behind them just in time to hear the question, and he took it upon himself to answer it:

"You don't want to know, Fritz, because you couldn't go and see her if you did. I've staked my claim, and I'm going to put up a large sign: *All others keep out.*"

The red-headed man, Fritz, laughed at that, but Candy didn't think it was funny—any more than the way Hank was dancing, his cheek plastered against hers, was funny. It made her feel creepy and horrid. She pretended to be tired.

"I don't feel like dancing any more. You find some one else who has more pep than I have."

"I don't want anyone else. If you stop dancing, I'll stop dancing too. We'll sit them out together."

She sighed. Everyone else was having a good time. In one corner a game of poker dice was going on. Larry and Joan had vanished. She couldn't see them anywhere. Three couples were dancing, rhythmically, steadily, dreamily, to the strains of "Now I'll Never See You Any More." Apparently Hank was hers for the rest of the evening. All right, it was better to sit out dances with him than to dance them, certainly. He slipped his hand about her elbow, and urged her toward the library.

"Let's go in here and sit. Let's just sit and talk and really get friendly. Wait a minute; I'll get something we both need."

What they both needed consisted, it seemed, of two highball glasses filled to the brim. Hank carried them carefully into the library, and set them on a small table in front of the deep red-leather divan. There was no one else in the room, but from where they sat on the divan, they could watch the dancers move past the door.

"Here's to the tomorrows we're going to have together!"

"Isn't that a sentimental sort of toast?" she mocked him gently. "The kind you drink on your wedding anniversary or something?"

"I'm a sentimental sort of chap. You don't know it, but I am. Just can't seem to help being that way. Right now I'm terribly sentimental about you. Want to take you in my arms—hold you tight."

He was trying to match the deed to the words. Candace pulled away from him. "Don't be ridic," she said hurriedly. "Do you want a large audience for your romantic act?"

He looked sullen. "They won't notice. Think none of them ever do the same things?" His arm, stretched along the back of the divan, tightened about her. She sat up straight, stiffening her shoulders, and said with an attempt at lightness:

"Well, if they don't mind, I do. I don't like to be—handled." She managed to get up from the divan, as she said it. "I don't care for—that sort of thing; it seems to be a taste I've never—acquired."

"Don't be silly. You can't high-hat me. That unhand-me line isn't used in these days. Not in our best families, anyway." His arms were around her, tightly, so that she could not breathe. He was kissing her bare shoulder, her throat, her face, with slow kisses that filled her with a sickening faintness. She couldn't scream—you couldn't scream and make a scene in a strange house when a man tried to kiss you—that was old stuff. You had to get yourself out of your own messes. Don't scream, now. Try to get your arm free. Try—

She saw, suddenly, Larry's face in the doorway; he was looking for her, smiling, pretending not to notice Hank at all. Hank's arms fell away before Larry's approach:

"Our dance, Candy?"

"Oh, yes!" Glad to get away. Only Hank was still holding her wrist between his fingers, and laughing shortly.

"My girl, Larry. Wouldn't try to crash our party, would you?" There was venom in his tone, for all that he was trying to keep it coolly polite. Still Larry laughed, but somehow he was moving away, and Candy was beside him. Not exactly pulling her away, but still—

Behind as they danced away, Candy saw Hank stare, furiously, and then go to the dining-room for another drink.

IT WAS past midnight when some one had the idea of visiting Mike's. Candy had never heard of it, but she gathered that Mike's was a roadhouse, where you could, if you liked, dance, gamble and drink. They were doing all three right here where they were; but that, it seemed, wasn't enough. The slim girl in the yellow dress started it, noisily:

"Listen, this party is all wet. Hank's tight, and everyone else's going to sleep. Let's get out and see something. Go places and see things. I want to go to Mike's, and dance to that red-hot orchestra of his. Who wants to take me?"

"We'll all go," some one else said; and in another moment they were outside, piling into cars—three cars full of them. Candy found herself in the front seat of a long red sports model, where some one had placed her. Hank was at the wheel, and he was arguing with Joan, who didn't want him to drive. Larry, tall in the darkness beside her, didn't want him to either, though he wasn't saying so.

"Listen, Hank: you're too tight to drive. You slide in the back seat with Candy and let Larry drive. Larry's a better chauffeur than you are, anyway."

"Nothing doing. I'm going to drive this car."

"Please, Hank, let Larry drive it."

"Not a chance." He was foolishly determined, as men who have had too many drinks are apt to be. "You two get in and get going, or I'll dust off with Candy and leave you where you are. Want to come?"

Joan shrugged. It didn't matter a great deal. Hank had driven cars before this

Keep Stomach in shape *this way*

urges Norwegian Authority

Dr. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is a member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have used fresh yeast for years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition. It stimulates the functioning of the intestines and corrects constipation."

Doctors now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It "tones up" sluggish intestines till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Check indigestion this sensible way! Just eat *Fleischmann's* Yeast regularly, 3 times a day. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label.

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The Italian nutrition authority, DR. CHERUBINI, explains: "Yeast performs the double rôle of aiding both assimilation and elimination."

PROF. DR. BRANDWEINER, Vienna clinic head, asserts: "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion."

Europe's famous stomach specialist, DR. DELORT, says: "Yeast stimulates the gastric and intestinal movements."

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Her own case bore out what doctors say

(BELOW) "A lot of the peppiest girls I knew ate Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Jeanne Johnson, *Los Angeles.* "So I tried it, too—and my indigestion was forgotten."

(BELOW) "I couldn't eat without indigestion," *writes* Willard Davis, *Atlanta, Ga.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and my indigestion soon disappeared."

when he had been drinking. Nothing had ever happened to him before. It wasn't worth making a fuss about. If you made a scene, the party would go sour.

"All right. We'll be back-seat drivers."

The other cars had already started; they were pale lights in the distance, when Hank's sports model started to purr, and then to growl with that low threatening noise that a powerful car makes when it is going fast. Swinging into the boulevard, they overtook and passed the other two cars—passed red light after red light, going north. It was late enough so that there wasn't much traffic; but even so, it seemed to Candy that Hank's driving was terribly reckless. Huddled beside him, she wished that she had gone home instead. She was tired of Joan Kerr's party.

Without turning her head, she could see the two in the back seat. Larry would have his arm around Joan; her head would be on his shoulder, the way people always did in a car. He would be calling her "Sweet—"

"Snap out of it," snapped Hank; then, with alcoholic peevishness: "Talk to me, Snow Baby. I crave entertainment."

HE had slid one arm around her, pulling her to him; they were outside the city now, with the miles piling up behind them perilously. Never had Candy driven so fast before; on the highway, under the moon, the car went its erratic way, zigzag, forging ahead. Forty-five miles an hour, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-eight—

"You drive too fast to do it with one hand!" Candy pleaded. "Slow down, or you'll scare me to death. Honestly, I hate to drive so fast."

"Fast? This isn't fast. This is just creeping."

Joan cried from the back seat, sharply: "We're going plenty fast as it is. Too fast! For heaven's sake, look out for your crossroads along here."

Without slackening speed, Hank grimaced over his shoulder.

The car slanted to the side, and Joan cried agonizedly, "Look! You fool, for God's sake, look!" exactly one second too late—just as Candy cried sharply, "Look out!" and the lights of a car coming down a crossroad met and mingled with their lights; and the sports model that had been just a fast-moving body was suddenly a projectile, hitting another body at an angle, whirling in a skid that carried it around circle-wise. There was the sound of broken glass, the sound of voices broken and sputtering; Larry, saying to some one: "You're not hurt? Are you hurt?" And then he was half over the front seat, pulling Hank aside, yanking at the brake, and the car was dead still, teetering on the edge of silence shattered to bits.

Out of that silence, foolishly, Hank laughed.

"Told you I'd show you some speed," he said drunkenly.

There was now a half-circle of cars; Candy, still shaking from the tremble that the sudden impact had aroused in her, and feeling vaguely mussed and bruised, wondered how it was that, on the scene of an accident, bystanders always seemed to spring up out of nowhere. In the gleam of the headlights from a strange car, it seemed dramatic and unreal; the sports model with its front smashed in, its lights out forever; the battered flivver cockily upright, dented and bent askew.

Larry stood beside the cars, tall with his breadth of white shirt-front gleaming; Joan, beside him, had one hand on his arm—as if, thought Candy with excited jealousy, she was already married to him. Hank, scared into silence, had been shoved into the shadow by an amazingly competent Larry. Facing them, the man and two women who had been in the struck car were vehement, waving their arms, gesticulating wildly.

"A fine bunch of bums, it's what you are," the fat woman cried shrewishly. "Drunk, too, I bet you—drunk and all, and crashing at a hundred miles an hour into decent law-abiding people. Say, you might have killed us, Mister—do you know that?"

The man was less noisy, but equally aggressive. "The police is what you want, that's what. Say, I'll bet you're the kind of people we read about, swells getting drunk and thinking you can get away with murder. Just wait till the police get here, maybe it won't be so funny. Just wait—"

A man who had come along in a car just after the accident stepped forward pompously and officiously—a fattish sort of man. He patted the other man's arm.

"That's right. I'll see that you get justice, brother. I'll see that you get—"

"Listen," said Larry, firmly but pleasantly. "This isn't your affair. It's none of your business, see? In the first place, I was driving the car, and I'm not drunk. Look at me. Listen to me. Do I look drunk? Do I act drunk?"

"What do I care how you look, Mister, what do I care? Here you come along and try to kill me, going eighty miles an hour. All I want is, you should be locked up for a year. That's what I care—"

"It won't do you a bit of good if I get locked up," Larry said persuasively. He wasn't flustered in the least. Candy felt proud of his poise. "Maybe I do deserve it, as you say, but what good will that do you? Look here: I probably was driving faster than I needed to, I'll grant that. But you aren't hurt, and your car isn't much hurt. Broken fender, one broken light—that's all I can see. Why not get together and be sensible? Having me put in jail wont mend your fender. I'll give you a check for that, and something more too, to make up for the scare I gave you. What about that?"

Handsome Larry, smiling in the headlight's glare. Candy saw the women visibly weaken, under his coaxing. She could hear them say to themselves that after all he was a good-lookin' young rascal—and anyway, seeing he wasn't drunk—

BEHIND them, the cars that held the rest of Joan's guests had driven up, and stopped, joining the circle of listeners.

"Now, what's the use of being vindictive about this? I'm just as sorry as I can be that I hit you. Rotten driving on my part." Larry minimized it, making it sound just a little matter between friends. Not something terrible, life and death on the throw of the dice for a moment. "I'm sorrier than I can say. But you don't want to be held up as witnesses; you're going somewhere—it'll be as much bother to you as to me."

"We're on our way to Canada," the younger of the women lamented. "For two weeks."

"See?" said Larry. "They might keep you hanging around four or five days—"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully. Larry went on pleasantly:

"You have a perfect right to be angry at me—I admit it's a shame. But if you'll just let me give you a check to cover your damage—say twenty-five dollars—"

"Twenty-five dollars!" The man gestured toward his battered car, of 1926 vintage, indignantly. "Say, Mister, that's nothing. Twenty-five dollars! Why, listen—"

"Make it fifty," Joan said impatiently. "Give him what he wants, Larry. Get it settled before an officer comes along."

"A hundred and twenty-five," the man said slyly. "That's more like it, lady—or maybe a hundred fifty. And when you consider what a shock we got to our nerves—"

THEY settled on one hundred and seventy-five dollars. It was a triumph for Larry, really. Not that it would cost him anything, of course; in the end Hank would pay. But Hank would never have managed to settle the thing as Larry had. Hank would have made it a front-page scandal.

Larry was writing the check, slowly, and somehow shyly. Joan was behind him, looking over his shoulder as he wrote. One hundred and seventy-five dollars—pay to the order of—

"Say," said the sort of voice that could not possibly belong to anyone but a motorcycle policeman, "what's the idea? Having a party here? What's coming off?"

There was a rustle in the crowd; the excitement, that had almost died down when Larry pulled out his check-book, leaped up again. A policeman!

All were on tiptoe, looking from Larry to the officer, listening.

"What's the idea, youse?"

Larry explained patiently. "We had a little—er—accident. Our cars came together at the crossroads here. My fault, I think. As a matter of fact, I didn't see his lights."

"Speeding, huh?"

"No,"—that was Joan,—"really, Officer, he wasn't. It was just one of those things. You know how it is. Accidents will happen. And he's paying them well for the damage to their car."

She smiled at him ingratiatingly; and the officer, who was young and susceptible, found it hard to look properly grim. Anyway, since there were no personal injuries—

"How about it, you?" he asked the man with the flivver. That individual swallowed twice. The idea of turning Larry over to justice still haunted him, but the check was something immediate and real. He decided in favor of the check.

"It's all right with me, if he pays me. Yeah, it's all right with me. That is, if the check's good—"

"It's good." Joan spoke with authority. "Officer, I'm Miss Joan Kerr. The car is mine; you can look up the license number. I can tell you that Mr. Maher is good for any check he writes."

"Good for any check he writes!" In the background, Candy's breath caught at that. Was there, she wondered, even one

He wants to get married

WHEN Smedley came East to take a big job as Sales Manager, he wanted to get married. Like his father and his grandfather he believed in early marriage; said it settled a man, kept him out of mischief, helped to make him successful in business. Besides, living alone in a New York apartment was a pretty forlorn kind of experience. Yes, it was time he was married.

So Smedley began wearing his heart on his sleeve, and looking at every new girl with a critical eye.

There was one from Boston—the sister of a business associate. She was vivacious, pretty, and capable. And when she first met Smedley, welcomed his attentions. Smedley was instantly attracted; grew fond of her and was about to propose marriage when the girl suddenly made it plain that she was no longer interested in seeing him. It was a blow. He put her out of his mind.

After that there were several in whom Smedley got interested—three of them to whom he could have actually become devoted if given the chance. A young actress from Detroit; a successful New York business girl; and an older woman, the widow of an aviator. All of them were attractive enough. Any one of them would have made Smedley a good wife.

But Smedley never had a chance. They usually saw him once or twice and then made excuses for not seeing him again. One by one they dropped out of his life.

Yet, fundamentally, the man was attractive—good husband material. His buoyancy, his vigor, his charm, his success, were qualities not found in everyday men.

But he had one fault they simply couldn't overlook.

He still has it. And he is still looking for a girl who will marry him.

* * *

There is no greater barrier to pleasant personal and business relations than halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that the victim never knows when he has it. And even a good friend won't tell him. The matter is too delicate to discuss.

No one can safely assume freedom from halitosis. Every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing bad breath are likely to arise. Among its most common sources are defective or decaying teeth, unclean dentures, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the oral cavity. Also, excesses of eating and drinking.

The one way of putting your breath beyond suspicion, so that you *know* it doesn't offend others, is to use full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Every morning and every night. And between times before meeting others.

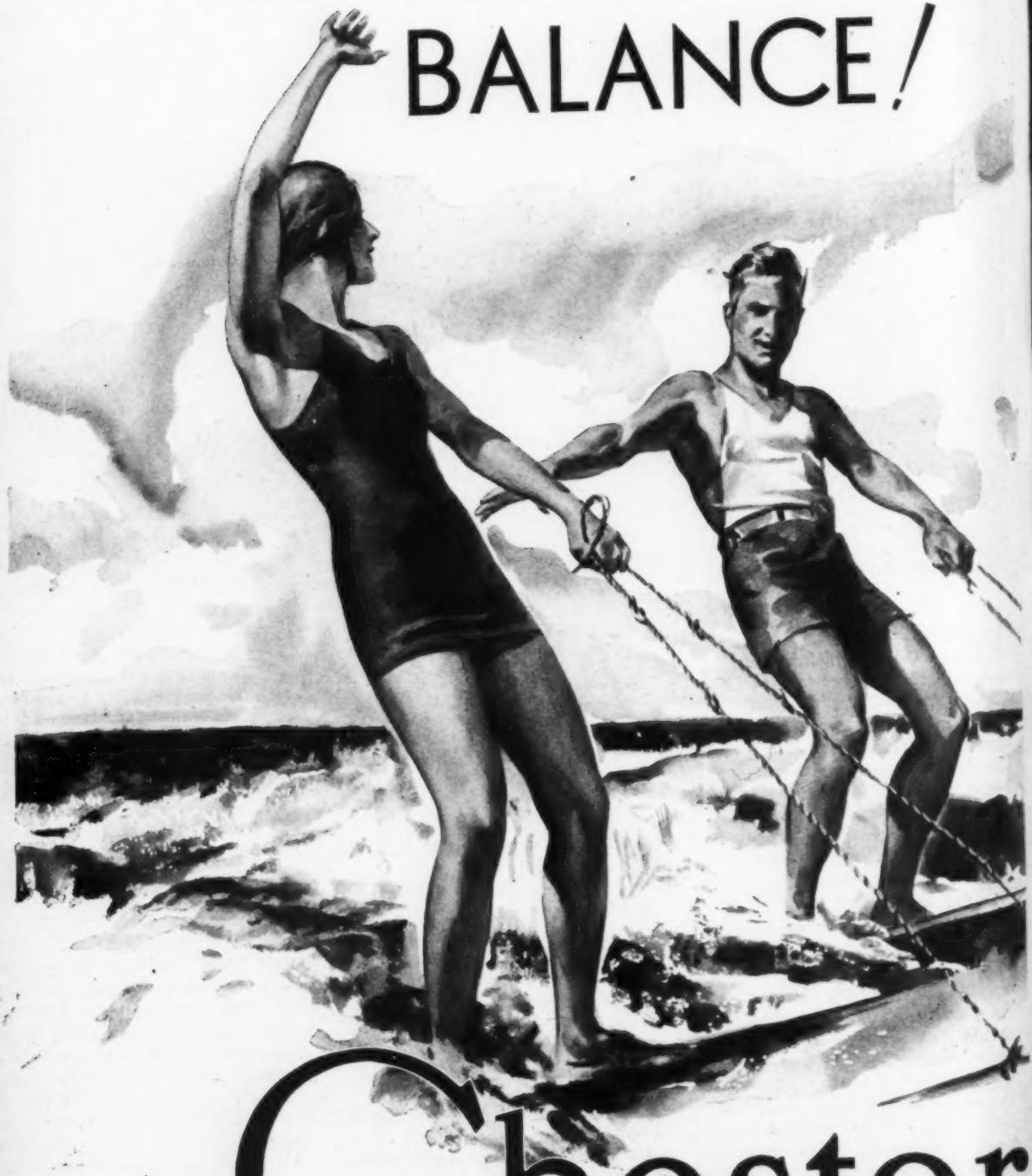
Listerine ends halitosis because it is a germicide* which allays fermentation and checks infection,—each a cause of odors. It is also a rapid deodorant and counteracts odors as soon as they arise.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It is as much a part of the fastidious person's toilet as the tooth brush. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

***While safe to use full strength in any body cavity, Listerine is an active germicide which kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)**

... on the board it's

BALANCE!



Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

... in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

BALANCE PLAYS its part in cigarette making, too. Over-mildness, for example or over-richness shows lack of "balance."

Chesterfields are mild — not strong or harsh. Yet they have richness of aroma and delicacy of flavor. They are not insipid or tasteless.

No single taste quality is over-emphasized. Not only are the tobaccos right, but their blending and cross-blending are exact. The one goal is taste, *balanced* taste . . .

TASTE *above everything*

field

MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

hundred and seventy-five dollars in Larry's account? Of course, even if there wasn't, it would be all right, because Hank would pay him back.

"Well, you better give me your name and address, anyway." The officer pulled out a stub of pencil, and wet it busily. "You better give me them in case, see."

"Certainly, Officer. Larry Maher, of Kerr and White, La Salle Street. I think—"

"What's your home address? Where d'ye live?"

"Town and Racquet Club." Joan gave that, clearly, in the pause that followed.

"Town and Racquet Club, eh? Well, look here, we'll all go on to the first place there's a phone, and I'll just ring up there, and get them to identify the young feller, just so—"

Larry was red, bright red in the headlight's glare. "Er—no. It's not the club. It's—"

"Larry, you cuckoo! You're dizzy. I've called you there a dozen times—written you a dozen notes—" Joan, mirthful, puzzled. "Why—"

"Yes, but I don't live there, Joan." Very low, was Larry's voice. "The address, Officer, is the Pettistone Apartments on Lake Street."

He had gone from red to white. Candy, one hand against a beating heart, saw how white he was. Joan was still looking at him in surprise; one of the girls was whispering something to Fritz. The officer closed his book; the onlookers drove away. Somehow the four of them were crowded in the car with Rosie and another man, leaving the sports model, which refused to move, still on the side of the road. It was all over—except, thought Candy miserably, now they all knew that Larry had been lying about where and how he lived. Hank knew; Joan knew.

THEY were back in Joan's apartment. Hank, sobered by the accident and the air, lounged on the divan, sullen and sleepy. Rosie and Fritz hung about, chattering and re-hashing the whole thing. "Imagine old Larry in jail! Couldn't you get a yell out of that? And we'd all have to come and talk to you through the bars, old dear."

"You'll all have to come and talk to me in my bed if you want to talk to me any more tonight," Larry said affably, "because I'm going home."

"Home." Hank repeated the word languidly. "To the club. Or—it isn't the club, is it, old man?" He made a sound that might have been a laugh. "Funny, how we all thought you lived there. Funny."

"It's funnier," said Joan sharply, "that you haven't even thanked Larry for getting you out of a mess. That's the funniest thing—"

"Hell, that was nothing," murmured Larry embarrassedly. "Not a thing. Only—well—"

He paused. When he spoke, you could see that he hated to say what he had to say. Rosie was listening—Fritz, Joan, Candy, Hank, all of them were listening. "Only—if you wouldn't mind—giving me a check—for what I gave them, Hank—"

It sounded—queer. Just that. Candy saw Hank's eyebrows rise. "Of course, old chap. I'm frightfully obliged to you and all that. I'll express myself at length when the old head isn't going round and round. Don't worry about the check; I'll drop around and see you tomorrow. Noon, say—"

"Sorry." Larry's voice was husky. "But I have to have it tonight."

Hank gave a little whistle, and then laughed mockingly. "My dear fellow, what's the idea? Can't trust me overnight. As a matter of fact, I haven't a check-book with me. But I won't skip town without paying—"

His tone belittled Larry, made him seem *gauche* and uncouth. One didn't, the tone intimated, press a debt—especially at a party.

"Still," murmured Larry slowly, "you can use a blank check. I'm sure Joan has one around. If you don't mind—"

Joan moved restlessly, and Hank's nerves snapped. "For God's sake, do you have to hold me up for it in the middle of the night? I'll give it to you, all right. But it seems damn' queer to me that you can't wait until morning."

"I can't wait until morning," said Larry distinctly, "because I have exactly nine dollars and seventy-two cents in the bank, and no way to get any more. And I don't care to go to jail for writing bum checks!"

Nine dollars and seventy-two cents. There was a silence after Larry said that—just as there had been a silence when he had said that he didn't live at the club. Hank was staring at him—brows lifted, smiling just a little.

That stare said, so plainly that Candy could not bear it: "Well, what a faker you turned out to be!"—said it so plainly that Hank's words were unnecessary, although he said them just the same, getting up unsteadily:

"Sorry, old chap. I guess I had the wrong idea about you. Didn't dream that you ran so close to the wind."

"Didn't you?" snapped Larry. "Well, I do."

And then he flushed, because Joan cried out indignantly: "Hank, you make me sick. Larry's bank-account is none of your business. If you'll write the check, Fritz and Rosie will drop you at your hotel. Larry's going to stay and talk to me awhile—calm my nerves—"

She smiled up at Larry — gallantly, loyally. Seeing that smile, Candy felt her heart contract, because she knew what she had known all along: Joan Kerr was in love with Larry.

It seemed to her, suddenly, that she couldn't stay there any longer, that she had to get away. Joan had forgotten her; Larry must have forgotten her too.

SHE was back in her apartment, breathless with the rush that had made her hurry home. Breathless, angry, a little ashamed of her emotions. "You always knew he was going to marry a rich girl, didn't you? Rich girl, ritz girl. He'll be rich, now. He'll move away from here. He'll live in a swell place, and have a swell time."

Maybe she had been crying for half an hour, maybe for an hour, when she heard the steps on the stairs, breaking into her sobs. Fast, loud, urgent steps. Outside her door they stopped. There was a knock on her door.

"Candace, let me in."

Larry. It was Larry. Why, no, it couldn't be Larry! He was back in the walnut-and-blue drawing-room, getting engaged to Joan Kerr. Or in the red leather library, getting engaged to Joan Kerr. Or maybe in the study—

"Candy, you egg! Let me in. Listen, you let me in or I'll bust the door open. What's the big idea? What's the matter?"

"I—I've gone to bed, Larry." ("Keep your voice steady, don't let him think you've been crying. Try to sound sleepy. O God, will I ever sleep again?") "I've gone to bed. I can't let you in. I was asleep. What do you mean waking me up when I've gone to sleep?"

She heard Larry shuffle his feet uncertainly outside the door. "But I—I want to see you, Candy. Just for a minute."

"Not tonight, Larry. Sorry." In a stiff, cold voice, as if she were very much annoyed. "I told you I'd gone to bed."

He went down the hall. She listened to his door open and shut, gently, as if there was nothing worth being noisy about. She undressed, letting the gold-lace dress slide to the floor and lie there in a glimmering disregarded heap. In the faint light of one electric globe, it looked silver now, not gold. She climbed into bed, and lay there, sobbing very softly to herself.

IT was six o'clock of the longest day in the world. Candy had awakened at nine. Nothing to get up for. There was the poster to be finished, but what was a poster, anyway? She lay in bed, trying not to think about Larry, until the little clock on her dressing-table said accusingly, ten. Shortly after that Anna, the maid who came every day to clean, knocked at her door, and then, finding it locked, inserted a key and entered, coming straight into the bedroom. Anna's eyes stared.

"I thought you was out, miss. Sick, are you? You look like you were sick."

"Thank you, I'm not sick, Anna. Just lazy." Her voice didn't sound convincing when she said it. After a while she got up, and dressed, and ate the breakfast Anna set out for her on the gateleg table in the living-room-studio. Toast, coffee, fruit, eggs. Everything tasted exactly the same—like sawdust, like ashes. After Anna left, Candace got out her drawing-board languidly. The man on the board still looked like Larry, just as he had last night. She tried to change him by adding a mustache but that only made him look exactly as Larry would look if he decided to wear a small rakish mustache. Handsomer than ever.

It was five o'clock. It was half-past five. It was three minutes to six. Larry wouldn't be coming home this evening. He would be going straight to Joan Kerr as befitted an engaged man. No use listening for his footsteps. No use holding your breath for fear you might miss the sound of the first one. Larry's steps—like no other—

He pounded on the door, and then pushed against it. It was locked, for the first time in countless evenings.

"Candy! You in?"

A dash to the mirror. Powder over flushed cheeks, to hide any traces of tears. Lipstick, red and bright, on her mouth. Gold hair smoothed any old way. A deep breath. ("Atta girl! Now you can face him. Now you can smile as if you liked

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

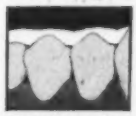
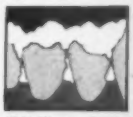


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

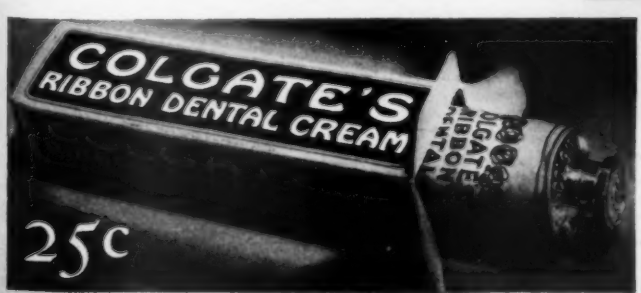
But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-614 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

it. Good girl, Candace. Don't let him guess.")

"I'm letting you in. What's all the excitement about? Is there a fire?"

Larry looked tired. Not like a happy man, exactly—pale, with hollows under his eyes, older. He was breathless, as if he had been running.

"Candy, what did you walk out on me for last night? I looked all over for you. I thought you'd been taken sick. You gave me a scare. Listen, what did you—"

Idiot. Dolt. She hated him; smiling at him mockingly, she was sure she hated him!

"I walked out because I was fed up with the party, sil. Why shouldn't I walk out if I'm fed up with a party? Want me to go on being bored indefinitely? Anyway, you were busy getting yourself engaged when I left. Am I the first to congratulate you, or is it all over town?"

Larry looked down at her; he went still paler.

"Hate me, don't you?" said Larry; it was a statement rather than a question. "Think I'm a—mess?"

"Of course not, Larry." Polite, unconvincing, that, although she didn't mean it that way. Stiffly polite.

He walked across the little room, and then walked back, pausing before her chair. He looked very tall—seven, eight feet tall. She felt as if she couldn't bear to look up at him any longer, and so she stood up too. He evidently took the gesture for one of dismissal, because he said, hurriedly:

"I'm not going to—keep you. Only—I had something I wanted to tell you. A piece of—news."

"I expected you had, Larry."

HE looked grim. "Did you? I didn't expect this myself. I—well, it sort of took me off my feet." He looked a little embarrassed. "I mean—well, Mr. Kerr called me into his little office today. I guess he'd heard about the—mess, last night. Asked me if it was true that I'd been living on what I made, without a cent of outside help. Asked me if I was in debt. I felt like a fool—because—well, the old boy just laughed and laughed. Then he went on to say that he admired the grit and—and—the nerve, and the—the—smartness, of anyone who could look like two million dollars on two hundred and fifty a month. He said a man who could do that—and get away with it—was good at bluffing, and good at economics, and good at diplomacy. He said he'd been watching my work, and for a long time he'd been considering me for an—advance. But that he'd been a little afraid I was just another social butterfly, without ambition. And he said that now, since he knew me, well—well, anyway, he's made me department manager, Candy. Me—at ten thousand a year!"

"Oh, Larry!" (Oh, Larry! So glad for you, in spite of this funny lump in my throat, that won't let me talk. So terribly glad—)

"I just thought I'd tell you—because I know darn' well what you think of me, Candy. I know you think I'm just a lounge lizard, just a nice sort of—good-for-nothing. I just wanted you to know, Candy."

"Larry! I don't think any such a thing. I think you're a peach, and you know it. And I think Joan Kerr is lucky—terribly lucky."

"Joan Kerr? What in the devil has she to do with—me, Candy?"

"But—but—" her voice stammered and then regained confidence. "You're going to—to—marry her, Larry. You're in love with her. You're—"

"I'm in love, all right, but not with Joan Kerr. She knows it, Candy. She knew it last night. I'm in love with some one who doesn't give a damn for me. With you, Candy. You know it—you couldn't help knowing it—"

"Larry—Larry! Why, you—"

("Smile. I'm smiling, Larry. I'm—laughing. Laughing at you, Larry—

("It's funny. It's terribly funny. We're terribly funny, Larry. Come close to me. Put your arms around me. What do you suppose I'm tipping my head back for? Didn't you know, couldn't you guess, I'd loved you all the time?")

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT

(Continued from page 75)

Now she was saying they must build some day—a nice stucco house. And Joe must smoke a better brand of cigars and keep them in a swagger humidor. And the children must have dancing lessons . . . . Joe had never loved Amelia so much as in that half hour they waited for the movies to open. Although he was comforted, he understood. Almost any woman could cry with a man. But only one woman in a thousand could keep the bloom on a man's pride.

LYDIA had written a pageant which she called: *"The Spirit of the New Jersey Suburbs."* It was to be given October fifteenth, as a Fall Festival for the benefit of the Woman's Club. Lydia was now in a phase of civic betterment. She had decided there should be more community spirit in Brookstone. It was a shame the way no one seemed to take an interest in the town as a whole. There should not be so many cliques in Brookstone. The streets were filled with people in disconnected houses, having no common aim. One way to bring everyone in a community together was to give a pageant. After citizens had taken part in a pageant—

It had been difficult to rouse community spirit in the right people. Some said pettishly the community Christmas tree down by the tracks was enough. The people who were terribly anxious to be in the pageant were not the sort one wanted. And the people who shied off were just the sort one wanted. Mrs. Northumberland, who was decidedly of the better element, did not like to be in it with the Ginn sisters. And Miss Hare did not think Mrs. Bruce should have a more prominent part. And Letty Brown wanted to wear a long gold costume with pearls and her hair down, and not learn any lines, because she never could remember.

Rehearsals were being held twice a week. The event itself was to take place in Memorial Park, but rehearsals were in Abraham Lincoln School. Lydia had not only written the pageant: she was directing it. Seth was lights and noises off-stage. Lydia had been really proud of the cast, but this night of October fifth, when she and Seth reached home after rehearsal, the mortuary pall of discouragement was on her.

"To think," she said, "there are only five more rehearsals, and they act like *cattle*. Or not even as high a type as cattle. Like *hyenas*."

Seth shook his head. He could not deny the affair tonight had been raging chaos.

"If they would only all come to rehearsal, Seth! We've never had a night with everyone there! It's like a dreadful dream of collecting jackasses. As soon as you get two or three together, the others gallop off."

"You'd think they'd make it their business. You really would."

"And the feeble-minded excuses they give for not coming! Mrs. Merritt had the nerve to tell me she wanted to go to a *baptism* over in Passaic. And our damn' performance not two weeks away!"

"I thought Timmy seemed like a poor piece of cheese in that second scene."

"Timmy! He hasn't even learned his lines."

"And Hermann hasn't really got the spirit of his part."

"That man will kill me. I said to him tonight: 'Hermann, if you want to be *The Evolution of the Automobile*, you've simply got to put your heart in it!' "

"What did he say then?"

"Oh, he promised. But you could see he didn't understand it at all."

"Did you have any luck in getting George to leer?"

"No. God help us all! The hours I've spent trying to make that man leer! I must have been crazy when I cast him as a satyr. I might have known a family man like that would never do. I leered for him tonight until my face ached, but all he could do was get a sort of coy expression. Imagine a satyr, dragging a dryad off to his lair, looking like a potted-meat manufacturer!"

"Maybe he'll be better when he gets his glasses off."

"I'm hoping that. The devil himself couldn't leer in glasses. I think Margery is going to be awful as *The Spirit of Union County*. I wish I had cast her in a dumb part, like an *Early Settler*."

AND Lydia sighed. She looked haggard and drawn about the mouth. She was taking it hard.

"Come on to bed, Lydia. There's no use worrying. It'll all go fine in the end. These things always do."

Lydia was a happy woman, as happy as there was. There were only two times when she actually suffered. One was the sagging period between enthusiasms. The other came when she could not rouse in other people enthusiasm like her own. Now she spoke with a nervous quiver in her voice. She was on the ragged edge of tears.

"I wish people would—show some intelligence. Now there they were tonight, all laughing, as if this pageant weren't anything. I wish they'd realize this pageant has a *message*. It isn't a joke. There's a real *meaning* in the pageant, if they'd

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

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"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

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Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

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ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of **OLD GOLDS** reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

only realize it. That damn' little Hortense Peters who's playing the part of *Pompton Lakes* hasn't any more idea—"

Lydia could not find her handkerchief, so she wiped her eyes on her skirt. Seth felt stirred to see Lydia *down*—it was like seeing a solid object rock on its base.

"Come on to bed, Lydia. It'll be all right on the big night. You see if it isn't! Everyone'll pep up and feel the message and everything."

Lydia allowed herself to be led upstairs. She undressed without saying a word. Seth turned out the light and opened the window. He wished there was something he could say. Fortunately, Lydia's down periods never lasted; her natural bounce—He'd had a hard day at the office. Got a man to take out a big policy, and the doctor turned him down. Well, better luck tomorrow. . . . . He had dropped off to sleep when he was wakened by Lydia's voice, once more sharp and certain. She had been retrieving her confidence.

"I have a good idea," she said. "It will be the making of that second scene. I'll have Otto stand on the *left*-hand side of the stage when he says: 'Rouse, ye nymphs of the Newark Meadows!"

Chapter Ten

THE old spider Spring, the wrinkled red spider with the little gold eyes, spun his green cobwebs in the trees. He twitched from branch to branch, till all were spiraled. Then he waited in the green mist to tangle the young human race. Eugenia and Phyllis and Mark would never step again so lightly. Spring was the fabled time to be caught up into love. But autumn was a better time to find love. Autumn was the season when everyone knew what no one would say. The sight of the blowing leaves, the touch of them under one's shoes on the yellow lawn. . . . . It was easy to know love, when the word "Good-by" was in the air.

But Joyce was not in love that fall. She was enjoying herself. There was a bloom on her hours, like the cloudy bloom on the blue grapes that had ripened over Brookstone vines. She was not in a hurry for love. She felt only curiosity and a strong sound indestructible gayety. She wanted mental, not physical, adventure. She knew that very few women are capable of mental adventure, while every woman has at least the rudimentary equipment for physical adventure. She wanted to be extraordinary—but this man business seemed to be forced on her. She had no artistic talent as a refuge. She could not even paint lampshades. She might as well see what all this famous illicit love was like, while she was on her way. It was part of What Was Going On.

Joyce wondered why it was that men seemed to *know* when a woman was no longer bound spiritually to her husband. Was there a sixth sense that passed the message on? Was there a special gleam in her eye? When Clifford had loved her, other men had appeared in a haze. She had considered them only as other women's good and evil. When she married Clifford, she had said: "Now *that's* over. Let's pay attention to something else for a change." The young-girl days were over then, the days one went to parties searching for the Possible Face—days so larky if one were admired and cool, so wearing if one had a solemn tender heart—days of roses and violets, days of tulle, days of mamma and papa.

DURING her seven years of real marriage, men had not seemed interested. Perhaps it was only that she had not noticed them. She had been so determined her marriage should be perfect. Her mind was too haughty to bear a cheap marriage. She had always wanted perfection in anything she owned. She never wore velveteen, nor adulterated wool. She liked the finest cream, real stones in her rings, and no shoddy emotions. But now that she was noticing men, they seemed interested. First one, then two, then three, and so on. She met them at dinners and other things, especially since she started going again with her old school friends in New York. (Clifford never liked those friends.) It was delightful to have men tell her she was lovely, after what Clifford had said. When they spoke, she felt a sort of innocent glitter. She was susceptible to it. Now she had telephone calls, theater engagements, roses and violets—only it was very different from being a young girl with those roses and violets. The technique was entirely different. Men approached married women with another set of feelings. All joking aside—

Joyce enjoyed herself, keeping them all separate. There was no use pretending she didn't. It was brilliance without wistfulness or youth, without sweetness, without earnest intent. It was light and intricate and absorbing. She could understand now what Diana meant at the New Year's party when she said her man affairs gave her something to do. They gave a certain point to living, a purpose around which days could be built. Every affair began on its own note, rose crescendo—crescendo—and ended with a dying fall. One could plot the curve. The secret was not in attracting men, for almost any woman could do that, but in keeping them *afterward*.

It seemed to Joyce that she had a sudden unlimited capacity for enjoying any number of men. Each one had his special appeal. Tom was tender; Henry was amusing; Lane could sing; John knew the theater. . . . . Joyce was a bit alarmed at her apparent elasticity of emotion. She had always supposed that two or three at the most— Was she abnormal, since she found herself able to absorb eight or nine? Quite scandalized by the acquisition of a tenth, she felt guilty whenever she heard of those savage tribes where the women practice polyandry.

Oh, it was fun, like other things, if you did not think about it too much. It was honey and sparkle. It was pleasant for Joyce to dress, as she had not dressed during monogamy, wondering what Gareth or Noll would think. So many wives dressed for a husband's grunt. But now Joyce opened the heavy silver lid of her jewel-box wondering about the coral, and sat bemused. When she twisted on her crystal earrings, she knew some one would speak about them as he saw them darting light. When she drew on her soft skin gloves, when she put on her narrow gold slippers with the cold shoe-horn there was no use pretending it wasn't fun. She could understand how a woman might take a lover just because he appreciated her clothes.

Winter was the time for these jigsaw puzzles. In the summer one had outdoor, healthy feelings. One was all shouts and splashes and bounding on a tennis court. One was so much more stupid in the summer. But intimacy was a winter sport. In the winter, it grew dark early; by five o'clock New York was a blaze of motor headlights. The electric signs began to move. The bottle in the sky was filled and emptied. Fun to go in out of the cold brilliant dark to a velvet tea at a hotel—that same hotel where life had been ruined in ten minutes—and hear the orchestra playing—and sit by a little table with a vase of two roses—furs and perfume on the back of a chair—and damn' well compensate . . . . There was a delight about sitting in a cab in beautiful clothes and smelling the leather and hearing sleet on the windows and seeing the driver's head through a glaze. And Arthur trying to make the window tighter, pulling on the strap. Imperious Arthur, tapping on the window with his cane to make the driver hear, the cane with the twisted silver leaves. And the driver, curling in and out of elevated pillars as if life were not worth a penny. Oh, magnificent, adolescent emotions in taxicabs!

Joyce had always heard that men were tigers. Men were crouching to seduce women. Men licked their lips . . . . But it did not seem to Joyce that men were so bold. They were as careful as Boy Scouts. She wondered if perhaps she had not happened to meet any of the fabulous bold ones. The men she knew were not anxious to harm women. They were anxious only to yearn and fiddle and get away safe. They were not making any enormous plans. They were not licking their lips, not even when they abandoned the large hotel dining-rooms for intimate tea-rooms, "where we can be more quiet, Joyce." She always went to these tea-rooms with a scientific curiosity to see how the gentleman would profit by the quiet. But he only moaned a little and told about his scruples. Joyce never had the opportunity to tell about her scruples.

Joyce decided that men's badness was greatly over-estimated. It seemed difficult to rouse recklessness in the upper classes. One roused a spongy inclination, but not this legendary evil. Men did not seem strong enough for that. Perhaps evil men died out in the early Nineteenth Century. The ones she knew told her about passionate women they had repulsed—in the guarded virtuous tones a man always uses when he is telling a woman she must expect nothing from him but friendship. A man always gets a sense of horrid nobility from being cool to a passionate woman. . . . . Joyce had read about girls being pursued by men asking them to pay the price. But where were these refreshing single-minded teleological males?

THESE substitutes for reality were afraid of her husband. Joyce wondered if they had been to the movies too much. Their minds had been corrupted by the sight of these gun-toting movie husbands. There could not possibly be as much shooting as the screen depicted. Even in the days when he loved his wife, Clifford would never have shot. But cautious admirers imagined him armed to the teeth,

ready to avenge the slightest telephone-call with a bullet crashing through somebody's brain. They were always saying: "What time does your husband leave in the morning? Is it all right to call after nine?" They wouldn't write a line down on paper, wise little eggs that they were!

Joyce felt too free for slave caution. She would not have gone to tea with anyone if it were a matter of skulking. She despised these sneaking crushes on the side. But she did not wish to tell these men how things stood between her and Clifford. It seemed too much like posting the sign: *All Clear Ahead*. So she let them worry. She told herself that if she were a man, she would never let a woman see her fears. Nor would she try to excuse them by saying: "Of course you understand it's not myself I'm thinking of. For myself, I don't care. But a woman's reputation—"

Whenever they sent her flowers, they put no card in the box, in case her husband should find it and foam at the mouth. Joyce was always puzzled to know which man the box had come from. In February, when she had the grippe, she amused herself in bed wondering which was which. She always set flowers by mirrors so she could see them double. The spice carnations must be from Tom. He was that sort. Yes, the poppies from Oliver—the purple sweet peas and pussy willow and violets from—did you ever notice that violets are opaque and do not reflect the light? . . . . She had to make very tactful inquiries afterward, because no man likes to think his flowers have been one of an anonymous mass. Henry, who was more intelligent, told her that any time he sent her anything it would be signed "Ralph." If every man were as sensible as Henry, and she could remember the aliases!

But even Henry expected her to recognize his voice on the telephone. That was another masculine trait that made things difficult. Whenever a man telephoned, he did not say: "This is George." He simply said, "Hello!" and expected her to exclaim, "George!" Joyce found it was best, when in doubt, to say, "Hello. How *are* you?" and then listen. She was learning the game. It occupied her time. When she was alone she could wonder what to do with them all next.

JOYCE felt no compunctions, if they were being insincere. Then they were fair hunter's meat. The sight of some jellied mass of flattery, trying her out, filled Joyce with a sort of glee. In such bifurcated company she could pretend to be aghast—and they felt powerful when she was aghast. Or she could frighten them by pretending to be ready to fly to Afghanistan. There was no greater fun in the world than terrifying a man by sudden acquiescence. For the man, it was like pushing on a door, and having it open suddenly. . . . . Joyce sat with her feet on a silk pillow and laughed, afterward. If men only knew how women laugh! They sit alone and lean their heads back. A woman can be so solemn with a man, and afterward be *drowned* in laughter, leaping up in great waves . . . . But once in a while Joyce found a man who had in his heart the seed of caring. She always treated him nicely and never laughed.

Joyce believed that in order to pet properly, one should have no sense of humor. The spectacle of two mammals

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twined solemnly in each other's arms! Once Jimmy had attempted to twine and croon in a taxicab, and Joyce had been unable to resist a small laugh. He looked so absurd with his mouth reaching over. Jimmy had sat up straight and taken his arm away and said: "How could you laugh, Joyce, at a time like this?" He was as shocked as if she had laughed in church.

BUT amorous gestures, without love, were stupid. Now, weren't they? They had such a definite progression; they were so few; they became so amorphous. Perhaps in the world's youth, when the shepherd played and the nymph threw the apple—but now civilization with its shoes and stockings! And it was sheer waste of good energy to kiss a man who would not remember. After such rudimentary enjoyments, one should go home to the prehistoric cave and gnaw a bone. But there were men who looked on taxicabs as God's gift to the human race. Joyce never went anywhere again with a man who became passionate while riding through the streets.

Intimate conversation fell into two groups—confessions and boasts. Joyce preferred men who boasted, although both types were discouraging. One scarcely dared be a man's past for fear of what he would say to the next woman. Joyce imagined the next woman, leaning over the lunch-table, all agog, as he said: "But there has never been anyone like you, Olive." Joyce had not met any men who had events of desperate interest to confess, although they labored under the delusion they had sinned with a certain wild grandeur. They shook their heads and groaned, and said they hoped they would be man enough not to do it again. Henry was always bringing out his mangy little bag of wild oats—not one full-sized potent oat in the collection.

Joyce wished these confessors would gloat more. She wished they would not say: "I must have been mad that night over in Nutley." A man who was miserable after he was emotional always seemed to Joyce a most depressing unsportsmanlike spectacle. A man who buried his horrid little face in his hands deserved not to live. Joyce resolved that if any man ever buried his face in his hands when she was with him, she would strike him down. One ought to carry episodes like this with a high hand and not grovel. Keep the secret in a continuous pride!

The boasters had a more difficult path to travel. They knew that only a cad would boast of his conquests. And yet they wished Joyce to know they had not been wholly unattractive to women. They were torn between the unnatural necessity to be a gentleman and the natural need to preen . . . . "You know—uh—a man who is at all attractive—" "Now, I don't mean this to be conceited, but honestly—" "A man can't help but have a few—" "She fell for me. I don't know why anybody should fall for me. But she did—" "I knew darn' well she was interested. She made it so plain. It's not that I—" Sometimes Joyce felt like putting them out of their misery by saying: "Never mind all this artificial decency. I won't think *you* are conceited."

Of course Joyce could not boast.

That would never have done. That would have offended any man's ideal of a lovely woman. Even when a man aspires to sink with a woman into some illicit relation, he wants her to behave rather nobly. She must keep to the end some pretense of embarrassed womanhood. That is a masculine trait which makes conscientious women age early. Men force their special ideal on the woman they love, unless she is very strong-minded. They see her, not as she really is, but as they want her to be. With one admirer a woman will be all artless charm; with the next she will try one of those impossible serpent-and-dove combinations. She has not made any hellish effort to deceive, but she has wanted to please them. A naturally truthful woman finds it more restful to talk to another woman than to be tortured into any gentleman's ideal. Joyce, with so many men, felt like the chameleon on the Scotch plaid.

She was disappointed in these spongy companions who floated for a while, then filled and sank. She seemed to be the type that roused their noblest instincts. When a woman is conducting experiments with life she does not like to meet a succession of men with noble instincts. Any moment she expects to hear them say: "Little woman, I want to save you from yourself." It seemed like a Fate-Closing-In that she should be entirely surrounded by consciences as old and big as cheeses. She did wish she could light upon the ruthless type that made the poet exclaim: "Mary, pity women!" There was not one ruthless man in Brookstone. Were there any such men, or did they die out along with the Western buffalo?

But in April, she met Derek. He should have been named Derek, and he was. As soon as she met him, she was certain she had found her tiger. He was handsome and large and dark. He had the sort of eyes that made a woman swallow when she took their full gaze. Bold eyes, they were, that had a trick of lighting. Doubtless he knew it. Doubtless he turned them on and off. He had the sort of clever hair that is gray at the temples, a strong nose, and a mouth that might mean anything. It was a large mouth, with deep lines at the corners, high-bred and sensuous. There was something he did to his upper lip that made it look amused. And when he made his mouth amused, he turned his eyes on. From all outward signs, this was a creature of refreshing uncontrollable passion.

Joyce wondered if it were adolescent of her, but she liked a man to be intelligent about his clothes. A man should look as if he were never meek in stores, and did not lose his wits before mirrors. Derek would go into a store and take cloth between his thumb and finger and say: "This will not do. Haven't you something better?" Derek bought snooty gloves. A man should have a good mind, but it made things pleasant if he wore snooty gloves.

DEREK had been born in the Social Register. His sisters were listed under the married maidens. He had graduated from the right university, served in the right regiment in the war, belonged to the right clubs. He was even in the right business. He had stepped into Joyce's life straight from the pages of a society novel. Joyce had not realized that anyone so physically and socially perfect existed. But there he was, a bachelor, with all the modish enamel of indifference in his manner. His clothes smelled of the right smoke and the sort of cologne one buys in wicker bottles. One expected him to turn to his valet and say: "Draw the curtains. Light the fire. I am at home to but one woman tonight, Hawkins."

His type was extinct, but there he was. Joyce received him in sheer childish delight that he existed. She could never lose him. She could always find him again in the fiction of E. Phillips Oppenheim. He-played-polo-he-swam-in-Southampton-he-went-to-Tuxedo. Ah, God, his technique was good! Whenever she was with him, Joyce had a nice certain feeling of being lured. He even had that modulated voice. His delightful mouth—

He neither boasted nor confessed. Joyce could only guess at his littered past. He said that he had never married because he was too idealistic. Joyce was not impressed, because bachelors always said it was idealism. She suspected Derek never married because he had had one life-long love-affair with himself. She guessed that from the way he looked in every mirror he passed, even elevator mirrors. And once he said: "Somebody told me I had sad eyes. Do you think I have sad eyes?" Of course it was a wise little girl who had told him that. Any man likes to think his habitual expression is one of brooding melancholy. . . . . Mother Eve, his delightful mouth—

JOYCE was attracted only by Derek's handsome looks and his way of wearing good clothes. She told herself that in a hushed whisper. She felt ashamed to be attracted by an appearance; it made her feel so young and physical. Once Derek asked why he interested her, if he did, and she was speechless. She couldn't very well reply: "It's not your mind that attracts me. It's your—" That would be enough to make any man recoil. Joyce wondered if her nature were becoming degraded through all this polyandry. She had read how natures deteriorate with indulgence. She wondered if she were shallow. Her mind told her that Derek could not be bright. No person as correct as that could be bright. He said things like: "When I was in Honolulu I ate mangoes." One of his favorite expressions was, "Not really?" His conversation was never very interesting, but he had charm, and a sort of insinuating glow in everything he did. Now Joyce understood why women could fall in love with dancing masters.

Joyce wondered if he were not bright somewhere *underneath*. She kept that as a hope. After all, a man need not be stupid just because he swam at Southampton. Derek had traveled. He said he liked to watch people. He said he wanted to spend his old age going from place to place, watching people. Joyce was always suspicious of anyone who was overfond of watching people. It seemed a wiser occupation than it was. It appeared subtle, but there was nothing easier. It was sitting on the side lines while others played the game, and not playing it yourself, and feeling stuffy and proud because you saw the mistakes they made and how funny they were. Such an occupation could give anyone the illusion of intelligence.

Derek had moments. Once he told about the time he worked in a steel mill to the horror of his social register relatives. The workmen there had called him by his first name, and his buddy was fond of him.

Derek had a nice way of appreciating language. He always lighted his eyes at something clever. Once he quoted something he had read: "Louisa was a most beautiful woman; there were only twenty women as beautiful as Louisa." In the theater his emotions seemed appropriate. Joyce thought there was hope.

IT was beautiful that summer. Brookstone remembered it had been a lovely summer. It curved so gently toward autumn. August was like a ripening pear. The skies were violet, marbled or dim, as the days mellowed to September. There was a roof garden at night where Joyce could look down on New York in its tiny diamonds. The garden walls were painted with sheaves of lilies and gold-feathered birds. By the orchestra were fountains where jets of water rose higher and higher, then dropped in one clear fall that took your breath. The orchestra played over and over: "You Can't Find Lovin' Where There Aint Any Love." Derek and Joyce hummed the tune, while the leader beat on the big lighted drum. The hours broke at their feet as the violet waves break on Southampton beach. One afternoon they went horseback riding in the Park, and he looked marvelously well in his riding clothes.

The trouble with him was— Joyce asked him what he thought of when he was alone, when he lay awake at night. He looked puzzled. "Business," he said. "Chances to make more money." He got no time to read, he said, except once he did read Irvin Cobb's "Speaking of Operations." It was an awfully amusing book. If Joyce wanted it he would send it to her..... He liked the Italian operas..... Joyce was increasingly conscious of the immense emptiness of Derek. He had such a handsome façade. But inside the house it was all bare and unfurnished.

But there still remained Derek's compensating boldness. ("Never mind if he is dumb. This is fun.") At least here was a man of action, and not a dreamer only. ("Is a stupid tiger better than intelligent smaller beasts?") And of course the night came when he asked her to go to his apartment—"Where we can be quiet, Joyce." She sighed delicately at the welcome sound of indiscretion.

"You'll be well chaperoned," he said. "I have a Swedish couple who look after me. Esther is always in the kitchen. So it will be quite all right. You don't need to be uneasy. It's not myself I'm thinking of. For myself, I don't care. But a woman's reputation—"

Derek suggested ginger ale as soon as they were inside his door. It took away that first moment of embarrassment. If Esther were in the kitchen, she made no sound. All the furniture was in linen covers. That seemed symbolic to Joyce, but she did not know quite what it was symbolic of. She stood in Derek's bedroom door while he went in and laid his hat and her wrap on the bed. There was a table by the wall, dotted with medicine bottles. From where she stood she could see soda and sal hepatica and lithia water and aspirin and a doctor's prescription. Oh, this civilization—what it does to men!

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RACKETEERS AND CRIME

(Continued from page 57)

Naturally, industries were affected, and within a few weeks marching and somewhat belligerent parades of the unemployed developed all through the country. These comparative *lambs*—workmen—became assertive and demanding almost immediately. Yet comparatively few industries were seriously affected.

With Repeal, the most remunerative industry that the underworld ever knew will be shut down—completely! What is to be expected of the *wolves?*

The other insight brought by the market crash was the immediate rise in criminal activities. Obviously thousands of large-buying customers were in no position to imbibe on the grand scale. The bootleggers were hit—and seriously—for a few weeks. Immediately the reaction in crime was registered in large cities throughout the United States.

Routine crime for the "punk" so called; organized and perfectly executed crime on a large scale by the "big shots." In New York, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo and Hollywood there came a succession of sensational hold-ups of large parties in homes and at public places. Chicago as usual provided high-lights. The home of Arthur Cutten, major operative, was invaded and robbed, with some brutality. There were many people in the house, no particular care about the time element on the part of the gangsters. Just a carefully planned, perfectly executed robbery netting more than fifty thousand dollars.

JEWEL robberies of size were reported to police of all the large cities. Bejeweled persons in parties returning from theaters or restaurants were held up. Obvious indications of planning, watchfulness and perfection of technique. Theater, hotel, pay-roll and cashier hold-ups were revived in volume. Actors were called upon to contribute to phantom charities with the suggested alternative of those "rides" from which there is no returning.

Everywhere there was evidence of such efficient organization as was never known before the criminal hey-hey days of Prohibition. Yet these crimes were but a stop-gap, a temporary turning aside from opportunities merely halted.

In the "good old days" of the American underworld, a mob of five or six was considered an outfit. A fifty-thousand-dollar haul was considered great, even for top bank-robbers. But Prohibition's open sesame to the criminal has given us such robberies as the Rondout train robbery, with twenty-five crooks involved, including Jimmy Murray the "beer king," and with two million dollars in loot. That's organization; that's money! And so the crooks just reached out and took in Inspector William Fahy, ace of the Government criminal investigators, as an aid to the crime.

But more recently, as confidence returned and the toasts were resumed following the stock crash, the gangsters went back to their remunerative, less dangerous and more amiable booze grafting. There was the usual evidence of organization and wet psychology on the part of the bootleggers. Liquor prices dropped from one hundred and twenty dollars a case to seventy-five or eighty dollars, while financial readjustments were made by the routine trade.

Speaking of the crook psychology, there is another element which is of interest and importance. In racketeering, which has been an obvious booze-supported development, the gangsters entered countless industrial fields. Again to cite the most spectacular instance of city-wide racketeering, Chicago in 1928 paid about one hundred and thirty-six million dollars to the racketeers in various activities.

The racketeers were in *all* instances hooked with the booze operatives. Or, to be more exact, the booze operatives delegated subordinates to create the rackets after they had learned, with the power of money-bought violence and organization, how easy it was to intimidate business people and to buy off interferences.

The methods followed in that city became the standard practice for the crooks throughout America. Local conditions might change specific details of the racket operations or alter their extent, but the general plan was the same everywhere as early as 1927.

Chicago became so overridden with rackets that it established a "Racket Court" in 1928, which hears nothing but racket cases. This type of exploitation and terrorization of legitimate business men and groups by crooks is simply an extension of labor violence, inaugurated and supported by booze-fund power.

Whatever the actual organization may be in any industry or among any group of employed people, the gangsters put either employees or a few organizations into the original honest protective association. These newcomers, all tough, get to know who's who in the real organization. They become promptly dissatisfied with conditions in the honest organizations, *no matter what those conditions are.* They form the nucleus of a new organization, which, under the guise of protection, is in reality intimidation. Those who oppose them learn, by fist, bomb or gun, just where they get off, and shortly the new, crook-controlled organization is in full flower.

TAKE as an example the cleaning and dyeing business: As soon as the racketeering organization is in ruddy health from the crooks' point of view, up go the dues of every member of that racket-ridden organization. There is but one recourse! Up goes the price of dyeing and cleaning for *everyone.* You pay it, but the merchant doesn't get it. The crooks have it.

And if there is any objection to the crooks' taking it, on the part of the honest man in business, he has various things coming to him. The simplest way of setting them forth is to state what the Racket Court in Chicago has jurisdiction over. Here you are:

Destruction of property by explosives.
Injury to persons by explosives.
Malicious mischief to houses.
Collecting payment as penalty.
Depositing of stench bomb.
Kidnapping for ransom.
Boycott or blacklist.
Entering premises to intimidate.
Intimidation of workmen.
Mayhem.

Don't confuse the one hundred and thirty-six million dollars which the racketeers got in Chicago in one year with the *national* annual income from rackets. And be sure not to include the *national* income from rackets with the three billion dollars made by the bootleggers proper. That's different money, but it *all* goes to crooks. Has for years!

IT should be remembered that in all of this crooked business—this vast national exploitation made possible by the Drys and supported for years by the Wets—the first duty and purpose of the gangster is to hide what he is doing and to corrupt without exposing the political tools he has bought.

This being true, one must be chary of examples. Libel costs money. Truth becomes legal libel if you cannot prove it, and bribe-givers and -acceptors are not at all likely to come to the front and admit anything. Thus we must confine ourselves to bribes that were offered and *not accepted* to give the reader a notion of the amounts and the caliber of persons approached by the money-burdened criminal class under Prohibition.

As early as 1927, E. C. Yellowley, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, was offered a bribe of a quarter of a million dollars. You might imagine that would be to give a group of bootleggers carte blanche in those States, or to buy the administrator off in a good-sized city—like Chicago. But it wasn't that. It was to have him ignore *one* alcohol plant in Chicago—and the one gang that offered that bribe, in currency, had three other plants in operation.

That's pretty good money, but let's look at another of these bribes—another one, mind you, that was *refused,* to the amazement of the gangsters. These are the only type we are permitted to look at or, at least, to mention.

A former Chief of Police of Chicago was offered five dollars a day each on two hundred and fifty barrels of beer moved daily by one gang. Had he accepted, he would have had a dozen similar offers—permanently; but he refused.

Since we have heard Mr. Ahearn's view on deft murder, it seems but fitting that we have a more reticent gangster's view on this chief's refusal. It was even more indignant than the refusal.

"The Chief is absolutely kerazy," he said. "Everybody he knows, even his own guys, want beer, and he kicks away some millions. The poor guy aint even got a diamond, neither."

The mental attitude of gangsters under Prohibition is just that. They can't understand anyone being honest, at least until he has patent-leather shoes, an imported car and plenty of jewelry. It baffles them. They are not awed by integrity. It merely makes them roar—with either laughter or indignation.

Dr. William Hickson, head of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court, has had an opportunity to examine about a hundred minor gangsters or "punks," as Mr. Ahearn calls them. They are typical of gangsters of that grade attached to gangs everywhere. They

average—no matter what their record in murder may be—between ten and twelve years in intelligence. They are merely equipped to shoot straight and do what they are told. They'll do it, without a moment's hesitancy or confusion of thought. Like a trained animal, which upon being alarmed, will immediately do all his tricks, their first thought, in stress, is to draw a gun and fire it. That's all they do well!

Under Prohibition this group devotes most of its talents to gangsters in rival outfits who are "muscling in." And that is at least more satisfactory than other conceivable types of shooting practice would be, or may be.

AS a newspaper man attached for a period to Police Headquarters in New York, and later familiar with police officials in Chicago, it became obvious to the writer that about eighty per cent of the solved crimes in police annals are due to the operation of "stool pigeons"—perhaps more than eighty per cent. This is set forth to make clear to the reader what a vast legion of killers are available for any duty required of them in the American underworld.

A stool pigeon is a squealer who tips the police off regarding who is responsible for a crime. He is not a paid employee; he almost invariably risks his life in informing. But he has no choice, once a detective "who has something on him" lets him go. Briefly, detectives "trade" with criminals, or they seldom get anywhere as police assets. Having caught a criminal dead-to-rights in a crime on which he could go to prison for two or three years, they will frequently—especially if they are personally uncertain of a conviction—let the man go. But it's on condition that when they come to him for information on a crime that he should know something about, or can find out about, he will "squeal." And he'd better be ready, or else—

Any policeman, even a corrupt one, welcomes an opportunity to get a criminal on a murder charge. It stabilizes his position, means something on his record. It's a whale of a favor to have some one tip him off on a sure murder conviction. He'll do some tall trading to get such information.

The reader will understand, then, what domination a gang leader—in close touch with corrupt police—has over those he knows to be murderers in a town where four thousand homicides have been recorded under Prohibition. They'd better do what he orders them to—no matter *what* it is. He can trade them in for multiple favors, if they dare to be uppity. True, they may only have killed a gangster, a crime on which police waste no undue effort, but on the records a murder is a murder, and no sensible copper is going to pass up a chance to horn in on one.

And let it be understood, too, that no gang "punk" is more amenable to gang control than any corrupt judge, police official or politician. In this connection we must again step carefully through the items that can be mentioned. When Magistrate Albert Vitale of New York was recently ousted from the bench, it was recalled that he had been mentioned in connection with the affairs of the slain Arnold Rothstein, gambler, "King of the

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New York Underworld" and alleged dope "czar." The few papers recovered from Rothstein's effects during the strange police mismanagement of that case, indicated that Vitale had borrowed from Rothstein nineteen thousand dollars which was later repaid.

When Assistant District Attorney William H. McSwiggin was slain by machine-gun bullets in Cicero, outside of Chicago, he had as companions in death two gangsters. One of them, James J. Doherty, he had prosecuted on a murder charge—and failed to get a conviction.

Al Capone, questioned in regard to this crime when he gave himself up after four months' time, was quoted as follows:

"Get this straight. I was no foe of McSwiggin."

As the New Republic commented: "In effect, it (the murder of McSwiggin) proclaimed an assistant state's attorney subject to the simple law of murder, which the gangs have enforced among their members."

New York and Chicago are simply two cities, whatever their size, in a *national* booze industry. Is it conceivable that any other great industry with an annual income of more than $3,000,000,000 would include member-organizations so stupid that they would, in the smaller cities, ignore the methods which had been the very basis of success in the large cities? Do you think gangsters are less alert than business men? Well, then, corruption of officials is a component part of the bootlegging industry, as is also the use of the industry's vast resources to assure wherever possible the election of crooks in the first instance.

And those corrupt officials and politicians and police will remain gangsters—whether they like it or not—as long as they live! They'll do as they're told.

Be sure that the things they are asked to overlook under Prohibition are trival—even amiable—as compared with the enterprises to be hit upon when, or if, the compactly organized criminal element of this country finds itself out of work with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In the criminal world the things accomplished under smiling promise are as nothing when matched with the eventualities moved by scowling threat. And I'll leave it to Mr. Ahearn, twice acquitted of murder and eighteen times free of other major crime charges:

"In the underworld friendship lasts as long as money is being made. But as soon as money runs out, unless there is more money to be made—right there and then—friendship ceases."

The United States has a terrific, self-imposed hurdle to clear before its citizens return to "the kindly neighborliness of American life." It's a new, unprecedented and vital problem for those aforementioned Americans—wet, dry, impartial or impatient.

(This sensational subject will be further developed by Mr. Sullivan next month in his article, "Big Shots and Three Billions.")

RANGE BULLY

(Continued from page 41)

He clambered up to the mesa above. Two hundred yards away, under a mesquite tree, a big mealy-nosed jet-black Spanish jack stood swishing flies and gnawing lazily at the bole of the mesquite tree. Even at that distance Blink Chadwick could see that the brute's breast and front legs were ruddy with blood.

Chadwick uncoiled his reata; and just as he shook out a small loop, the jack raised his head and saw him. Instantly the killer started for him, and so Chadwick spurred down to the flat below; he preferred not to do battle on a hillside. Behind him the killer thundered, venting his hate in ferocious brays. Chadwick's mount was frightened—no doubt of that, for he went completely out of hand, and when his rider would have pulled him up to whirl and face the demon bearing down upon them, the horse refused the summons, despite the urge of the half-breed bit. A mad bull or a temperamental cow that horse would face without a quiver, but the jack was quite another pair of boots. He yielded his head, partly yielded his body, and plunged on; to keep from throwing him, Chadwick had to give him his head.

ACROSS the flat they thundered, up a long, sage-covered slope, and down into a little green valley below. And up out of that valley Honey Boy was leading his mares, headed for water.

The sound of the jack's challenge came to him, and he halted. There was a masculine challenge in that bray, even though it was alien; and like the warrior he was, Honey Boy accepted the challenge. His head went up; he neighed, and in his neigh there was a strident note that Chadwick knew for the call to combat. Disdaining Chadwick and the latter's plunging mount, Honey Boy came on, trotting with magnificent nonchalance, hurling challenge after challenge as he came.

The jack pulled up, abandoning his pursuit of Chadwick's mount, and lumbered over to close with Honey Boy. Chadwick managed to slide his horse to a halt and turn him toward the impending fray; whereupon, seeing he was no longer the object of the jack's fury, the horse stood, trembling and blowing. "Now, then," Chadwick soothed him, and ran his hand along the wet neck. He touched with the spurs, and obeying the acquired instinct of his long training, the cow-horse moved down on the combatants. He was frightened still, but he would not now refuse his master's summons to the work he knew so well how to do; Chadwick's voice was soothing to him, and he could hear the swish of the reata as Chadwick swung it.

HONEY BOY and the jack came together, the jack reared, struck, missed and kept on coming; his huge mouth with the long white teeth was opened to its fullest extent. Chadwick had seen, in circus posters, pictures of hippopotami with their terrible mouths open like that; he was vaguely aware that no horse could open his mouth half so wide; until that moment he had never realized what a long, powerful lower jaw a jack has.

Honey Boy failed to adopt the style of fighting almost universal with his kind. Perhaps the sight of that cavernous terrible open mouth made him cautious, for he did not, in turn, rear and strike. And lucky for him he did not, for before he could have come down after rising, the jack, crashing in on him, would have had him by the throat—which, during Honey Boy's maneuver, would have been open and unprotected. Instead, the wild horse leaped past the jack halfway, whirled and let the killer have both heels, with terrific force, fairly in the ribs.

The jack grunted ignobly, turned to follow the horse and got both hind hoofs on his massive right jaw for his pains. Again he grunted, and his head dropped; Chadwick could see that he was stung.

"You dirty bully!" the cowman yelled. "You've got a fight on your hands at last, haven't you? Well, go to it and see how you like it."

He passed his loop into his left hand, and with his right drew his six-shooter, for he had decided now that while Honey Boy continued to show such admirable ring generalship, he, Chadwick, would act as an impartial referee. In the event Honey Boy resorted to rearing, striking with his front feet and biting, he would put a forty-five through the jack's great jug head immediately, for he knew that at that kind of fighting the jack would quickly win.

Of the stamina and ferocity of a fighting jack, Blink Chadwick had no knowledge. However, he was not much longer left in ignorance. The jack shook his head, snorted, and a ruddy spray came from his nostrils. He brayed—and this time his bray was more of a scream. Honey Boy screamed back at him, but never for an instant did he face his enemy, although with head turned sidewise he watched out of the corners of his eyes for the jack's next move.

Again the jack charged, and again two hoofs were planted on his thick neck with a force that turned him sidewise a little. Instantly Honey Boy crow-hopped backward and delivered three fast broadsides along the jack's ribs before the latter could bound out of range. The jack lunged away a few yards, faced Honey Boy again, drew back his lips from his terrible teeth and actually snarled. Honey Boy screamed with derision, and Blink Chadwick rolled in his saddle and laughed. "You murdering bum!" he jeered. "You four-flusher! You awkward big rube! You're out-foxed. Step up and fight, you slob!"

THE jack did not have to step up. Honey Boy carried the fight to him. Avoiding the clashing teeth as the jack snapped at his throat and missed, Honey Boy got himself a good grip on the jack's nose and commenced dragging him. In vain the jack bawled and brayed and screamed; in vain did he strike upward and outward with his front feet. He was always a few inches short.

But Honey Boy, unlike the jack, was merely a scientific fighter, not a killer. Instead of holding his grip and grinding until the jack's breathing would have to be done entirely through his mouth, Honey Boy gave one enormous pinch, let go, whirled and got in three more broadsides on the jack's sore ribs. Again the

jack retreated in disorder; for the moment he thought only of avoiding those broadsides, and seemingly Honey Boy knew it, for he rushed the jack from the rear, climbed in and grabbed him by the neck midway between the jack's ears and withers, where he hung on, grinding away, until the jack actually bucked him off.

NOW the jack changed his tactics. No longer did he try exclusively for the horse's throat; he was, seemingly, content to get a bite anywhere, confident that, once he got a grip, his great teeth would dig through to his opponent's vitals. Round and round they circled, watching each other warily, striking, reaching for a bite and missing, exchanging broadsides, none of which reached the more agile Honey Boy; whereas the jack, being heavier and more awkward, stopped several of the stallion's kicks.

Blink Chadwick knew he ought to end it, but he didn't have the heart. This was Honey Boy's fight, not a public riot; and until the gallant stallion should show some signs of fatigue Chadwick would not deny him the joy of victory.

Again Honey Boy, by a quick maneuver, climbed the jack and grabbed him by his sore neck; again the jack bucked him loose. In the breakaway Honey Boy got the jack by the off hind hock and threw him head over heels. The jack landed with a rib-cracking jolt, and before he could scramble to his feet Honey Boy had jumped on him with all four feet.

The jack was still far from defeated, but he was discouraged. In the hundreds of fights in which he had been victorious, it is probable he had never been handled so roughly before. He was badly jarred; he ached all over, and his head-work was cramped because of two deep and very painful bites on his neck. His head had a tendency to hang, and when he got to his feet, he was limping. He was, plainly, more than a little dazed, for as he whirled to face Honey Boy again, he lost his balance and fell heavily to his knees. Instantly a barrage of kicks on his haunch laid him flat; again Honey Boy gave him the boots when he was down, and Blink Chadwick's eyes were blinded with tears of pure joy.

The jack got up; but he had had enough. Deciding, probably, that he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day, he lumbered away toward a patch of scrub timber on the opposite hillside. Honey Boy pursued him, dashing in from either side, but not until the vanquished one crashed into the timber did the stallion decide to be merciful. Neighing triumphantly, he abandoned the fight and buck-jumped across the flat to rejoin his mares and their foals.

Straight for the water-hole he led them. But Blink Chadwick had something to say.

"No, you don't, Honey Boy! You don't go down to that water-hole in a lather of sweat, drink your fill and founder yourself."

So he was at the water-hole when the wild horses came surging around the corner of the rim-rock, saw him, whirled and raced back into the plain again. For two hours Chadwick watched them milling around a mile away; then, satisfied that Honey Boy had cooled himself out, he rode away toward the timber thicket in which the jack had taken refuge.

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Jack was still there, nursing his bitter thoughts, probably telling himself, after the fashion of all bullies, what he'd do to Honey Boy the next time he caught him out! At sight of Blink Chadwick again, he decided that here, to his jaws, was something soft upon which he could vent his fury—so he charged out.

At forty feet Chadwick made his cast over the big black head; he snagged the loop fast, made his dally and gave his horse the spur. It was no trick at all to keep out of the jack's way now, for he was too stiff and sore and lame to be any match for the speed of Chadwick's mount. The loop tightened on him cruelly; finally with a great gasping exhalation, he went down on his knees and rolled over.

Instantly Blink Chadwick was out of his saddle, and while his horse held the killer's head outstretched, Chadwick knelt on it and with a tie-rope hobbled the jack's front feet. "Come in," he called to his horse, and like the good roping horse he was, the pony obeyed; Chadwick drew in the slack on the reata and cast the loop off the killer's throat; then, while the jack slowly drew in great breaths of air, Chadwick, with a copper wire, sewed up the great nostrils. Next he slipped a stout new headstall on his victim, fastened the end of the reata to the ring of the headstall, cast off the hobbles, mounted his pony and waited for the jack to get up. When he did, the last vestige of fight was out of him; he was wobbly on his legs, and a mouth-breather. He could not have galloped five hundred yards without feeling that his lungs must burst. And when Chadwick's horse moved quietly off, and the strain of the reata came on the tired head that had a great tendency to droop, the jack uttered a moan almost human and stumbled along obediently behind.

Arrived at his ranch, Chadwick ran the jack into a stout circular corral boarded seven feet high, threw him, unsewed his nostrils and was out of the corral before the killer had time to scramble to his feet and pursue him. Straight to the watering trough Jack stumbled, and drank deep. There was hay in a rack too, but seemingly he had lost his appetite. He groaned, selected a soft spot in the corral, rolled, then stretched out and called it a day. He was spent.

THE following afternoon Blink Chadwick, from a point of concealment, watched Honey Boy lead his harem down to the water-hole. He knew that every head of that wild stock would drink to repletion; he knew, too, that after drinking his fill Honey Boy's speed would be cut down greatly. Therefore, when the horses came up from the water-hole and scattered out in the sage again, Chadwick unloosed his reata and directed his horse, at a walk, in their direction. Outstretched along his pony's back and coming up-wind, his approach was not observed until he was at the fringe of the herd; then he dashed in.

Straight through his harem Honey Boy bounded for the hills. But his stomach was filled with water, he was logy and could not get started; before he had gone two hundred yards, Chadwick's fleet horse was at his flanks and Chadwick's rope had settled over Honey Boy's neck. The cattleman had expected a furious fight; but to his amazement, no sooner had he drawn his loop taut and given Honey Boy the bust, than the splendid animal rounded up at the rope's end and stood panting and snorting. Chadwick tied hard and fast to the pommel, then crawled slowly up the reata, soothing Honey Boy as he came; presently he had his hand on the silken nose . . . . The stallion's head rested across the man's arm, while Chadwick's fingers went exploring back of Honey Boy's ears and under his jaws, finding the itchy spots.

"I think you'll lead," Chadwick decided, and tried it. Without the slightest objection Honey Boy followed.

The hands had finished supper and were sitting out on the bunk-house steps smoking when Chadwick rode in with his prize.

"Hey, all you cow-waddies," he commanded. "Come and take a look at a horse as is a *horse*."

They came over and looked Honey Boy over with expert eyes. "This aint a wild hoss," the foreman decided. "He's been handled a lot in his day." And he opened Honey Boy's mouth to ascertain his age from his teeth. "Five," he announced. "No, he aint no broom-tail."

"He's been daddying a mess of wild mares; I roped him out of his harem, and he hasn't any brand," Blink Chadwick proclaimed. "So I guess he's my horse. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him. I'll bet he's all of half thoroughbred."

"I think he's a full thoroughbred," the foreman decided. "I was a rubber on a thoroughbred stock-farm once, when I was a kid, and I noticed the boss never branded his horses. He used to say it was an insult to a royally bred horse to brand him like any scrub."

He reached up, cautiously fondled Honey Boy's right ear and looked inside it. The number 102 appeared in faint tattooing, but being a cautious man he said nothing of his discovery.

"Lordy me, I'm in luck," Blink Chadwick exulted. "I'll just breed Honey Boy to selected mares, and about six years from now the Pitchfork outfit will have the best saddle stock in Nevada."

"But this must be a mighty valuable hoss, boss. Aint you going to advertise for his owner?"

"Man, you make me sick. Let his owner come looking for him. If he can prove property, he can have him. I'm entitled to something for saving the horse, aint I?"

The foreman grinned and refrained from pursuing the matter further.

NEXT morning Chadwick saddled Honey Boy, bitted him with a curb bit and mounted him. Honey Boy moved off at a walk, and Chadwick headed him down the road half a mile along a narrow flat road where the footing was excellent, then turned and broke him into a gallop. Instantly Honey Boy flattened out and flew. In all his life Chadwick had never had such a fast ride.

"Race-horse," the foreman declared; "I thought so."

"Sure is. Maybe I wont clean up with the Indians and cowboys hereabouts that think they have fast quarter horses."

"No, you'll not, boss. This hoss is five years old, and a thoroughbred stallion's racing days are over then. He's been broke down—bowed a tendon." He ran his hand down the horse's leg. "Been pinfired once—you can see the faint scars. He got over it, but he'll break down again if you race him hard. He's too fine for that; I wouldn't do it, boss, if I was you."

CHADWICK had great respect for his foreman's judgment in matters of horseflesh, so he accepted the advice, albeit grudgingly. He built a small paddock and a shed for Honey Boy and proceeded to select his best range mares for Honey Boy's court the following spring.

Meanwhile Jack had commenced to show signs of a renewed interest in life. Fortunately no bones in his nose had been broken by Honey Boy's bite. He was too dangerous for the men to attempt to doctor other bites on him; so on the first day of his arrival, Chadwick doused him liberally with sheep dip, which has a cleansing effect and keeps flies away; and the wounds healed soon. He spent most of his time the first three days lying outstretched in the soft dirt of the corral; he would get up to drink when he was thirsty, but his jaws were so sore that for ten days he had no appetite for hay. Then he condescended to nibble some freshly cut alfalfa and a tri-daily ration of crushed oats and bran, sprinkled with water.

"What you intend to do with this man-eater, boss?" the foreman inquired.

"He's as fine a big jack as I've ever seen," Chadwick replied. "I can raise some real mules by him. The society of mules like that is worth the trouble of putting up with this old tarantula."

"There aint much fight in him now, boss, but I don't trust him. I'm feedin' him through the fence now. He aint said nothin' to me, but he gives me dirty looks."

It was fully a month before Jack was himself again, eating everything, including the rails of the corral, and with his old weight back. Also he had shed his winter coat and was black and shiny. He signalized his return to normalcy one day by kicking a hole through the board corral. Then he got his head and shoulders through and crashed out, carrying boards and scantling on his impious back. When he could shed this impedimenta, he glared around for new worlds to conquer, and spying the cook in the act of throwing some dish-water out into the front yard, he charged the man and drove him into the house. Then he pursued a collie dog and was in turn pursued and nipped on the heels, which irritated him so he abandoned the dog and killed a yearling calf with one bite; after which he danced on the carcass and brayed defiance to all and sundry. Two cowboys roped him, threw him, muzzled him, hobbled one hind leg to a front one, repaired the corral and put him back there.

The foreman urged Blink Chadwick to shoot him and be done with a nuisance, but Chadwick was a stubborn man. "No," he decided, "I don't give up that soon. This here jack has got to be taught respect for law an' order. He aint civilized. I notice he aint wearin' a brand, either, so I reckon he escaped young and the wild free rovin' life he's led has spoiled him. I think he needs another fight an' another thrashin' an' I'm goin' to give it to him an' then stand by for results."

"He's worse'n a royal Bengal tiger,

boss. Better tunnel him before he kills somebody. You're out a thirty-five-dollar calf on him now. He's too old to learn manners."

"A jack is the smartest quadruped in life, with the exception of an elephant," Chadwick explained patiently. "Bring Honey Boy over an' see what happens."

They led Honey Boy into the corral. At sight of Jack he swore a little, horse fashion, under his breath, as it were, and Jack turned for a look. Instantly a great terror descended upon him. He brayed with apprehension; and in great lurching jumps, due to his hobble, fled to the other side of the corral, where he tried ineffectually to leap over it.

Chuckling, Chadwick led Honey Boy out of the corral. "Jack's learned his lesson on horses," he declared. "He's scared to death."

"I wonder," said the foreman, "if he'd fight a bull."

"Of course he will." Chadwick was just a little bit proud of his ferocious possession. "This jack o' mine will fight a bear-cat and give him the first six bites. He'll try anything once."

"Which the bull will whip him, boss."

Chadwick shook his head. "Feller told me of a fight he saw once between a jack and an eight-hundred-and-eighty-pound brown bear over to Winnemuca at a Fourth of July celebration. They was at it an hour, and the jack killed the bear. Of course the bear killed the jack, but the jack was on his feet when the bear quit and didn't die for half an hour."

"A bull," said the foreman, "never quits—he never knows when he's licked; if he does, he won't acknowledge it. Me an' you, boss, have known range bulls to battle for a week; mebbe one of them didn't have a chance from the start an' knew it, but did he quit? He did not; he kept borin' right in. He'd quit to feed an' drink an' rest an' come right back at his enemy. Folks will tell you the lion is the bravest of all animals, but don't you believe it. My money goes on a bull every time."

"How much money you got to go on a bull against my jack?" Mr. Chadwick queried innocently.

"All I got in the world, which I been nineteen years savin' it, an' it amounts to seven thousand dollars. I'll bet you the whole roll ag'in' your Honey Boy hoss we got a bull on the Pitchfork range that makes your jack hunt his hole in thirty minutes."

"Brahmas is barred," Chadwick hastened to protect himself. "A Brahma bull is tall an' stringy an' heavy an' mean. What's more, he's got stout horns that spread out and then come forward an' up, an' they're sharp as needles. If he got in a lucky charge, he'd disembowel an elephant."

"I'll bet my money on a grade Hereford, which a Hereford's horns are short an' stout an' blunt an' grow straight out from each side of his head. A Hereford has to turn his head to use his horns. Mostly he puts in his time just buttin' like a ram. An' I'll agree to saw two inches off the tip of the Hereford's horns an' round up the edges with a rasp, so he can't gore or scratch your jack. All he can do is bruise him."

"I'll take that bet," said Blink Chad-

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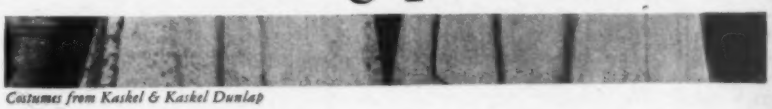

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wick. "Not that I'm hell-bent on ruinin' a good foreman, an' particularly one in my own employ, but just to learn you how hard money comes an' how easy it goes. Dig up your Hereford; an' two weeks from now, come Sunday, we'll have everybody in the county over to see the battle. There aint a heap of amusement in this sage-brush country, so we shouldn't hoard what we got."

SO THE foreman went out on the range and selected a four-year-old bull that, strangely enough, was jet black with a white face and the horns of a Hereford. As a matter of fact, he was a cross between a Hereford and an Angus, and there was a deal of wile in the foreman's selection of this particular animal, for the Hereford is a mild and inoffensive cow-brute, whereas the Angus is so wild that men on horseback can drive him only with the greatest difficulty. Also, when pressed, he will always turn and charge the horse and rider.

"Picked a champion with a little fightin' blood in him, didn't you?" Chadwick protested. "That won't do. You said you'd fight my jack with a Hereford."

"I said I'd fight him with a grade Hereford, and this here's one. You aint got a pure-bred Hereford in the outfit."

"This here's a grade Angus, you swindler!"

But the foreman protested that this was mere hair-splitting, and that anyhow the bull had Hereford horns and was a half-breed Hereford. "An' he aint as fat, by two hundred pound, as he might be," he defended. So Blink Chadwick permitted himself to be persuaded; and the great day, with a hundred ranchers and cowboys and two hundred Indians on hand to witness the fight, at last arrived.

Naturally, no such aggregation of husky men could assemble without bets being freely made. The foreman paraded his bull and anounced he would accept bets on his champion, at even money, while his cash held out. He did little business, however, until Blink Chadwick had Jack thrown and his hobbles removed. There was a mad scramble on the part of the cowboys to get out of the corral before Jack got to his feet, but strangely enough he did not pursue them, although he did condescend to lean over the fence and snatch a hat off an Indian's head, together with a mouthful of the aborigine's hair. Immediately he went to work diligently to kick a hole in the corral, but Blink Chadwick, with his heavy quirt, made him stop that. However, Jack's exhibition of ferocity gave heart to the gambling fraternity, and bets began to pour in on the foreman, while the ranch bookkeeper wrote them down and took charge of the money.

BLINK CHADWICK drew the amazing fellow aside. "How you goin' to pay your bets if you lose?" he demanded. "Didn't you say you'd bet me every dollar you had in the world against my Honey Boy horse?"

"I aint goin' to lose," the foreman protested doggedly. "But if I do, I'm a-goin' to get on a swift horse an' out of this country! No sir, if there's a fight, I'll win it—which reminds me."

He claimed the attention of the crowd. "In the event either or both of these here contestants refuses to fight," he yelled. "the event will be declared no contest, an' all bets is off."

"Quit speechifyin' an' bring on your bull," somebody demanded. So the foreman had two cowboys haze his champion up to the corral gate and into the arena. Immediately men climbed on top of the fence, on the roofs of surrounding buildings and on the seats of hay-wagons to view the contest, while the Indians peered through the apertures in the corral.

Now, the hobble had annoyed Jack, adding measurably to his naturally quick temper. The instant the gate closed behind the bull, therefore, he brayed raucously and trotted over. The bull muttered, lowered his head and backed away. Jack swung around and gave him both heels in the ribs. The bull bellowed ignobly and charged, but Jack was nimble and avoided him; so the bull pawed great clouds of dust in the air and invited him to come on and fight.

Jack circled. He was cautious, for he was not familiar with creatures that refused to stand on their hind legs and leave their throats unprotected. However, he did observe that a great wrinkled neck was exposed; so he slipped in sidewise, and got a grip on it with his tremendous teeth. The bull bawled with pain and charged, and as his weight was too much for Jack to oppose, the latter gave ground rapidly, but still held on and gnawed, although for all the impression he made he might have been gnawing on a section of automobile tire. The bull, head down, pressed forward regardless of pain—and the inevitable happened: Jack's rump came in contact with the corral; his retreat ceased abruptly; and he was forced to let go in order to escape. Too late—the bull's head was against his breast, the blunt horns on either side of it; one great upthrust, and Jack was tossed high in the air, while his front legs rapped against the bull's back.

The bull's head went on. Jack was straddling his neck now; he thrust upward again, and Jack went hurtling, tail over tip, to fall in an inglorious heap over the bull's rump. He came down head-first, turned a complete somersault, recovered his feet with remarkable agility and delivered a salvo of four furious kicks on the bull's flank before the more cumbersome animal could face around on him. It was the bull's round. He had scored a knockdown.

Although his blunt horns had not even scraped the hide from Jack's breast and belly, and Jack was merely shaken up, nevertheless the range bully had learned caution. He backed away, avoiding another charge, reared as the bull went by, and struck cruelly with his forefeet. Before he was set on all fours again, the bull was into him from the left side and had rolled him over. When he was half up, the bull struck again and rolled him over once more, then backed off, bellowed and showed his contempt by pawing dust in the air—which was foolish, because while he was doing it, Jack got to his feet, rushed in and grabbed him again by the neck. Again the bull stoically repeated his tactics of backing Jack across the ring against the ropes, forcing him to let go and take another toss.

Jack's teeth-marks were plainly discernible on the bull's wrinkled neck, but only a couple of drops of blood showed. The bull was unhurt save for the bruises from Jack's kicks. But his fighting spirit was up now, and he gave Jack no time to formulate a new plan of attack. He charged, furiously and repeatedly, taking many a kick and strike as he came in, but willing to take them for the gratification of getting his tremendous head down under Jack's big body and lifting his enemy skyward. His bellowings of rage mingled with Jack's hoarse braying challenge; the dust of the combat almost obscured the combatants; men yelled and cheered for Jack to come on and do his stuff.

Jack was willing enough, but he didn't know what to do. If he could only get in under the guard of the bull's lowered head and fasten his teeth in the bull's soft throat, the battle would have been over in a minute. But always that swaying horned head met his lunges, and a vigorous butt rewarded every attempt.

He began to get winded, for in truth the wind had been butted out of him repeatedly—through his wide-open mouth the breath came in gasping exhalations. Presently he abandoned all effort at infighting and took to kicking and striking and raking the bull's rump with his teeth. If he could only get his antagonist on the run! But the bull that will run from a battle has not been born, and El Toro stood up to the attack and tried for raking blows with his blunt horns, for tremendous butts with his great forehead. No longer did he back off, glower at Jack, snort, paw the dirt and indulge in dramatics. He was fighting something very new and strange to him—something he would never have attacked himself, but which had wantonly and brutally attacked him. Very well—the fight must go to a finish.

He rushed Jack up against the side of the corral and butted him through it and out into the open. He came through the opening and was on top of Jack before the latter could get to his feet. Over and over he rolled him. Four times Jack was half up, only to go down again. The fifth time he strove to arise, he made it; but—he was through. For him the fight was over. He fled—anywhere to hide from the bull—and an open barn door seemed to offer the safest refuge. In he flew, and sought haven in a stall; an Indian closed the door against the bull, who was following—and the fight was over.

THE foreman collected his bets and Chadwick's Honey Boy horse, and did a most amazing thing: he resigned his job. Nor could Blink Chadwick's eloquence dissuade him.

"No sir, boss," he declared, "I just couldn't think of it. I had seven thousand dollars, and I won five more, and that's twelve — which the same is too much money for one fool cow-waddy to have in his possession all to wanst. So I'm riding over to Cedar Creek; and when I get there, I'm going to marry old man Dockery's oldest girl an' make sure I get competent help, to the end that this money don't wander none. Then I'm goin' to take Honey Boy back to the man that owns him. If you had good sense, Blink, you'd have knowed this Honey Boy was a new arrival on our range, and you'd have knowed he was so valuable the man that lost him was bound to advertise him

in the papers published in the country the boss was seen in last.

"But no. All you can think of is half-thoroughbred cow-horses by Honey Boy, an' sixteen-hand fourteen-hundred-pound mules by that wild jackass o' yourn. This here Honey Boy's the greatest two-, three- an' four-year-old hoss in the country. He wins all the big stakes, and along in the shank of his four-year-old form he breaks down and is retired. He sells for two hundred an' fifty thousand dollars, an' the man that buys him is shipping him an' a couple o' carloads of yearlings he's bought in Kentucky out to his stud farm in California. The train is wrecked ten miles east o' Winnemuca, an' the cars catch fire. The men in charge o' the shipment manage to unload the horses before they burn, but there aint nary a corral to put 'em' in—nothin' but desert for a hundred mile. The yearlin's mill around awhile an' then bunch up an' start to grazin', but this here Honey Boy is attracted to a bunch o' broom-tail mares a couple miles off, so he throws in with them.

"The men can't catch him nohow. The wild mares take off, an' he lights out after 'em, and dark sets in; come daylight, he's gone, an' the next that's seen of him by mortal man is when you capture him. So me, I send for all the back numbers of most every newspaper in Nevada, an' sure enough I find a big advertisement regarding Honey Boy, describin' him an' the number 102 tattooed in his right ear, an' offerin' a reward o' twenty thousand dollars for his return. Which I've won him from you on my knowledge o' bulls, an' because you, who should know bulls better'n most men, go hog-wild over this pet jackass an' lose yore judgment an' Honey Boy—which his name isn't Honey Boy; it's Moderator. And I'm goin' to collect the twenty-thousand-dollar reward. Twenty an' twelve makes thirty-two thousand dollars, so I'm goin' to buy me a mess o' good yearlin's an' go into the cattle business on my own, an'— Hell's delight, what's happenin' in that barn?"

NOTHING very much was happening, as a matter of fact. Jack had merely discovered, in the stall next to the one in which he had taken refuge, a wandering thoroughbred stallion christened Moderator and nicknamed Honey Boy. And Honey Boy must have said something nasty to him, because Jack had crashed the barn door and was lumbering off across the meadow, bound for the distant saw-tooth mountains where for so long he had been the bully of the range. He had sampled civilization and had had enough of it—the green pastures up along the Humboldt were calling to him.

"I'll bet that's one disillusioned jackass," the foreman decided, and forked his top horse; then, with Honey Boy leading on one side and on the other a pack-horse bearing a bedding roll, he jogged south to Cedar Creek and the certain comfort of the arms of old man Dockery's oldest girl—while Blink Chadwick was left to lament the loss of a good foreman, uncounted mules and half-thoroughbred colts.

"The Goat of Private Hibbs," another fascinating story by Peter B. Kyne, will appear in the next, the September, issue

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OVERDUE

(Continued from page 37)

spend that money is because,"—Mrs. Crayn seemed to be choosing her words with care,—"because I never feel that a man ought to have the say about house furnishings."

"But I can't imagine Malcolm being—" Emily was still puzzled. She put the check carefully into her handbag. "It's certainly sweet of you—and I do appreciate it, and I'll tell Malcolm he's completely out of the picture when we go buying furniture and choosing wall paper! And now—would you help me with my veil?"

"Why, my dear! I never thought—I supposed your own mother—"

"Mother's got so much to do downstairs; and besides, I wanted you."

"I believe you did, really."

"Of course I did."

Mrs. Crayn slid the cap of the veil smoothly over Emily's bright hair. "You must excuse my saying that, my dear—only—you know, since I've been down here, I've heard a great many pleasant things which couldn't by any chance be truthful."

"It's nothing but our way of talking. There was a girl from Vermont visiting down here once, and Johnny Keller came up to her at a dance and said, 'How's the most beautiful woman in the world this evening?' and she got furious! I thought she was going to box Johnny's ears. He only wanted to be agreeable. We all want to be agreeable, and that's rather nice, don't you think? It isn't insincerity. Shall I pin up the lace a little more at this side?"

"Yes, it's not quite even. Oh, I understand about the pretty speeches, but they make me uncomfortable, even so."

EMILY laughed. "This is a ridiculous conversation. You ought to be telling me how I must love and cherish Malcolm, and I ought to be promising to be a good daughter to you. And here we are arguing about Southern taffy. —Susie, you open up that florist's box and get out my bouquet, and then run downstairs and tell Mother and Mis' Ma'Sue and Mis' Ada that I'm ready and then see what Miss Lucy Coleman is up to. There, how do I look?"

She rose, took the flowers from Susie, turned toward Mrs. Crayn—young, confident, serene.

"My dear," said Malcolm's mother, "you're the most lovely thing I ever saw in all my life." She came nearer to Emily, spoke breathlessly.

"Oh, Emily—somehow—you're almost more my daughter than Malcolm is my son. You and I—we're alike. Emily, my dear, dear child, look about you, plan your life, choose what you want to get out of it; don't let it be haphazard and chaotic. Do you—do you understand me?" She drew back, amazed at her daring.

"I'll remember," said Emily. "I think I understand."

It was a pledge and an embrace and a promise that their eyes exchanged. But it was over in a moment, for there was some one at the door, many some ones, clamoring to see the bride. "I'll just go on down," said Mrs. Crayn, slipping back into the commonplace.

SHE slipped away before the approaching vanguard of relatives and was surprised to find that her eyes were full of tears that she could not explain. "She's too lovely, too happy," she thought. "If it only lasts! If only Malcolm—" She wiped her eyes furtively. Some one would try to console her if she was seen like this, and consolation was not what she needed. Downstairs she found that Malcolm and Tory had arrived, and didn't know what to do or where to go. "Don't ask me," she told them. "That Mrs. Drayton who's managing everything will be along presently and take charge of you. I imagine you ought to be out of sight of the guests when they begin to arrive."

"They'll produce us at the last minute, the way the conjurer does the canaries," said Tory. "Yeah, I know. I've been best man before, but only in church. I thought maybe it was worked differently in a house. What say we dribble into the dining-room and see if we can corral a little drink?"

"Let it be a little one," advised Mrs. Crayn.

"You're too severe," complained Tory. "Few really sober men ever commit matrimony at all."

Almost at once the rooms were filled, and there were many more people out in the hall and on the veranda, looking in. The brace of great-aunts was convoyed to their seats by Ma'Sue, and Mrs. Rallifer pressed through leisurely and smilingly, holding the flowing draperies of her pink lace dress—"unsuitable, but becoming," noted Mrs. Crayn—close around her. Cousin Ada seized one of the best chairs and clung to it with a great pretense of offering it to everyone; the piano was heard in the soft preliminary melodies of Grieg and Chopin common to weddings; the rector squeezed his solid weight around from behind the screen, followed by Malcolm and Tory, looking flushed and worried. Several very efficient young male cousins opened an aisle through the crush, and the first chords of the wedding march rang on a sudden kindly silence. Emily, shining and fair in her white array, was coming down.

Preceding her was Lucy Coleman, deliciously blonde and picturesque in yellow chiffon the color of her curly hair. Lucy was generally conceded to be an extremely pretty girl. Today she simply didn't exist; she might have been a hole in the air, for all anyone looked at her. Luckily Lucy didn't know this, and so her sweet expression suffered no abatement. But the room centered on Emily as on a vision. Malcolm, too, turned and looked at her and took a half-step toward her, drawn irresistibly, but Tory twitched his sleeve and drew him back. Yet even Tory's eyes were on Emily, and he felt a sudden awed envy. "My God," he thought, "if any woman ever looked like that for me, I'd get down on my knees to her for the rest of my life!"

"Strange," thought Mrs. Crayn, "there's a sense of something high and fine about this wedding I never felt before. I certainly didn't feel it at my own. It's the way they look at each other. Wings in their eyes!" She listened to their voices, grave and ardent in the responses, and wondered if she had said too much to Emily when she gave her the check, or not enough, and whether the girl had felt the warning in her words. How hard, how hard it was to do the right thing in such a situation, and how difficult it was even to know what the right thing might be!

She was startled out of her reverie by the end of the ceremony and the confusion incident to some hundred or so people intent on congratulation and demonstration. Mrs. Crayn was swept aside, but was rescued by Emily herself and placed at her side in a hastily arranged receiving line, which offered a chance of order to the enthusiastic chaos. The bulk of the rector protected Mrs. Crayn's other side, though he protested that he had no right there. "But I can't get out until these brash young folks have all kissed the bride," he said. "We're not usually as wild as this at wedding parties, Mrs. Crayn, but Emily's a very popular young lady, and besides most everybody here's related to her, so they feel privileged. The ties of blood, you know—ha, ha—the ties of blood."

"I quite understand," said Mrs. Crayn, smiling agreeably by sheer force of will.

HER set smile continued in the dining-room where the excellent abundant luncheon was served. She watched Emily cut the huge cake and accepted a bit of it with a noble disregard of indigestion. She made polite response to the attentions which were offered her, but it was all mechanical and formal, for her mind was centered on two sides—the lesser was that by nine o'clock that night she would be safely on the train headed for Massachusetts; the greater, that she was not doing her duty by Malcolm because she could think of no one but Emily. But she reminded herself that she had never understood Malcolm, never been able to manage him; he had always elusively slipped from under her attempts at direction or control. He had gone his own way in everything since his father died when he was fourteen. Now he was twenty-five. She loved him devotedly; she would have let herself be chopped in snippets at his pleasure—but she did not know him well; he was in many ways alien to her. But in Emily her thwarted maternity found comfort. Emily was the daughter she had always wanted! And she was, she admitted, far more concerned now over Emily's happiness than over Malcolm's.

"It's time I went to put on my traveling-dress," said Emily, in her ear. "Would you like to come up with me?"

But Mrs. Crayn refused. The Ralliferes might think that she was taking too much on herself. "Then I'll tell you good-by when I come down. And you'll surely come and see us as soon as we're settled."

"You're very thoughtful, my dear," said Malcolm's mother. "Of course I'll come. And you must come to me, too. And always, in any difficulty, if I can help—anything—let me have the privilege. Mothers like to be—relied on."

"Be careful! I might pester you to death," said Emily radiantly.

"I mean it—anything!"

Emily slipped away, and there was a lull in the festivities, but some one began playing "South Sea Moon" on the

piano, and there was a general rush to the parlors to clear the chairs away and begin to dance. Lucy Coleman seized on Tory. Mrs. Rallifer and Ma'Sue had gone with Emily. Mrs. Crayn found herself beside Malcolm. She thought he seemed nervous, absent-minded, and she was not surprised.

"Are you all ready, son?" she asked. "Where's your bag?"

"Everything's all set. My bag's in Mrs. Drayton's car; you know we're to drive to Wilmington in it and stay there tonight, then take the train to New York tomorrow."

"You haven't begun to call them 'Cousin,' I notice."

"I'll ease into it gradually. I never saw so many pretty girls in such a small space in my life—and Emily's heaps prettier than any of 'em."

"I hope," said Mrs. Crayn, breaking through her reserve with a visible effort, "I do hope that Emily will always be as happy as she is today. Or if unhappiness comes to her, I hope that it will never be through you."

"Why, Mother, what do you mean? I'm mad about Emily. I'd do anything for her; I simply roll over and jump through when she looks at me. I'd shoot myself if I brought her any unhappiness, and I ought to—I'd be the rottenest dog alive. I can't understand you even suggesting—"

"I did not suggest; I merely expressed a hope. Emily appeals to me very strongly, Malcolm; I think her a very rare young woman. She is worth all you can ever do for her. I want you to be prudent, steady. A woman needs to depend on her husband in every way—she *wants* to depend on him." She knew she was making it no better, that she never hit the right note with him. She must change the subject. "I do hope they'll not fling a lot of rice and confetti," she went on, "or decorate your car in some silly way."

"It's a brave man who'd lay his hand on Cousin Ma'Sue's car, I'm banking on that. But I dare say we'll get the rest of it. It doesn't matter. I don't mind. I wouldn't care if they threw bricks and cobblestones—that's the way I feel."

TORY came dashing in. "Hi, Newly-Wed, hustle along! The Missus is coming down, and the nuptial chariot's at the door. Here's your hat—no, I'll keep it till you're in the car. You'll have to do a lot more kissing and embracing, and you'll need both hands."

The dancing had stopped and the dancers were waiting for Emily to appear on the landing and throw her bouquet. There was wild shrieking when this was accomplished and it appeared Lucy had caught it, and Emily and Lucy were accused of collusion and cheating. Malcolm worried his way through to the foot of the stairs, and he and Emily ducked out to the veranda under the shower of confetti and rice which Mrs. Crayn had dreaded, but there with Ma'Sue's firm direction the crowd held off until all the family farewells were properly made, with no leaving out of the older relatives; then they made a dash for the car (which bore, as Malcolm had foreseen, no white ribbon or chalked mottoes) and as it roared away, Susie, the colored maid, was waiting on the sidewalk to fling an old slipper

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after it, which missile lit on the baggage carrier and sat there right side up—a perfect hit!

All along the street people had come out to wave and shout, "Good luck," "Good-by, Emily!" And she waved back to them gayly, and called, "Good-by, good-by, everybody." She had only one hand to wave; the other was holding fast to Malcolm's. Her little green hat, her smile, bobbed wildly from one side to the other so that no one should be missed. "I feel just like royalty," she said. "Isn't everybody sweet! Oh, Malcolm, hasn't it been a grand and glorious wedding!"

"Best I ever was groom at. And I rather fancied the bride had something to do with it, too."

"Something? *Everything*, you mean. Though you did very well, considering your age and disabilities. Malcolm, darling, I don't believe I told you what your mother gave us—now, that's stupid of me, of course she told you herself."

"She never said a word. Mother never tells me anything much. What was it?"

"This gorgeous pearl pin, and look—this check for a thousand dollars for furniture."

Malcolm seized the check and looked at it with amazed eyes. "Well, for crying out loud!" he said at last. "Talk about manna in the wilderness!"

"It is, isn't it!" said Emily. "I thought that we'd have to buy everything by installments. Dad would have loved to give us our furniture, but you know how poor we are at home, Mac; we simply skin along from one mortgage-interest payment to the next."

Malcolm was still staring at the check.

"It's made out to you," he said at last. "You'd better endorse it over to me, and I'll bank it until—until we need it."

"I wish you would. It makes me nervous having that much money around. I never even saw a check as big as that before."

He put the check in his inner pocket, smiled and caught her hands. "I'm the luckiest fellow in the world, Emily—I always seem to get a break, somehow. Look here, angel—you're mine! Think of that! D'you like it!"

"Yes—I don't feel a bit as if I were running away with a strange young man."

"How *do* you feel? Tell me."

"I feel as if I were flying high up in the clouds—"

"By golly, so do I, especially since you produced that check!"

"Of all the mercenary—"

"You don't know the half of it, Mrs. Crayn. Oh, angel, there's nobody else in the world but you! Tell me something."

"Yes, I love you. Tell me."

"I love you, I love you, I love you. Forever and ever."

Chapter Two

THE day was as hot as Tophet, and even on this beach there was only a very tiny breeze which came in from the waters of the Sound at long intervals and blew salty and cool for a few minutes; then, as it died away, the sticky suffocating heat descended again like a blanket dripping with boiling water. People lay in the ribbon of shade along the club-house, or under the big beach umbrellas, and talked languidly, without animation, waiting for the afternoon to be over. Emily and Malcolm, in a group of four, all in bathing-suits, had the last umbrella in the row. The other girl was Bette, the older daughter of Cousin Louisa James, who lived in the North, and the man was Andrew Osgood, to whom she was engaged. Since their acquaintance was comparatively recent, they were still observant and critical. Emily and Bette had the canvas chairs; Andrew and Malcolm lay in the sand, half covered by it. Emily thought: "Andrew seems an awfully clever sort, but he's positively insignificant beside Mac, he's so skinny and his hair is getting thin—and then, his glasses."

Bette thought: "Mac's just a sort of male clothes-horse. I've seen dozens like him, maybe not quite so good-looking. And there's nothing really intellectual in his face as there is in Andrew's. He'll be fat and flabby when he's forty."

Andrew thought: "Bette's got twice the spirit and style of Emily, though Emily's a peach for looks." And Malcolm thought: "Emily's so beautiful and serene and fine she makes Bette seem a sharp little shrew. What any man can want with a sourball like Bette!"

These inward comments made them very contented and agreeable to one another, and presently Andrew roused himself sufficiently to order long cold drinks all round. The arrival of these, pale yellow, frosted and icy, brought animation.

"Andy and I think we may pull off the great event next week or the week after," Bette said. "Since you're just over your own honeymoon you may be interested in hearing of other unfortunates."

"Oh, thrilling! When? Where? Tell us all!"

"We're just going to pop in on a justice-of-the-peace somewhere, and then disappear. I hate fuss. Mother wants a church wedding, but I say that a church wedding in hot weather is a crime."

"You might have it at home, as I did."

"But that would mean a religious ceremony, and why drag in religion?"

"It's customary," offered Malcolm. "It wouldn't necessarily improve your morals, if that's what you're afraid of."

BETTE picked up a handful of sand and threw it at him. "I consider marriage a civil contract only; therefore a civil ceremony is all that's needed. . . . . Now, as I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted by the mob about me, in case Andy and I do step out shortly, it'll be because there's a chance to get an apartment in that perfectly sweet new place right down the hill from home, six rooms, top floor, twenty-four hundred a year, just exactly what I want."

"Close to the station, but not too close, if you get what I mean," supplemented Andrew. "Fireplaces. High ceilings. Lots of windows. A real kitchen where one can really kitch. Good construction and good plumbing. I had my friend Bill Barrow the architect look it over and he says it's one of the few honest pieces of work he's seen since the war. Honest-to-God fireproof and soundproof and warp-proof, and so on."

"It sounds marvelous," said Emily. "It makes me simply green with envy. When I think of the apartments we've looked at last week—why, I saw a two room and bath and a stingy little grubby hole-in-the-wall kitchenette for twenty-four hundred a year just last Thursday."

"Ah, but that was the metropolis of Manhattan, and this is the subbubs. If you will be stylish and live in town, you must pay for it."

"It's Mac who wants to be stylish."

"That's the dominant male for you," said Bette. "He thinks of nothing but his own convenience in getting to his office, I suppose."

"That's me," said Malcolm. "The selfish brute, one hundred per cent."

"You know, Emily," went on Bette, "there are smaller apartments in the same house, exactly like mine, only with fewer rooms. I wanted six rooms, and there are only four of those, and they'd all been rented, but just yesterday one of them was given up, so we grabbed it. But if you could get along with say, four, or five—"

"How much are they?" asked Emily.

"Fifteen hundred to two thousand."

"Let me see," said Emily, "four rooms—that means living-room, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen, doesn't it? Five rooms means two bedrooms. We ought to have a spare room, for company."

"Put a couch in the living-room; they won't stay so long," suggested Bette. "The day of long visits is past and gone."

"Not where I come from," said Emily. "All Southerners are determined visitors. Some of 'em come and stay for months at a time."

"Listen—you rent a three-room apartment, with no room for a couch," said Andrew. "Your idea of visitors sounds like the plague of locusts to me."

"But my mother must come and see us; and Mac's mother. We can't let them be uncomfortable. Oh, I'd adore to have a great big house and have people coming and going and having a good time all over it."

"Darling girl, I hereby promise you a great big house," said Malcolm. "And you shall give a party every day!"

"I hate to shatter the pretty picture, but I warn you that you couldn't hire servants to stand for that sort of thing for love or money. Mother's last cook but one stipulated that she shouldn't have guests for dinner or luncheon oftener than once a week, and only one large party a month, unless she hired a caterer. What d'you think of that? They hate house-guests, too." She broke off suddenly, went on in a lower voice: "There's a man over at the right who's been looking over here a lot. D'you know him, Andy? I don't. Little black mustache, striped flannel trousers. He's sitting with another man and a girl in a green bathing-suit."

ANDREW rolled over and casually glanced about, rolled back. "Yeah, I know him—it's Barton Hale; he's a broker. Nice chap."

"Bart Hale!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Where? He's my broker. He's with Toustan and Ways."

Barton Hale was already on his way over to them.

"I wasn't sure it was you at first," he said to Malcolm. He looked at Emily hopefully. When Malcolm introduced him he sat down by her side. "This is rotten," he said. "How did you happen to marry this chap Crayn before you'd seen me?"

"Isn't it mysterious!" said Emily. "I wonder myself."

"None of this alienation of affection business," ordered Malcolm. "And as for you, Emily, watch your step. All brokers are fascinating but false with women. It goes with their business."

"Why specify brokers?" asked Bette.

"Yes, why indeed, thanks very much," said Hale. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Crayn, the brokerage business is only engaged in by men of such sterling character and high sense of honor that women trust them and confide in them naturally and —er — fearlessly — and moreover this aforesaid sterling character makes them a shining mark for the jealousy of creatures of a lower type—"

Malcolm gave a low groan and fell flat on the sand. "Listen, little children, while good old Uncle Barton broadcasts one of his best fairy-tales."

"I'm going into the water awhile," said Andrew. "Come along, all of you; it's getting late."

"I'll not go in this time," said Malcolm. "You take good care of Emily, Andrew."

"She's a better swimmer than I am," said Andrew, "so she can just take care of me."

He moved off with the two girls, leaving Malcolm with Hale.

"The water's great today," said Malcolm, watching Emily. "Haven't you been in at all?"

"Like a boob, I didn't bring a suit. Crayn, your wife's the loveliest girl I've seen in years. She's a knockout. You don't mind if I say so?"

"No. It's true. Rave all you like."

"I was sitting over there with the Thomasons, watching her; I couldn't help it. You know, she's not like the beautiful women you see around New York; most of 'em are hard, conscious. Mrs. Crayn's neither. You're lucky."

"I'm more than lucky."

SILENCE fell on the two men. Then Hale spoke again: "Well, I suppose you'll stop wildcatting around the market now. You ought to. And since I've got the chance I want to tell you how rotten I felt about having to long-distance you the day before your wedding about that Jexley Oil. But it was the only thing I could do, considering how thin you were on it. You ought never to have touched it; you did it against my advice—"

"I heard there was a pool in it, and it looked good for a ride."

"A pool to sell short, maybe. Jexley's a hot baby and nothing else, and the customer who plays with hot babies usually gets pretty well burnt."

"You're certainly salving me a lot, considering what I lost. What d'you care? You get your commission, don't you?"

"That's not the point, and you know it. If you think I'm the sort who fills up his friends with a lot of hooey so as to get a commission—" began Hale angrily, but Malcolm stopped him.

"I didn't mean that, old chap—but I'm still sore where the skin's off. It's not the pleasantest experience in the world to get a wholesale trimming practically on your wedding-day. I was counting on that Jexley to pay for a lot of things."

Hale shrugged. "I'm sorry. I hope it didn't cramp you." It occurred to him that it must have been for Emily that Malcolm wanted to make money quickly. Perhaps she was the sort of girl who wanted everything and wanted it now. He'd known many a man whose wife was that sort. . . . . He rose. "I'll be getting back to the Thomasons," he said.

Malcolm ran down and joined the others who had swum out to the float. Hale with his lectures was a joke—as if that poker-face cared who got nicked so long as he was selling plenty!

"What became of our friend?" asked Andrew as Malcolm splashed up to them.

"Went back to the people he was with."

"He was in my class at Yale; he's a very decent sort. I don't see him often, but now and then I've called him up about some little investment or other and he's always taken a lot of trouble about it—gone out of his way. He ought to make a connection with some other firm."

"Why?" asked Emily.

"Toustan and Ways have such a bum crowd hanging round. Hale seems to me a cut above their customers."

"Of which I am one," said Malcolm.

Bette began to laugh. "Good old conservative kind-hearted Andy—he got in bad that time."

"Oh, well," said Andy, grinning, "there must be one little gentleman to give tone to every broker's office."

MALCOLM sprang at him and wrestled him off the float, and they came up breathless, shouting. "Quit it," ordered Bette, "or the life-saver will be out here." She turned to Emily. "When we go home this evening why don't you stop and look at that apartment? It might convert Mac to commuting. And I want to tell you, right here and now, that it's a great proof of my affection for you when I urge you to come and live under the same roof. Usually it's a nuisance to have people you know so near."

"If we don't come, then," said Malcolm, "it'll show we don't want to be near you, I suppose."

"I wouldn't blame you at that," said Andrew. "When I think of how I'm committed to this woman!"

"What a lot of friendly little dears we are," said Emily, "all full of politeness and wanting to make everybody so happy! For my part, Bette, I'd love to live near you, and I promise not to be a nuisance."

"I don't promise," insisted Malcolm.

"Let's go in and order dinner," suggested Andrew. "Hi, Emily, I'll race you to the beach."

"Father and Mother expect us all for dinner at home," said Bette. "They said we must be sure to come back. By the time we get dressed and drive over there it'll be just about half-past seven."

THERE seemed no special reason why they shouldn't go back to the James house for dinner, and finally they did so, but it was nearly eight when they arrived. "It's Bette's fault we're late, Cousin Louisa," Emily explained to Bette's mother. "She was the last one dressed; we all had to wait for her."

"You don't need to tell me," said Cousin Louisa. "I know my child."

From the first meeting Emily had been very much at home with the James family. They had welcomed her as kin, warmly, without formality. She had taken

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to Cousin Louisa, tall and thin and restless as a grasshopper, and likewise to Cousin Louisa's husband, Oscar James, a short round placid cushion for his wife's nerves; she had not had a moment's strangeness with either of them.

Tonight Cousin Louisa questioned them about their plans.

"I've looked a little for an apartment," said Emily. "But I'm not very good at it because I don't know much about the city, and everything seems so fearfully high-priced. I always brace myself for a shock when I ask the rent, and I always get it. It's been pretty hot, too—I didn't imagine it got so hot as this up here."

"I've been in New York two summers before this," said Malcolm, "and both years had a lot of hot days in July. But August'll cool you off, darling girl, and September, barring a few days, is usually grand."

"You don't want to keep on living at the hotel, of course?" asked Mrs. James, refusing to discuss the weather.

"I should say not; that's awfully expensive, and it's not living at all—not what I call living. We spent so much on our trip—"

"Isn't she just one of these wasteful little Southern girls! If a man isn't to spend something on his wedding trip—"

"Oh Mac, you were sweet, but it did seem an awful lot, for two weeks. We rode, and we rented a car, and—don't look at me like that, Mac; I won't say another word. Anyway, Bette thinks we might have a little apartment in the house where she and Andrew are going to live; she thinks she won't mind our being neighbors."

"And we're going to look at it tonight," called Bette from the other end of the table.

Malcolm's shoulders gave an impatient twitch; for the briefest of moments he pressed his lips together into a line uncommonly like his mother's. Emily saw and wondered. He hadn't, she recalled, been in the least enthusiastic about this idea of Bette's. There wouldn't be any opportunity to talk to him alone until they were on their way back to the city. So she made up her mind that she would be noncommittal.

IT WAS hard, though, for the apartment, when they finally got there to inspect it, was everything she wanted. There was space, there was privacy, there was air, and light and comfort. The price was not too high. "You'd better snap it up if you want it," warned Bette.

But Emily shook her head. "I can't be sure whether we ought to take the four- or the five-room one and I want to think about it overnight. I can phone in the morning."

When she and Malcolm were on the train, she asked: "What was the matter? I felt you didn't like it somehow; that was why I wouldn't say anything definite. Don't you want to be so close to Andrew and Bette?"

"Oh, I don't mind that; they're perfectly all right."

"But there was something—"

"See here, darling girl, don't you think we're pretty well off in the hotel? Why not wait till fall to get an apartment?"

"Well—if you want to. But an apartment has so much more room, and I'd love to keep house for you, Mac. I really can do it, you know. Why don't you want to try it? Tell me."

He looked away from her, out into the darkness beyond the lighted car window, and did not reply. She went on eagerly: "That four-room apartment is plenty big enough; perhaps later we can have a bigger one. And it's not expensive—a budget book I read said rent should be one-fourth the entire income. Don't laugh, Mac; I had to find out about things like that, because at home—well, at home you know we lived so come-day, go-day, never knowing how much we were going to have but feeling certain it wouldn't be much. And we could just about furnish four rooms with the money your mother gave us, and our presents."

Still he did not reply, and she waited, puzzled. There was something ominous about his silence. He seemed far away from her; she leaned toward him against his arm for reassurance of his nearness. And as he felt her arm against his he turned still farther away, but he spoke, gently, and yet quite distinctly and without the least expression in his voice:

"Darling girl, we've hardly got a nickel left of that furnishing money. We spent it on our honeymoon."

(This fine novel by the author of "Manhattan Mirage" grows rapidly in power. Watch for the next installment in our forthcoming September issue.)

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL

(Continued from page 96)

"Mary, I've a question," I interrupt. "It'll save you a lot of painful reminiscing. I'm not asking from idle curiosity. At what point did you cease to love him?"

How she might have answered I cannot guess. The bell rings from the entry.

"Botheration! Excuse me."

Mary vanishes into the hall.

"Oh, it's you!"

Her voice lowers and becomes secretive—evidently she hopes I'm not listening: "Uncle Biff's up here. I'm sure you won't want to. . . . . I agree with you. Not wise under the circumstances. . . . . Very well, then. Arranged. Toddle along."

She reënters, airy and innocent. I rise filled with apostolic fervor.

"I ought to tell you, Mary Angel, that I overheard you."

"What of it?"

"Only this: for some time I've known that there's a man who comes about you."

SHE laughs, at first chucklingly, then uproariously.

"Oh, you! To be suspicious!"

"But my dear girl!" I wonder whether I ought to warn her of the detectives who are watching her. "What I mean to say is that a child, married less than a year and estranged from her husband, should practice the utmost discretion."

"I do." She becomes wary. "I suppose, to set your mind at rest, I'll have to reveal the identity of my caller."

"You don't have to."

"Prepare yourself for a shock."

"Who is he?"

"She's the woman my daddy loves."

A lengthy pause.

"You're learning for the first time that he loves another woman?" she questions.

"I don't believe it," I burst out.

"Neither did I at first." She insinuates a cool hand into mine. "Now that I love her too, she seems quite natural—almost proper. But she enters my story later. Where were we?"

"I can't let things go at that!" I exclaim. "I gave up your mother; and now you tell me that your father never deserved her."

"Pardon me. I didn't. I implied that my mother never deserved my daddy. I remember where we were: Jeff had just told me that the paternal concern for his best interests had cut off his allowance. I hope you realize what that meant for us: we were three weeks married, and we hadn't a dollar bill in sight. The only strategy that our necessity suggested to us was to be as nice as we knew how to Mummy and Daddy in the hope that we might sweeten their embittered natures. To state matters crudely, by settling down on them, we believed that we could wear them out.

"We had another think coming. We occupied a room in their house and ate our meals with them, but they went about their business as if we were not there. At the end of a week Mummy cornered me.

" 'Made any plans? The landing on the second floor looks like an auction-room with all those boxes.'

"Funny that she should have compared the landing to an auction-room! It was the way it struck me who had been auctioned. The boxes contained a queer assortment of expensive rubbish. We hadn't been given brooms and kitchenware—the kind of presents that would have been useful to people in our stranded position; but gifts that had flattered the donors in the bestowal. Before we were married, detectives had been hired to guard them. They were just as valuable—we weren't; so there were no detectives. A parable!

" 'We'll be very grateful, Daddy and I,' Mummy ended, 'if you'll remove them.'

"When I told Jeff, we had our first quarrel.

" 'So your people are as shabby as mine!'

" 'They couldn't be.'

"Recriminations flew back and forth. How I had insulted his mother—from which I guessed he visited her secretly.

" 'Why shouldn't I?' he flamed. 'My parents mean no more to you than yours do to me; yet you compel me to live with yours.'

" 'Tough luck!' I sneered. 'Your parents would sooner shelter a stray cat.'

"Then with a shock we realized that we had been almost hating each other. We pledged ourselves that this should never happen again, however hard his parents or mine might goad us.

"Prudence demanded that we should vamose to neutral territory, even though the neutral territory took the form of a workman's tenement. From the day of our homecoming Jeff had been hunting a job. The limit of his earning capacity seemed to be thirty dollars. He called on many of the glad-hand artists who had

been guests at our wedding, hoping that they might harbor a kindness for him. They did, they assured him; but they divided their social from their business interests in water-tight compartments. He'd been at his best, they hinted, as an extra man on a stag line. For such services they had been willing to reward him with free champagne, a jazz band and their daughters' company. By marrying, he had damaged himself. What it came to was this: as a college man who hadn't specialized, he was a lily of the field, pleasant to look at but useless. So you see, Uncle Biff, we were a pair of decorations.

"AT last his former employers on Wall Street offered him his job back at the old figure, plus a small percentage. The percentage was based on new accounts he might bring to them. They had read reports of his wedding, and believed that he still moved in wealthy circles.

"Jeff confided: 'Of course they'll sack me when they find out; Heaven knows how we're going to exist on thirty bucks a week. We've both spent more than that in an evening on a dinner and theater tickets.'

"I was the one who saw daylight. I had heard, though I wasn't sure whether it was true, that fashionable stores made a practice of re-buying, at a discount, wedding presents which had been purchased from them. Were that the case, we could contrive to muddle along for half a year in this fantastic fashion.

"Immediately, in our own imaginations, we had become a young couple of established means and set to work inspecting apartments. A cart-before-the-horse procedure! As a rule, where one's going to live is settled before the nuptials.

"I won't bother you with details of our search or our stupefaction at the prices asked for rentals. The moment we saw this apartment, without a thought as to whether we could afford it, we fell for it.

"When Mummy heard that we had signed the lease, she became mildly curious. I allowed her to arrive at her own conclusions, which were that Mr. Stanhope was assisting. Her relief that she was getting rid of us and our boxes told me eloquently that her fear had been that our visit might have prolonged itself into a habit."

"One minute," I halt her. "How did you satisfy the landlord? He must have demanded an advance—some sort of security."

"I pawned a ring, since you have to be exact, and gave my daddy's name as reference. In the joy of our regained privacy, it really seemed that we had magically solved life's problems. We had nothing to do now, when we were hard up but to resell some of our presents to the stores at which they had been purchased."

She pauses, regarding me quizzically.

"I have the odd feeling, Unkie, that I'm boring you."

"I'm waiting, Mary, with an impatience which your self-centeredness is continually thwarting, to learn more about your father's—I scarcely know what to call her."

"Withhold your judgment, old dear. I perceive you're on the point of bursting. Take my case. I'd lived the abnormal round of a man-hunter, rising and going to bed at unseemly hours. I'd been wined and dined and flattered. The only excuse for my existence had been to rouse young men to passion. I had all day with nothing to do on my hands. You're about to tell me that I ought to have found plenty to occupy me in the execution of my wifely duties. I ought; but I didn't. Nothing in my experience had trained me for wifehood. All I had been taught was how to make the most of my appearance. The delicatessen store supplied our meals. I brought them home ready-cooked in paper bags. Shiftless! I'll say it was. But where's the good of accusing myself?

"The thought that rankled was that I'd ceased to be of importance. After having been invited everywhere, I was left out. When you marry, the world regards you as done and finished—leaves you to stew in your own juice, as it were. Of course the reason for this was that when we were entertained, we were expected to entertain back. We couldn't on our income. We hadn't realized that till now all our return entertaining had been done for us in the well-staffed, spacious establishments of our parents. As summer advanced and unmarried girls sailed for Europe or motored away to the seashore, I began to be filled with a sense of injustice. It seemed to me that I was being punished.

"Another knowledge crept into evidence—that neither Jeff nor I was as interesting to the other as we'd fancied. It takes a clever woman to be as intriguing to her husband as she was to the lover who stole kisses from her in a taxi.

"Lastly, there were our parents, with whom we each kept in secret touch.

"I could go on handing you reasons all evening for the chasm that was widening. And mind you, we weren't peculiar. The back streets of every city are jammed with ex-débutantes who fell from grace by doing precisely what I'd done—marrying. I'd joined the legion of the lost ones, the cohort of the damned, to quote the violent Mr. Kipling. Perhaps you recall the translation of Villon's poem, each verse ending with the refrain, 'But where are the snows of yester-year?' My dear Uncle, where are they—the girls who queened it in ballrooms, gave themselves to the one man who could make them happy, and instantly faded?

"I'M going to sum up by giving you four reasons for my losing Jeff. First, I'd picked up Mummy's attitude to Daddy—I regarded a husband as a self-appointed beast of burden. Second, while I thought that he owed it to me to be equipped to win success, I was perfectly contented to be inefficient. Third, though I was a wife, I couldn't rid myself of the habit of testing my powers of flirtation—in other words, while I loved Jeff to distraction, my instinct was to attract all and sundry, giving the impression that I was promiscuous. Fourth, I was a luxury, married to a luxury. I was an utterly futile luxury, at that—I couldn't sing, play the piano, read intelligently. My only attainment was to look beautiful—which must have grown a little tedious to a man who was going without his lunch that he might save a few more cents out of the thirty per week he earned.

"In July my people closed their house and set off for a two-months' tour of Canada. The Stanhopes stayed at home. I had nowhere to go now as a relief from monotony. Jeff's evasive answers after

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his visits to his parents, and my own guilty knowledge of the sort of questions mine had asked me, made me aware that I was being discussed continually to my disadvantage. Moreover, Jeff brought back with him an atmosphere of suspicion—almost of disloyalty. Things were going from bad to worse with us financially, when the worst happened. It was the slack season on Wall Street—midsummer, hot as pepper. One evening Jeff didn't return to dinner. I didn't hear his key in the latch till close on midnight. He'd received the sack. Instead of coming home with the news to me direct, he'd flown off to consult his father. Bit by bit I gouged the result of the consultation from him. His father was willing to see him through on one condition—that we broke up housekeeping, and until he was on his feet, I sat myself down on my parents.

"'Of course that's unthinkable,' Jeff said.

"It wasn't unthinkable to me. I argued the offer with myself for and against, for and against, all through the sweltering, never-ending night. I had meant to do so nobly by Jeff. Through my own fault or other people's—whose was of no consequence—I had only hampered him. If I insisted on digging my claws into him, I was stealing his last chance of redeeming himself.

"Next morning he set out again to see his father. I'd made up my mind. I wrote him the kind of letter that was calculated to make him hate me. There wasn't a word of truth in it. I told him that I'd married him for money; that I had another beau in sight. I wrote him, furthermore, that I would be absent from the apartment for two days and hoped to find him gone when I returned. But I indulged myself in a last revenge against my real enemy. Calling his mother on the phone, I told her, 'You sly old devil, you've worked the trick! Congratulations. You can have him. I don't want him.'

"Shoving my nightie and a large supply of handkerchiefs in a handbag, I pawned another piece of jewelry and took the train to Atlantic City."

"Why only a nightie and handkerchiefs?" I seek enlightenment.

"Stupid, why does one wear a nightie? The handkerchiefs were because I expected to do a lot of crying."

"So that's how it happened? He believed your letter? He'd vanished when you returned?"

"So that's how it happened, told in shorthand," she mimics me. "Now stir your stumps, Unkie. The hour's late, and you've been very annoying."

"But—" I protest.

She guesses what's coming.

"You'll make me mad if you delay," she threatens. Then relenting—"You shall hear about Father and *her* next time."

(The crisis of Mary Angel's curious story is told in the ensuing chapters, in the next, the September, issue.)

THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 52)

America came nearer. Nearer came the tempo of America, the hectic pulse, the sharp, clanking rhythm: Get busy—get a move on! And the air was crowded with crisscrossing overlapping wavelengths; messages zig-zagged and flashed: buy Arms — buy Standard Oil — buy damned near everything! We're due for a boom, boys! Watch the dough roll in! Because of that dinky little Balkan war? Ah, to hell with it—already almost forgotten! What do we care about those wops? But—conditions! General business conditions; Supernormalcy! And our wealth, our genius, our future—so sing the loud paean: "Indeed, but we are the People!" And get busy—buy—buy!

John Perrington also, caught the fever, talking with other passengers in the smoking-room, listened to with respect by men twice his age—partly because he had worth-while ideas about the money market, but chiefly because he was the son of the late Josiah C. Perrington. Even Clyde Andrews, the one radical aboard, who usually had not a good word for the national American abstraction known as millionaires, was disarmed at the sight of a concrete specimen of the hated, privileged class. It gave him a sort of vicarious thrill to be on speaking terms with a man who, without turning a hair, could radio to his brokers:

"Buy me seven thousand of this—and eleven thousand of that!"

John enjoyed the excitement. Gambling, after all, was in his blood.

He was of the Twentieth Century. He was Harvard-bred, smoothed down, ironed out, polite, at times slurring his *r's* and broadening his *a's*. But he was a descendant of that tough, careless race who hundreds of years earlier, when James the First was king, and Cape Cod the Ultima Thule, had made the terrible journey across an unknown Atlantic toward an unknown shore; whose blood, since *Mayflower* days, had mulched the ground from Maine to Texas; who rifle in arm and knife in boot, had ever followed the shifting frontier, to see what was going on beyond the ranges, to listen to the calls of the wilderness gods, to pioneer and fight and build and trade—and always to toss dice with Fate, staking their money and their lives.

A gambler, because he was an American; a shrewd-enough gambler; and in this, too, was he American, that, a profit prosaically made, he proceeded to spend it romantically—on his wife.

"We'll go to Fifth Avenue as soon as we land—day after tomorrow," he told her. "You like pearls?"

"I love them."

"All right. I'll buy you a yard or two—and I'll throw in a diamond ring if U. S. Steel goes up another ten points."

He laughed. He was very happy. Life was giving him double handfuls of its choicest gifts: love and success.

HE left to send further instructions to his broker; and so he was not there when, some minutes later, a steward brought a radio message to Fathma, who was sunning herself in her chair on the promenade deck.

She opened the envelope, read, and murmured: "Oh!"

Gordon Davies was passing. He noticed that she was disturbed, and sat down beside her.

"What's the matter, honey?" came his soft Virginian drawl that, occasionally, mated so oddly with his modern, Broadwayized idiom. "Anything happened?"

"No, no!"—impatiently, wishing he would go away and leave her alone.

He pointed at the typewritten sheet.

"Something must have happened," he insisted. "Bad news from home?"

Finally, rather ungraciously, she told him. The radiogram was from her brother. The war in the Balkans, Shukri Yar sent word, might draw Turkey into the arena. Kemal Pasha was preparing; and her brother had been ordered to remain in Europe, to be ready for active service.

It cut another link with her fatherland. It upset her. But this she did not confide to Gordon Davies.

He guessed it, though. He looked at her. He was silent for a moment or two.

These last few days Fathma had been steadily growing into his consciousness; not yet, precisely, his sensual or sentimental consciousness, but very close to the danger-line. For he had not been able to deny speculation within himself where she was concerned. Nor had he been able to deny the sensation of distance, of subtle remoteness, between him and her.

Now, as he looked at her sideways, as he noticed that she had nearly forgotten his presence, he understood, even more than before, that this remoteness was of her willing and making—that, in other words, she disliked him; and the realization hurt him like a bodily pain; and by this he knew that he cared for her more than he liked to admit.

This caring for her was almost—he searched for a word—yes, almost impersonal.

Impersonal caring?

Impersonal—love?

Formerly he had laughed at the idea. *Impersonal* included *non-physical*. He had always been strongly physical, had always been firmly on earth with both feet, had always had the conviction that everything of value—love above all else—must spring from earth, from fact, from actuality, or else remain incomplete, ineffective and ludicrous.

Yet it was so. There was no temptation to be conquered, since there was no temptation.

He wondered why, sardonically amused at himself.

It was not because John Perrington was his friend. For more than once, in the past, Gordon Davies had put love above friendship. He had proclaimed from the roof-top that a man must fight to hold his woman, and that it was his own fault, not hers, nor the other man's, if he lost her.

Besides, he had been born without the faculty of moral indignation. His thoughts on the matter were very simple:

"It's human nature."

Was it, perhaps, old age creeping in, hardening his arteries and scotching his passions?

No, he replied to his question. It was not old age, that sad, quick, cruel transition from manhood to memories. There was still, deep down within him, the lava of desire boiling darkly and threateningly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

It was there, this impersonal, platonic affection, whatever the reason.

He turned to Fathma. He spoke very suddenly; said what a thousand men have said to a thousand women, and meant every last word:

"I'm going to tell you something. I—I like you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. If ever you're in trouble, send me word—write, wire, phone—and I'll come to you. I'll burn up the miles—I'll come to you at once."

He walked away without waiting for an answer, and she stared after him, disliking him as much as ever, yet curiously convinced that he had spoken the truth.

Presently she went to her stateroom to pack. For the ship was due to land in another twenty-four hours. Already the passengers were exchanging visiting-cards which would be thrown away, and telephone-numbers which would not be remembered, and promises to write which would not be kept; were beginning to re-establish democracy's strict social lines that divide a wholesale grocer from a retail grocer, and a Cabot from a Kabottsky—lines almost as rigid as Hindu caste-laws—lines which had been partly neglected in the humanizing influence of the ocean voyage.

SO the next day came; and with John by her side, Fathma leaned over the top deck gunwale, looking out to where the noon sun was dimmed by a gauzelike fog. It lifted suddenly, and minute by minute, Manhattan jerked more sharply into the focus. Nearer and nearer it came, until she could see the details—and all about her chattering, laughing, gossiping men and women, picking out familiar landmarks and swapping local boasts, while the *Arragonia* cut like a knife through the North River.

The roofs of the city were bathed in crimson and purple light. The windows flashed with a million dazzling reflections. The skyscrapers reached up like a forest of eager lances. The whole was New York on a perfect day in early summer: a city of brass and gold and copper, hard, shimmering, massive, braggart, like the legendary town which the Titans once forged out of the molten fragments of a forgotten world—much more beautiful than Fathma had imagined, and imbued with a sensation of tyrannic, appalling, rather brutal mastery.

She was excited. Yet her excitement was not violent. It seemed like a delicate network of feelers connecting her with this great, proud, motley New World which lay there at her feet—"waiting for me, expecting me," the queer imagining came to her.

"It's swell, isn't it?" asked John happily.

She turned to him her small, disturbed face, and spoke, her accent more markedly foreign than he had ever before heard:

"It is beautiful—too beautiful. And it frightens me—a little."

He was puzzled.

"Frightens you?"

"Yes."

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, you see—this town, this America, perhaps it will hate me."

Her hand, lying on the curve of his arm, tightened. He put his free hand over it tenderly, with reassurance.

"Don't you believe it!" he told her. "New York will love you—and you will love New York. It'll be strange to you, at first. But you'll get used to it."

"More's the pity!" interrupted Gordon Davies—for no reason at all, as far as John could discover.

A SHORT time later, bullied and elbowed by a couple of wheezy little tugs, the *Arragonia* backed into her dock slips with a clanking of chains, a rasping and scraping of boards, and an officer's emphatic shout:

"Everybody ashore!"

The passengers walked down the gangplank, John and Fathma among them.

With the stealthy, unreasonable feeling of guilt that is ever engendered by blue coats and brass buttons, Mr. and Mrs. Perrington submitted to the ordeal of the Customs inspection. They submitted, too, to the ordeal of clicking cameras and curious reporters; reporters who—they never knew how it happened—presently found themselves interviewing, instead of their chosen victims, a middle-aged, suave Virginian gentleman who told them things that sounded charming as well as important when pronounced in his Southern drawl, and that had practically no meaning when, half an hour later, they tried to transfer them to the typewritten page.

"Thanks, old man," John whispered to Gordon Davies.

He piloted his wife from the Customs shed to an enormous barn-like structure, steel-beamed, steel-walled, flush with the street. There people waited for returning relatives and friends; and out of the crowd stepped a woman.

She cried:

"Hello, darling!"

She threw her arms around John and kissed him—while Fathma drew in her breath, startled, taken aback.

She looked at the woman.

The latter seemed amazingly young, amazingly slender, amazingly red-haired, with a pert round face painted as a doll's, lips like all midsummer's roses, and dressed with that ultra-Paris smartness which—for some reason known to scientific research—can only be created by Russian Jews who have starved their way from their miserable native villages, via the East Side and Fourteenth Street, to Madison Avenue and Fifth.

FATHMA was hurt, jealous, angry. She wondered—who was this woman? Then she heard John's laughing voice:

"Fathma, this is Mother."

"Wh-what?" stammered Fathma. "Your—mother?"

"Who else?"

"Oh—"

Mrs. Josiah C. Perrington smiled. In the other's exclamation she read surprise and utter incredulity—read, furthermore, a quite ingenuous and therefore delightful compliment to herself; and having gone to the pier prepared to dislike her exotic daughter-in-law, now changed her mind.

She kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"My dear," she said, and it sounded rather like a weighty decision of the Supreme Court, "you are perfectly charming."

Then, in masterly fashion, people to both sides receding instinctively, she led the way to a closed car.

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Chapter Nine

MRS. JOSIAH C. PERRINGTON, New Yorker and Knickerbocker, was a direct descendant of a certain Dirk DeWitt Van Tuyl who, in the early Seventeenth Century, had been a Dutch shipmaster out of Rotterdam, had fought his stout little sloop, armed with a single brass swivel cannon, against a grand, painted and gilt Spanish privateer that mounted eighteen pieces, had rammed and sunk her, and had wound up the morning's entertainment by hanging the surviving dons from the yardarm, smoking his long churchwarden pipe the while, and giving guttural, heartfelt thanks to his uncompromisingly Lutheran God.

In token of this Dirk Van Tuyl there was, ready for the immediate usage of Mrs. Perrington's everyday, psychic ego, a great deal of hard-headed, hard-boiled common sense, of domineering ruthlessness, even of intolerance, and a belief in the sacred prerogatives of her class so strong as to be almost religious.

But she had other strains, besides that of the Dutch patroon, in her racial mosaic.

To mention just a couple:

There had been a Sir Septimus Crosley of Crosley Hall, in pleasant Sussex, a Jacobite cavalier who had toasted the King over the Water and had died on the gallows in London with a smile in his eyes and a curse on all Cromwellian Roundheads curling his lips; and a younger son of baronial Lancashire stock who, having killed his half-brother in a duel for the sake of a very beautiful woman with passionate eyes and a stony, chilly heart, had fled to the American colonies, had traded in the Far West when the southern shore of Lake Huron went by that name, and was reputed, by family legend, to have had the finest collection of personally taken redskin scalps between Albany and Bowling Green.

From these ancestors, too, Mrs. Perrington had inherited a baker's dozen of qualities: chiefly a not inconsiderable, facile charm, a graciousness and pungent wit and well-bred effrontery, and finally, her determination to keep in step with the world at large—to bob her hair when bobbing was the style; to wear her skirts to the precise degree of daring shortness; to try successfully and not in the least ridiculously—to look more like her own future granddaughter than like her own late grandmother.

Straight through, she was American—so intensely American that she had never been in Europe, preferring, as she expressed it, to be overcharged by native-born robbers in the resorts of California, Florida and Maine.

SHE was going to Maine tomorrow, she told her son—to open her place at Bar Harbor; and beginning to take the young couple in hand, she added:

"Your bachelor apartment is too small for you and your wife."

"I know, Mother. I thought a hotel—"

"Nothing of the kind."

"But—"

"You've no regard for money, John."

"And I would like to keep house," interrupted Fathma.

Mrs. Perrington smiled Napoleonic approval upon her daughter-in-law, while John said:

"Very well. We'll go apartment-hunting in a day or two. In the meantime the Ritz will do."

"Neither the one nor the other," pronounced his mother. "You are coming straight with me to my place. You'll live there—and as soon as the heat gets too much for your wife, you can have my villa at Southampton." She turned to Fathma. "About a wedding present—I'll let you have my second string of pearls."

"Thank you so much," said Fathma. "But—"

"Don't you like pearls?"

"John was going to buy me some."

The older woman shook her head.

"He'll buy you something else," she decided. "Incidentally, some people are coming to the house tonight, John. Uncle Lothrop and that dreadful new wife of his—I never did understand why he married her; she isn't even faithful to him—"

"Mother!"

"She isn't! And Mr. and Mrs. Hackett are coming, and their daughter. She'll be very disagreeable to you, Fathma—very catty."

"Why?"

"Because Harriet Hackett marked your husband down as her legitimate prey—was quite sure he'd marry her."

"Please—" protested John.

"Why lie about it? Fathma might as well be forewarned when she meets Harriet." She smiled at the younger woman, who smiled back, strangely not jealous at that moment. "We'll have a couple of tables of bridge—contract. You play contract, don't you; Fathma?"

"I do not know any card games. You see, in Turkey—"

"You still go in for checkers and tiddle-de-winks? Well—it's hard to remember that you're a Turk. I had an idea all Turks were fat."

She laughed. So did Fathma. And curiously, John felt as if he had been left out in the cold, alone, by these two women, his wife and his mother was, on the other hand, relieved when he saw how well they were getting on.

"You must learn bridge, my dear," Mrs. Perrington went on. "Why, not to know how—it's almost a reflection on your character."

THEY were silent, because of the roaring traffic noise, as the car rolled down Forty-second Street.

Fathma looked out at New York's panorama. She recalled her last morning in Stamboul.

A panorama, too. But so different.

She was interested, delighted. Men and women in an unending stream, the women as free and independent as the men. No beggars. An aura of prosperity. Silk stockings, summer furs, straw hats. The sun in bright slivers on the hard paint of taxicabs and limousines; coloring the arrogant buildings, piled like pyramids upon pyramids, until they dripped with blue and silver and gold. A symphony of smells: singed shoe leather, sweat, gasoline, mint, talcum powder—rising like a fog up to the bright sky. Against the sky a fretwork of letter signs and water tanks and ventilators and fire escapes. And, caught between block and block, the rows of motor cars, seven deep, four abreast, waiting for the switch from red light to green, then leaping forward like animals, mudguard scraping against mudguard, engines hot, purring exhausts reeking, gears screeching into first.

A mad city—incredible—Babylon mated to a three-ring circus.

Then the car turned the corner. It grew more quiet, and the streets less crowded as they reached the East Fifties, where Mrs. Perrington had a triplex penthouse on the nineteenth floor.

IT was a very large place, in exquisite taste, in a simplified Louis Seize, complete from cornices to dadoes, from paneled, painted doors to half-moon consoles, from marquetry commodes to needlepoint chairs, from straight-hanging draperies in apricot satin to Savonnerie carpets and dainty Saxe figurines.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Fathma.

"Ought to be," came her mother-in-law's dry comment. "Shirley Frisby did the decorating and furnishing—and she charged me a pretty penny."

They went to the top floor, where Mrs. Perrington showed them into a charming suite of four rooms.

"Yours, children," she told them, "until you need more space."

"Plenty large enough," said John.

"For a while, until—" The older woman interrupted herself and looked straight at Fathma. "Tell me—have you decided to wait, or to have them right away?"

"What?" demanded John.

"Children," his mother replied. "In my family we always have children right away. We think it's better form."

"I agree with you," said Fathma.

She spoke calmly—while John, like so many men before and since, was embarrassed at woman's frankness in matters biological; felt again, somehow, as if he had been left out in the cold, alone. But the thought did not hurt. It amused him. He was even more amused when, presently, the two started on an intricate, technical discussion of household problems, comparing American and Moslem methods, and looked at him in a bored, superior sort of way, inviting him wordlessly to leave them to their affairs of state.

He went off, whistling.

Oh, yes, he told himself, his mother and his wife were getting on famously, so famously that, in the evening, they disappointed the friends and relatives who had expected to see an armed truce, and beheld, instead, the beginning of an evidently solid friendship between Mrs. Perrington, Sr., and Mrs. Perrington, Jr.

The Hacketts arrived first.

The parents were well-bred nonentities. Harriet, the daughter, was a girl of quite surpassing loveliness—the kind which, to the sentimental male, makes an appeal almost painful in its intensity. Yet her large, wistful, frightened eyes, her golden fairness, her fragility—all gave the lie to the inner woman. She was neither fragile nor wistful nor frightened. Her mind was effulgent, sharp, selfish; and a year at Roedean, the English finishing school, had taught her a rude directness worthy of a British dowager duchess.

She used this directness tonight, shortly after she met Fathma. She looked her up and down, then remarked:

"How shatteringly odd!"

"Who?"

"You, my dear. I had fully expected to

find you—oh, with rings on your fingers and bells on your toes—and a diamond nose stud—and those comic, loose trousers. And really—you seem quite civilized—quite disappointing."

Fathma smiled. The other was jealous, she considered, because she had wanted to marry John and had lost out.

Her reply was spirited:

"You too are disappointing."

"Oh?"

"Yes. You see, I had expected to find you an American Indian—in a feather bonnet, and tattooed—"

"And brandishing a tomahawk," cut in Mrs. Perrington, "and scalping her opponents. And you are right. Darling Harriet is always on the warpath—against other women."

SO, in Harriet Hackett, Fathma made her first enemy. She made her second in Mrs. Lothrop Standing, who came in not long afterward, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Perrington's cousin and, incidentally, the president of the Engineers' and Builders' National Bank, where John was employed.

Lothrop Standing, born to great riches, had accumulated more, chiefly because his was the gift of waiting until he got what he was after and then, at once, without wasting a moment, beginning to wait for the next thing. He had, furthermore, an astonishing aptitude for dealing with men.

Thus, on Wall Street, he was a major god. But not on Park Avenue.

For while he understood men, he did not understand women. In his relations to the latter he had never passed beyond the sophomoric stage, was naïvely, chivalrously credulous and almost invariably wrong. A spectacled, paunchy, clean-shaven Sir Galahad, he idealized and sentimentalized them all, from a waitress at Childs' to a Broadway chorus-girl.

He had been twice divorced, and had recently married for the third time.

The new Mrs. Standing was a professional singer more notorious than famous in the concert halls of two continents. She was a woman temperamentally unfit to be loyal to anyone; a woman still beautiful, although—to quote Gordon Davies—her hair was as false as her voice.

She proved both her tactlessness and her ignorance that night when, over coffee and cigarettes, she turned suddenly to Fathma and demanded:

"Tell me, my dear—I've been wanting to ask you—but is it true that you Turks, you Mohammedans, kill all Christians?"

Fathma thought it was a joke. She laughed frankly—and as frankly, Mrs. Standing was shocked.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Does this sort of outrage amuse you? You—oh, you *are* a Turk!"

Then Fathma realized that the other was serious. She grew excited. For she loved her country, and from her father and her old governess, was familiar with its history, its true history, untainted by European propaganda.

She knew how, in the past, Turkey had committed tragic errors, had oppressed racial and religious minorities. But she knew, too, that Christianity was just as guilty—that Spain had persecuted and burned on the stake Moors and South American Indians, that England had brutally ill-used the Irish Catholics, France the Huguenots, Germany the Poles and Alsatians, and Russia and Rumania the Jews. She knew, furthermore, that, on the other hand, throughout the centuries, the Osmanli sultans had given asylum to people harassed by alien lands: to the Spanish Jews driven out by King Ferdinand; to hundreds of thousands of dissenting Christians hounded by the Hapsburgs; to her own tribesmen, the Circassians, after the Tsars had stolen their hills.

All this she knew. She spoke of it, expressing herself well and fluently. And John was proud of her. He applauded and laughed—but did not laugh a moment later.

For when she had finished, Mrs. Standing declared, calmly and fatuously:

"Of course, my dear, I don't believe a word of what you've been telling us."

At which Fathma became thoroughly exasperated, and with that sudden blunt, diamond-hard forthrightness inherited from her father, replied:

"We have a proverb in Turkish that the wise are taught with a wink—the fools with a kick."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Standing.

Then embarrassed silence dropped; and not long afterward, the party broke up.

Mrs. Perrington kissed her daughter-in-law.

"My child," she said, "you must write down for me a few of your Turkish proverbs. They'll come in handy when I play bridge with certain people."

She went off to bed, very much amused. But John was not.

"You were terribly outspoken to Mrs. Standing," he told Fathma.

"Can you blame me? She was rude to me."

"I know. Still—her husband is my boss."

"Boss?" echoed Fathma, puzzled at the word.

"My employer."

"I see. But—*she* is not your boss."

"But she's her husband's boss."

"Do women interfere in business—in America?"

"Whenever they can get away with it. Never mind. I'll try and make my peace with Uncle Lothrop. Only next time—"

"I shall be more patient," promised Fathma.

THE following morning they had an early breakfast, for Mrs. Pennington was taking the nine o'clock train to Bar Harbor. As a final token of her affection for her daughter-in-law, she left three of her servants behind, including Ernestine, the old German cook, who took an immediate liking to Fathma.

For an hour later, when John had gone to the bank and Ernestine asked her new mistress what was wanted for lunch and dinner, Fathma said to her:

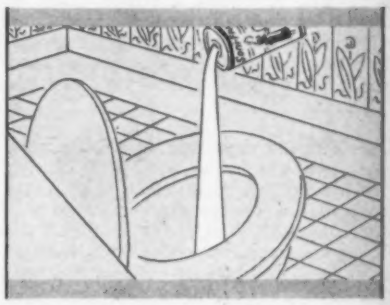
"I shall go with you. I like shopping—and I must get used to American ways."

Here was a *Hausfrau* after Ernestine's own heart.

"*Ach*," she confided to the kitchen maid, who was also German, "*die junge Frau, die Türkin, sie ist ein süsses Kind—und gar nicht dumm.*"

So too, the shopkeepers on Third Avenue decided, since Fathma was a shrewd bargainer, familiar with the eternal whine of the Stamboul bazaar merchants:

What could be simpler?



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WEEKLY PAY

"Cheap! Cheap! Three for five piastres! I am losing money on the transaction, O my sister! May I eat dirt, may I not be father to my sons, if I lie!"

The New York grocers and butchers were less florid in their language, but the meaning was the same; and Fathma was their equal; and when they reached home, Ernestine, producing a large basket of vegetables, was bursting with pride.

"Twenty cents cheaper than I myself could have bought it!" she announced to the kitchen maid. *"Ach Gott—so ein süsses Kind!"*

BUT, a few days later, in a department store where she went with Shirley Frisby, Fathma met defeat. For when, told that a certain dress material was three dollars a yard, she promptly offered two dollars and thirty-nine cents, the languid, haughty young lady behind the counter stared at her as if she were demented, and whispered to the girl by her side:

"Aint them foreigners got the gall!"

Fathma overheard. She laughed. She did not mind. She was having a good time, was thrilled and excited at the wealth displayed—at the careless pushing, pressing, crowding, the freedom of the women who shopped and those who waited on them — the wise-cracks, the bantering, slangy talk:

"Say! That blue serge'll look swell on you—"

"Nothing doin'. The boy friend don't like blue."

"Gotta new boy friend?"

"You've said it!"

A symphony of voices—of "sez he" and "sez she" and "cutie" and "girlie" and "dearie." Much of it was unintelligible to Fathma, but she enjoyed it.

Freedom in the sounds, freedom in the air—no stifling, swathing face-veil. Islam seemed far away.

"Oh," she told John that night, "it is wonderful!"

"What?"

"New York. America."

"Not half as wonderful as you!"

"Not one fourth as wonderful as you!"

"Dear, silly Fathma!"

"Dear, silly John!"

"I love you!"

"And I love you!"

"I love you more than you love me!"

"You are a liar!"

"You are a bigger liar!"

"Good night, my dearest!"

"Good night, my dearest dear!"

SHE was happy. So was he. His "She's all the world to me" meant also, "I'm all the world to her." Yet this realization did not include the feeling of rest and finality which love brings to most men. She was, somehow, still alien to him—with a queer sense of elusiveness, a sensation that, though he held her, she yet slipped between his fingers—not escaping him, but having the power to escape.

"I can't get her—quite," he thought. "Some part of her isn't mine—yet."

So June slipped into July, and New York emptied of people, Gordon Davies going to Colorado, the Frisby girls to New Hampshire, nearly all their other friends leaving town, driven out by the heat—a fantastic, brutish heat.

There was the villa at Southampton, the cool beach. But John would not be able to get away except for occasional week-ends, since Lothrop Standing was putting the finishing touches on a merger between his own bank and a great trust company; and Fathma refused to go to Long Island alone.

"I am still not quite Americanized enough," she explained to her husband, "not quite in the swim."

Besides, she did not mind the heat; it was not as bad as in Stamboul, and their apartment was comfortable enough, the terrace reminding her of the roof-top in her father's house.

They would sit there, happy and content; and it was in August that suddenly, one night, she said to him:

"John—do you like babies?"

He looked at her.

"Oh," he stammered, "you think that—"

"Yes, dear."

He kissed her.

Shortly afterward he went into the apartment to get a cigarette. When he returned, he found her on her knees, facing the East. She was praying in Turkish:

"Dear Lord Allah, Lord of Daybreak, King of the Day of Judgment, grant Thou that our child be a man-child—handsome and strong and without a blemish."

She rose.

"What were you saying?" John asked her.

"I was praying for a man-child—a son."

He laughed.

"Don't be so picky and choosy! I guess I'd love a little daughter just as much."

"Not I!" she said calmly.

"Eh?"

"I am a Moslem—I want a son! A son gives meaning to the house! A daughter does not!"

He stared at her. Again, more sharply, he was conscious of the sensation of elusiveness, of distance.

(This marriage of East and West comes to specially significant episodes in the ensuing chapters—in the next, the September, issue.)

THE POINT OF CONTACT

(Continued from page 84)

bedrooms. Miss Elliott's Aunt Hattie, a well-upholstered, amiable old soul, is on the stoop waiting for us.

"Listen, sap," says I to Speed when we goes into one of the bedrooms to change. "Lay off that Helen hoop-là. If I were you, I'd let lying dogs sleep. Did you have to be shocked at her marriage?"

"No," returns Phil, "but it's always a safe bet to be shocked at anything your relatives do."

"Maybe," I growls, "but it didn't seem to be a safe bet in this instance. Watch your step, baby! I can't always be asking if the water is as wet today as usual."

"Vary it," grins Speed, "by inquiring if they've had the customary amount of weather this summer."

AFTER a bit Bessie and Phil drop down to the river for a swim while I keep the antique aunt company. The gal's no Gertrude Ederle in the drink, but her new little playmate is, and he devotes himself to teaching her the tricks of the pastime.

"Mr. Speed seems to be a very nice young man," remarks Aunt Hattie. "Bessie thinks he's quite clever."

"He is that," I agrees warmly. "Few things are hidden from him, and those few not for long. Did you know he'd been chosen by the Electoral College as the American youth most likely to succeed?"

"Indeed?" she murmurs. "I understand he's doing some work for the Government. What sort of work is it?"

"I'm sorry," says I, "but I can't tell you much about it. Phil's on confidential business—under secret orders, so to speak. Are you familiar with the Hawley-Smoot tariff schedules on mascara paste, eyebrow-tweezers and invisible nail polish?"

"I'm afraid not," returns Hattie.

"That's unfortunate," I observes sadly, "but I can tell you this in the strictest sub-rosa. There is a conspiracy abroad to ruin the complexion of American womanhood. To this end inferior cosmetics are being dumped into the United States from Afghanistan, Bolivia, Turkestan, some parts of Latvia, Japan and other countries that wish us ill. Unable to strike at us financially or belligerently, they have formed a vicious plot to strike at our most valuable possession—the beauty of our women, God bless 'em!"

"What," inquires the old gal, "is Mr. Speed doing about it?"

"He's making a survey," I explains, "of the stocks in the larger department stores of the United States to learn how much of the poisonous foreign stuff has been distributed among them—"

"I hope," flutters Aunt Hattie, "he'll find none at Brace Brothers."

"I hope so too," says I, "but unfortunately a number of American firms with foreign connections have lent themselves to the intrigue—not concerns, of course, like Fisher and Jones, Daley and Company—"

"What are you two talking about?" cuts in Miss Elliott. She and Speed have come dripping to the top of the stairs.

"Oh, this, those and them," I comes back, winking broadly at Aunt Hattie. "How's the water?"

"Quite wet," laughs Bessie. Suddenly she shades her eyes and peers across the river. "Somebody's wigwagging to us. I'll go see who it is."

With a sinking feeling and a premonition of grief, I watches her trip down the steps and into the canoe.

"Ten to one," I whispers to Phil, "it's Jeff Hamilton."

"That would be lovely," he grins.

SURE enough, it's Hamilton. The look of surprise at seeing me at the camp turns into a dark scowl when he sights the boy friend.

"This is Mr. Speed," introduces Miss Elliott.

"I've had the pleasure," says Phil. "We bumped into each other on the train coming to St. Louis."

"Yeh," mumbles Jeff, "and I hope to have the pleasure of bumping into you again soon."

"Mr. Speed," explains Bessie, "is getting up some data on cosmetics for the

Government. You might be able to help him."

"I'd love to," says Hamilton, his lamps narrowing. "What kind of information is he after?"

"It's a great secret," simpers Aunt Hattie, "but it's—"

"Sh!" I cautions her.

"What's that between you and the old jane?" asks Speed when the others walk into the shack.

"Nothing," says I. "I've just been handing her some hoosh and brightening up the corner where you are. Did you know that Bessie thinks you're clever?"

"She and me, both," returns Phil, "but I'll let you know about the degree a little later."

Miss Elliott plays no favorites as between Speed and Hamilton. That seems to be quite satisfactory to Phil, but it doesn't get any dimpled grins out of Jeff. As for me, I'm allowed to carry on with Aunt Hattie, unopposed.

"Mr. Hamilton doesn't seem to like your friend," she remarks.

"There's a reason," says I significantly.

"A reason?" repeats Aunt Hattie. "Is Mr. Hamilton's firm one of those which Mr. Speed is investigating?"

"Please," I begs.

"You can tell me," she persists. "I never did care for Jeff Hamilton, and I wouldn't put anything past him."

"Let's talk about something else," I suggests in a rather panicky tone of voice. "Phil would never forgive me—"

Towards dinner-time we all get dressed for no reason at all, Bessie blossoming out in a summery layout that makes her look good enough to have a justifiable complaint against bathing-suits. Aunt Hattie does all the heavy work around the table.

"We're out of coffee," she announces in the midst of the clatter.

"I'll get it," says Miss Elliott. "Who wants to paddle me over to the village?"

"First!" shouts Speed, but Hamilton's response is just about as quick.

"You can both man the galley," laughs Bessie. "Mr. McDermott," she adds with a glance toward me, "just can't tear himself away from Aunt Hattie."

"No, indeed," says I. "I'll stay here and grind the coffee so it'll be all ready when you get back."

I watches the departure of the three from the porch. Phil and Jeff each grab a paddle, and the craft shoots into the current. There's a fast one running, and it takes everything the boys have to keep from sliding downstream. I'm about to vacate my perch and return to the house when the canoe takes a crazy swing, and the next thing I know, it's bottoms up.

FOR a moment I stands dazed, wondering what to do; then I decides there's nothing I can do. The upturned boat's been swept away in a swirl, and in the growing twilight I picks out three figures bobbing about in the water. Quickly the picture dissolves into action.

Hamilton's racing frantically toward the shore, while behind him is Speed, supporting the sagging form of Miss Elliott and finding the going tough. Phil was dead right about the streak in Jeff.

"Get out some dry clothes," I yelps in to Aunt Hattie. "There's been an accident." And I dashes down to the beach.

When I gets there, Hamilton's close enough to the shore to get a footing in the sand bottom, but Speed's still battling in deep water. Paying no attention to Jeff, who's thrown himself to the ground in a state of collapse, I walks out into the stream as far as I can.

FOOT by foot Phil works toward me, and finally achieves contact. I takes his burden from him, carries her to the beach, up the stairs and into the shack. Close behind me is Speed. A little later Hamilton joins us on the porch.

"It was all your fault," he snarls at Speed, and makes a threatening movement towards the kid.

"Shake the water out of your ears," snaps Phil, pushing him away. "It's gotten into your brains."

"Both of you change your clothes," I barks, "and cut out the gab. We'll fix the responsibility later."

It's some time before the three are visible again. Bessie's got a becoming gown on, but her hair's a tangle and her complexion a mottled, sickly-looking gray.

"Thank you," she says simply to Speed. "I must be a beautiful sight," she adds with a rueful laugh. "And the worst of it is, I can't do a thing about it. My compact and everything else went down with the hand-bag."

"Just a moment," interjects Phil, and dashes into the bedroom where he'd changed. In a second or two he's back with a case—one of the cosmetic cases we sample the trade with. Miss Elliott takes it with a questioning smile, and is about to say something to Speed when Hamilton thrusts his sullen pan between them.

"Why are you making such a hero out of him?" he flares. "He turned the canoe over, and—"

"Perhaps," cuts in Bessie coldly. "But he didn't turn away from me to save himself . . . . . What's this?"

"The lost has been found," bows Phil. "Open it."

"Powder!" gasps Miss Elliott. "Lipstick! Rouge! Why, these are all Daley products!"

"Yes," says Speed, looking steadily into her big blues. "I sell for Daley. Will you accept the case with my compliments?"

"Gladly," returns Bessie, looking right back into Phil's grays. "It's a very attractive line. Could you arrange to discuss it with me at the store on Monday?"

"Swell chance!" sneers Jeff. "The Braces would throw both of you out on the street—"

"They would, would they?" snaps Miss Elliott. "Have you an order-blank with you now, Phil? I've been thinking of making a change—"

"And a good thing, too," chimes in Aunt Hattie, who has only a vague idea of what it's all about. "The Daley people aren't being investigated by Government detectives, anyhow."

"I suppose," I remarks to Speed after a bit, "you knew, before we came out, that all this was going to happen?"

"No," says he. "But I wasn't surprised when the canoe turned over."

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WOODEN SHOES

(Continued from page 45)

aren't used to her. She never makes much fuss about anyone. Never kissed one of us in her life, I guess, except maybe the kid sister when she was real small."

Jerry felt alone and scared all the way home. When they got to her room, Joe said: "You go in and get ready for bed. I'll wait out here on the landing. When you're in bed, you call me. I'd like to kiss you good night like that."

"All right," said Jerry.

She hung up her clothes in the closet and slipped on her nightgown. She folded the couch cover and put it on the chair, but it was hard to get the ends together because she was trembling, and it was big. She got into bed.

"All right," she called.

Joe came in; he turned off the light and knelt down beside the bed. "Good night, darling," he said. "Dream about us." He kissed her eyes shut, gently. All her loneliness went away. His tenderness was like a lovely cloak, wrapping her all around. She heard the door close behind him.

JERRY told Bee the next morning when they were making the coffee.

"Bee," she said, "Joe Nolan and I are going to get married."

"My God!" said Bee. "Has he got any money besides his chorus pay?"

"No," said Jerry, "but I'm working too."

"Listen, kid!" Bee turned around from the gas-ring. "You're new to this game, and the first hoofer who gets crazy about you, why, you're all set to marry him. Take my advice—don't."

"He isn't the first hoofer who got crazy about me," said Jerry. "He's Joe."

"Yeah. And mine was Jack. What a prize I drew! Oh, he was a dandy! Good-looking. Curly hair and dimples, and manners. He was polite. Getting up when I'd come into the room. Helping me off street-cars. I married a good-looking face, and that's all I got, too. He used to drink his meals, that boy—lie on the bed smoking, and nursing a bottle of cut Scotch. I worked my hands off for him. He hit me once, and I quit him. I tell you, kid, you don't know when you're well off. Now you're free—you make money, and you can spend it—do what you want! If you don't feel like cooking, you can drop around the corner and buy yourself a meal. Marry this kid, and what happens? The show closes, maybe, and then you can begin washing out your own underwear, and his too. Next thing you know, a kid's coming along, and then you're finished—tied to some one."

"Well," said Jerry, "it won't be like that with us."

"You don't think so. Do you suppose I thought, when Jack and I got married, he could ever hit me?"

"We wondered if you'd mind finding a place," said Jerry. "We'd like to have this room."

"One room and a gas-ring. That's a palace, all right," said Bee.

"It'll do for now," said Jerry. "Later when we're both making more, we'll get a real apartment."

"Gee, kid!" said Bee. "Honest, you don't know what you're doing."

"Yes, I do," said Jerry. "Will it be all right about the room?"

HER mother wrote to her, a dreadful letter, page after page. It was just because she didn't know Joe, but it made Jerry feel sorry not to have her understand how things were with them.

"Who is this young man? From what you write, you have just met him. You know nothing about his way of life or his character. You told me nothing in your letter. Emily, are you sure that he is a good man? I can't believe you have given this enough thought. Your letter made your father and me very unhappy. I have prayed every night for my little girl. You have always gone your own way. May God keep you from unhappiness! If this boy had the proper respect for you, he would not have spoken so soon; he would not suggest your marrying until he had spoken to your father. Marriage is serious, Emily. If it is a decent marriage, it is a marriage for life. You must search your heart; you must know what you are doing before you enter into this solemn contract. I cannot sleep since your letter came. Actors do not think about these things the way we do. They do not seem to have any moral sense. What has the stage done to my little girl to make her forget the way she was raised? I hoped some good boy, one of your own kind, would marry you and take you away from the crazy life you are living. Do you think this boy who has seen you dancing in those costumes can have the feeling toward you he should have toward the woman who is to be the mother of his children?"

There was a great deal more. If only her mother could have said some little thing! It didn't make any difference with her and Joe; but if only her mother could have said that she hoped they'd be happy, or that she sent her love to Joe and wanted to see him soon, it would have been so much nicer.

THERE was a crowd of people in the office, young and not so young,—German and Jewish and Italian and Irish,—some of them scared, some of them smiling. One man was a little drunk. One girl was crying in a corner. The clerk would come in and call them, one couple at a time.

Jerry had a new ensemble, light blue, and a blue hat. Joe had a new suit, a brown that made his hair look nice, and a tie with gold and brown stripes.

"Scared, baby?" he said.

"Kind of," said Jerry. "You?"

"No," he said. "Happy."

His brother was there, Frank, who looked like Joe, but was bigger and slower; and Bee, for another witness, wearing pink sweet peas and crying.

The clerk called: "Joseph Nolan and Emily Barrett."

Funny to hear that name! Everyone called her Jerry.

They went into the chapel. The clerk had white hair. He smiled at them. Then he began to speak, fast, so fast you couldn't understand him. He paused for a moment; and Joe said: "I do." Then some more, and Joe nudged Jerry, and she said: "I do." Frank handed Joe the ring. He slipped it on Jerry's finger. Mumble-mumble-mumble. "Kiss your wife, Joe," said the clerk; and they were married.

They had an extravagant lunch in the grill-room of a hotel off Broadway. Married! An hour ago they weren't married, and now they were. Funny; you went on being just the same, talking to Frank and Bee, but you were married.

They played the matinée. Jerry told the girls when she was dressing. Flo noticed her flowers and her new clothes when she came in.

"Gee, you're all dressed up like a bride!"

"I am," said Jerry.

"What d'you mean?" They all turned around, Babe and Mabel and Flo and Peggy and Billie and Dot and Rose.

"Joe Nolan and I got married this morning."

"Well, can you tie that? You mean it? No kidding?"

"No kidding," said Jerry.

"You got more nerve than I'd have," said Billie.

Then they kissed her, leaving red curved marks on her face. "Kiss your wife, Joe," the clerk had said.

JERRY got through the show, frozen outside, like a mechanical doll that kicked when the line kicked, and formed fours and linked arms and sang with the others, but alive inside, trembling, happy.

After the show Joe said: "Shall we go down to the room?"

"No," said Jerry, "not yet." She wanted to save going home until afterwards. There were flowers in the room, and green oilcloth on the shelves of the kitchenette, and Joe's clothes in the closet where Bee's dresses used to hang.

They played the evening show. On the way out, they saw a crowd around the call-board. "Wait here a minute; I'll take a look," said Joe.

He shouldered his way through the crowd. Jerry stood by the stairs and waited for him. He came back in a minute, smiling. But it wasn't a real smile; he was smiling so she wouldn't be frightened. She could tell that.

"It's the week's notice," said Joe. "They're closing the show."

"Oh, we'll get something," said Jerry.

Last week that notice would have been real and terrible. Now it didn't matter. She and Joe would get something.

"Come on, baby," said Joe, "we're going home."

They took a taxi. "Let's have fun with it while we've got it," said Joe. "It'll be the subway for us the rest of the year."

THEY clung together in the taxi, laughing when it stopped short and threw them apart, or jolted over a rut so Joe was kissing her ear instead of her mouth.

"This is our wedding trip," said Joe. "Happy, baby?"

"You know," said Jerry . . . . .

All that next week they worked on an act, practicing morning and afternoons and nights after the show, until the people downstairs complained that the noise of wooden shoes on the bare floor kept them awake. It wasn't a very good script—they couldn't afford to buy one from one of the top-notch writers; but it

brought in everything they could both do. Joe was supposed to be a man from the city—trick clothes with fly-away lapels and patent-leather shoes, and a flower in his buttonhole. Jerry was the little country girl from Indiana. They had a dance together, and Jerry had a straight buck alone, and then while she was changing her clothes, he did his eccentric routine. Then she came back, and they sang. Their voices weren't anything extra. Jerry's was small but quite sweet, and Joe put his across by almost talking it. They had another dance for the finale.

After a week, just after the show closed, Joe thought the act good enough to show. Those were bad times, sitting in the booking-offices and waiting. They seemed to do nothing but wait. Then showing the act on cold, empty stages, with a couple of men sitting out front smoking cigars and talking to each other, hardly looking at them up there on the stage. Their voices sounded terribly thin in the empty theaters. Jerry used to get gooseflesh on her arms and legs from the cold, but it was Joe who was the more scared.

He was cross sometimes, during those days—snapping at Jerry about nothing, or little things; but she knew it was just because he hated being out of work. At night it was all right when she had his head on her shoulder. She never really felt discouraged, as long as she could fall asleep with Joe's head on her shoulder. She worked hard keeping the place neat, and cooking things he liked, on the gas-ring. They ate at home almost all the time because it was cheaper. The money got lower every day.

THEN there was the morning when they got a booking on a Western vaudeville circuit, short jumps all the way to Los Angeles, fourteen weeks guaranteed, and then maybe a long booking and a good route when the head of the chain of theaters saw the act.

"You don't know—we might get fifty-two weeks out of it," said Joe.

They played movie houses mostly, sometimes split weeks—Monday to Wednesday, and then a jump to the next town. The bad times were in theaters in the small towns where there was vaudeville only once a week; there they played only three shows and then moved on.

They had bad times—rainy Sundays in drab little towns where the rooms weren't clean and the bad food gave them indigestion. Jerry got a cold in a place one night out of Cincinnati, so bad that she couldn't sing at all, and every word she spoke rasped through her raw throat. But there were other times that weren't bad, sunny days when they went around exploring the town they were in, laughing at funny things. When they'd finished their act, they'd go out front and sit in the back of the house and see the picture, holding hands in the dark theater. They were working, and they were together, and they loved each other. Perhaps when they got to the coast, they'd get a solid year. That was a lot to hope for.

They played Salt Lake City and San Francisco and Oakland across the bay. It was warm when they got to Los Angeles. Jerry wanted to go out in the morning and see the city, but Joe was too nervous, because Al Kambouris, who owned the circuit, was going to look at the act that afternoon.

She made him come to a lunch-room with her and nagged him into eating a bowl of cereal and milk. She knew he was sick with nervousness. That was because Joe had temperament. He used up nervous energy when he worked. She didn't; she never was half so scared as he was; but on the stage, it was he who got over better.

They went back to the theater and sat around in their dressing-room. Jerry said something and Joe barked at her: "For heaven's sake, will you stop chattering? You might think I didn't have anything on my mind."

OF course that was silly. It was as hard for her—whatever happened would happen to them both—but there wasn't any use telling him so, because he didn't mean it, anyway. She was sorry for Joe. He didn't belong in vaudeville, anyway. He could act.

They got their call. The act went fairly well; the music was good. In the wings, before they went on, Joe was white as milk under the make-up. Beads of perspiration glittered on his forehead. But out on the stage he was all right. Jerry thought she'd never seen him dance so well. They got a good hand on their exit dance.

They went back to the dressing-room, took off their make-up and changed.

"Now I suppose we sit here until that Greek sends for us," said Joe.

"You were great this afternoon, Joey."

"Did it look all right?"

They sat waiting for what seemed like a long time. Jerry played solitaire on the trunk. Joe sat down and then jumped up again, a dozen times, as if every nerve were a hot wire.

There was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Kambouris wants to see you in the office."

"O. K. —Coming, baby?"

"No," said Jerry. "You'd better go alone."

Jerry went on with her solitaire, but the cards blurred in front of her eyes. He was back in twenty minutes.

"What happened, Joey?"

"It's a bust, Jerry," he said. His voice was loud, and trembling with excitement. "He offered us a route that would absolutely finish us. Three-day train jumps, all over the map. It would eat up every nickel we had in train fares! Why, the fares would cost us three times as much as we'd make. Nothing between here and Phoenix. Then some tank-town in Texas. Then way up North. Then Kansas. He knew what he was doing, all right. He had to live up to the guarantee, but he knew we couldn't take this, so we'd walk out and let him off easy."

"What did you say to him?"

"Told him to go to hell. Fifty-two weeks! There's a laugh in that!"

Then all of a sudden he wasn't mad any more. They were remembering all they'd hoped for in the heart-breaking days in the dirty rooms from Bayonne to Oakland—and he put his head in her lap, and she stroked his hair and cried. . . . .

The trip home cost them everything they'd saved.

It was terribly important for them to find work. They had almost no money.

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The Director, Department of Education

THE REDBOOK MAGAZINE

230 Park Avenue New York City

The round of the agents began again, but it was a bad time of year.

Jerry met Bee one day on the street.

"Look, Jerry," said Bee, "I've been thinking about you. How would you like to do a sister act with me? I can get a booking, ten weeks, any time I get a partner. The girl I had got sick. You're real cute, and we're the same height."

Leave Joe for ten weeks! Then she remembered that they had seventeen dollars in the world. "All right, Bee," she said. "That'll be great."

She told Joe when he got home. "I'll miss you, baby," he said. "But ten weeks isn't so long, and at least I'll know you're eating."

"What are *you* going to do, Joe? We're awfully low."

"Don't I know it? I pounded the pavements today until my feet are dead. I think maybe I can get a couple of lessons a day at Jack's until something comes along."

Jack's was the acrobatic school where most of the dancers in town went to limber up and learn new routines.

Jerry went out with Bee in the sister act. More split weeks in little towns. More dirty furnished rooms and rainy Sundays and cold theaters and jumping the owl in the middle of the night, but this time without Joe to make everything seem all right when she went to sleep.

They wrote each other long letters. Joe was teaching at Jack's three hours a day, making enough for his share of the room with a boy who'd been in the show and was teaching at Jack's too. Sometimes he'd write her that he had a prospect of a job in the road company of a musical comedy or a review. Then the next day something would always have happened. There were days when he didn't write to her, and she knew he was sick with discouragement.

IT was in Watertown that she got a wire from him:

LANDED SWELL JOB SECOND LEAD IN PLAY STOP PAY NOT SO HOT BUT LOOKS LIKE MONEY TO ME STOP START REHEARSING TOMORROW STOP I LOVE YOU NO STOP.

She had her make-up on when the wire came, and she cried so that the mascara ran down her cheeks in black lines. Bee found her like that, reading the wire over and over, with the muddy tears falling on her costume.

"What's the matter, kid? Joe quit you?"

"No," said Jerry. "No—he's got a job. A good job in a legitimate show. Bee, I'm so happy!"

She put her head on her arms and cried because Joe had a job, and they could be together again, and she was so happy.

Their route ended a week later in Utica. Jerry sat up all night in her berth, trying to drive the train faster by wishing it ahead. She was dressed by six, staring out the window at the Hudson with the early sunlight on it.

Bee was still half asleep when they pulled in to Grand Central. Jerry left her straggling along the platform and ran up the ramp. She was the first person through the gates. Joe was there. She ran to him, pushing past porters, everyone, to get to Joe.

He had his arms around her. He was holding her so she couldn't breathe. She didn't want to breathe. She wanted Joe to kiss her again and again.

They got her trunk onto a taxi and drove to the room.

"Tell me about the show," said Jerry.

He found the script for her, and they read it together.

"But Joe, it's pretty nearly a lead!"

"Yes. Forty-six sides. And baby, what a play! It might flop, but I don't see how it can. They've got to like it. It's grand stuff. Beautiful. Here, read this. Isn't that swell?"

"How did you get it, Joe?"

"Just a chance. I went to this agent—you know, I wrote you. I used to go in every day, and every day he'd just look up and say: 'Nope. Come around tomorrow.' Then Saturday night I came home from Jack's, and here was this wire to go around and see Haig, who's producing this thing. He had the author there. They looked me over—it was the damnedest thing ever happened to me. Made me walk up and down and turn my head and talk. Then they poked a script at me and I read maybe a page. Then Slattery, the author, looked at Haig. Didn't say a word—just nodded. And the next thing I knew I was rehearsing. Slattery's directing, himself. He's great. Knows every piece of business for everyone right down to the last shade."

"Have you got any money, Joey?"

"Not a red," said Joe. "We don't get paid till we open in Brooklyn two weeks from Saturday."

"That's all right," said Jerry. "I've got ninety-five dollars. That'll last us. Oh, Joe, darling, I'm so happy for you!"

Jerry bought new curtains for the room and got a few pans and a coffeepot and some china for the kitchenette so they could have breakfast and late supper at home. She worked with Joe on his words every night when he got home. He was a slow study. Jerry was perfect in his part long before he was, but Joe made every word mean something. Hearing him sometimes, she'd get a nice tingling feeling inside, not because he was her Joe and she loved him, but because he was a good actor.

Jerry wouldn't look for work. She was too busy trying to keep Joe from getting tired, making the place tidy and cheerful for him when he came home at night.

The week before the opening, Joe was more nervous than she'd ever seen him, so impatient with her that it was hard sometimes to keep her temper. But she'd remember the nights in Peekskill and Poughkeepsie and Rhinebeck, when she'd bite her handkerchief to keep from sobbing out loud because she was so lonely for Joe. Those little things didn't matter. He loved her. She'd never have a chance to live one day over again. When it was past, you couldn't change it. If she quarreled with Joe, that day would be a hurt to her all her life.

THE show played Brooklyn for a week in a vast barn of a theater. The audiences liked it, but you couldn't count much on that. Would it go on Broadway? Jerry saw it three times that week. Afterward she and Joe would ride home on the subway, scared, quiet, wondering about next week.

They opened on Monday night. Joe was sick all day, just from nerves. Jerry had a seat all by herself in the eighth row. She didn't want to sit with Mrs. Nolan and Frank. She couldn't talk to anyone.

UP went the curtain. Jerry squeezed her hands together until they felt bruised. There was Joe's cue. He looked all right. He did good make-ups. He didn't seem nervous now. There were two men in front of her, tall. She could hardly see over their heads. She craned her neck so she could watch Joe, his hands, his face. It must be going all right. Everyone was applauding. First night, though, you couldn't tell. People's friends. But it was good—surely it would run. Even if it didn't, Joe would get good notices.

There was a part in the third act where Joe always forgot. If he dried up tonight, she couldn't bear it. He must be all right! Two more sides, then that bad place. It began like the speech before. The men in front of her turned around several times. She hardly saw them. . . . . Here it comes. Here it comes. Oh, dear Lord, let him be all right!

"I opened the door, and I saw him clear across the field, coming on half-running. . . . . What's the matter?"

He was over it. He was all right. Oh, thank God! One of the men in front turned around again.

"Will you please practice your taps somewhere else?" he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Jerry. She'd been doing taps with her feet all the time. She never even knew it. Well, it didn't matter—she wouldn't do it again. And there was Joe's exit, and he was getting a hand, not just friendly, but the real thing—louder, louder, all through the house. She mustn't cry. Now she could clap as loud as she wanted, and no one would think it was his wife.

Now there was Lacey's scene with Miss Keith, and then the curtain. They took six calls, the company, and then Lacey alone, and then Lacey and Miss Keith, and then Lacey and Miss Keith and Joe. He was looking out, trying to see her. She mustn't cry. It was silly. She got up.

The man in front of her touched her arm. She'd said she was sorry. What was he saying now?

"You're a dancer, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry I was doing that. I—"

"Are you working?"

"No," she said.

"What's your name?"

"Jerry Barrett."

"Had any experience?"

People were going out. She must get to Joe! "Vaudeville," she said hastily.

"My name is Klauberg. I'm casting for a review. This is Artie Klein; he's staging the dances. We might use you if you got anything."

Klauberg! She had been edging away towards the aisle. Now she stood still.

"Come across the alley. 'Wedding Bells' is just letting out. We can use the stage. You can show me what you got."

"All right," said Jerry.

They went out one of the side doors and into the Stuyvesant Theater next door. Jerry put her coat and hat on an empty seat.

"I've got on high heels. I can't do it so well without wooden shoes," she said.

"I know—I know. Go on, through that door there. I'll get the piano-player for you. Hey, Mike, I want you to run through a number for me. —Terry, gimme the first borders!"

The pianist came into the pit with his overcoat on. "All right, baby, what'll it be?"

"Play 'Who,'" said Jerry. "Give me three bars introduction and then into the chorus."

"All right," he said.

Joe was a hit . . . . . Joe was a hit! Two bars. Three. Then—

"Who stole my heart away?"
TAP tap-tap-tap tap tap! Swish swish—

Time step first, Maxie Ford, a couple of pullbacks, a spin, then a roll and the wings. Easy, all easy, because she was so happy. The taps were like drumsticks, every tap clear.

"No one but you!"

The music stopped.

Jerry walked off the stage. Now she could get back to Joe. She put on her coat and pulled her hat over her short hair.

"O.K., Miss Barrett. Artie says you got a nice little routine there. Come around in the morning, eleven-thirty, and we'll talk salary."

"All right," said Jerry . . . . . Joe was a hit—Joe was a hit! Jerry's high heels tapped across the alley and up the iron staircase. Up another flight. Past people, crowded in the narrow hall.

"Joe," she called to him, "may I come in?"

"Come in, darling," he said.

WOMEN AMERICA REMEMBERS— CALAMITY JANE

(Continued from page 27)

of the Black Hills rush. It is also true that after he was shot in the back by Jack McCall, Calamity deliberately capitalized her connection with the most eminent of good bad-men for reasons identical with those which had inspired him to partnership with her. The luster of his tradition added light to the growing glory of her own. But their relations were more businesslike even than platonic.

The dime-novel school made much of her in the Eighties and Nineties. "The Beautiful White Devil of the Yellowstone" is the title of one saga of which she is heroine. But Calam' was far from beautiful as she grew older, and rambled over the country wherever she could pick up a dollar performing her stuff—one of her favorite stunts was to hale into the street a houseful of her less rugged sisters, and with a six-gun booming in each hand, urge them hilariously into the measures of the tenderfoot's dance—"Hey, damn you! Dance, you, dance!"

She died in so recent a year as 1903. One is tempted to speculate what might have been accomplished in other circumstances by a woman of her sturdy originality and genuine strength of character. But even allowing for all that, it is unsafe to believe one per cent of the wild tales the Old West pins to her memory.

To Remove Arm and Leg Hair Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

243

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

School Information

The Redbook Magazine publishes the announcements of hundreds of fine schools each month. Read their announcements carefully and write to those which interest you. The list is so comprehensive there are sure to be several which fiit your needs. If you do not find the school or type of school you are seeking we will be glad to help you. We furnish personalized information collected by visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age of boy or girl, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Dept. of Education, The RedbookMagazine, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

Photo by
EWING
GALLOWAY

The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem guards ancient streets intact.

Favorite Places of Famous People

Alfred E. Smith selects Palestine

IF I were to choose the one place in the world to which I would most like to go, it would be Palestine. My one strong ambition, so far as travel is concerned, has been to visit the Holy Land. I would like to see the very place where Christ walked among men — where He lived and breathed, and had His being.

My imagination has always been fired by stories of the Holy Land. I have listened eagerly to travelers who have returned from there. Pictures of it have only made me more eager to see it. Yet I do not travel much, and until the last year or two have had little time in the course of my life for that kind of recreation; even then, my vacations have been confined to a month or six weeks at the most. The only foreign country I have actually visited is Cuba, and I was fascinated by the differences in customs, the strange sights in the streets, the Spanish signs, the comfortable ways of living in a tropical country. My stay was short, but it whetted my appetite for foreign shores — if I could get to them without the long ocean trip.

Alfred E. Smith

If I went to the Holy Land, which is the place I really care to go to, I should like to travel at my leisure and have plenty of time to visit Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane, the River Jordan and all the other places made sacred by the Old and the New Testament. In fact, I would like to go from Dan to Beersheba.

LOVE MAGIC

(Continued from page 69)

"You come back," she asserted almost casually.

"I tell you I am not coming back—not this time. All this is finished."

She gave a little guttural laugh. "Oh, you come back to me."

"No!" His word, sharp-edged, stayed her. "Finished, Ndala!"

The dark depths of her eyes confronted him, depths that were sullen, provocative, defiant of his refusal; she was clearly angry now. Then a look of almost contemptuous amusement came over her, and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Tonight you sleep on your mat in your room. Tomorrow you go back to your village."

"No!" Her look was furious. "I stay till you go."

He thought swiftly. The ignominy of being packed off before his departure was too galling for her; to go afterward would seem natural enough to her people.

"Stay, then," he capitulated, with an air of indifference. Better to keep her pacified.

BUT he regretted the concession as the days passed. A disquiet, new to his spirit, had entered into him, and her very presence gave him an odd uneasiness.

She neither avoided him nor sought him. Her look, when he encountered it, had a sullen sort of assurance, an air of biding its time. It was incomprehensible to her, he thought, that he should be done with her—she was confident that her love magic would deliver him back to her.

She never tried to enter his room again, but once she came to the open door and laughed loudly and contemptuously—then melted away. Sometimes she sat out under a tree, as a native woman squats before her hut in the sun, watching him at the window as he worked.

He found himself watching her. He noticed that she was always gone a long time each day, and his fancy could see her and the old medicine-man, her father, huddled secretly together in the darkness of the hut, over a smoky fire, cooking some mysterious magic, chanting, rocking back and forth, beating on the drums, their eyes glazed with hypnosis.

His nerves were ragged, he told himself. What the devil could her magic do to him? The only thing that she could do would be to poison him in a gust of spite—and she hadn't done that yet.

Once when she had brought him some *pombe*—for she frequently performed some of her old services about the place—he had thought the stuff had an odd taste, and on a sudden, mocking impulse, had poured half of it into another cup and held it out to her.

She took it and downed it at once, with one of her level-lidded looks, as mocking as his own. After an instant, with an odd laugh, he had followed suit. She couldn't outchallenge him!

But nothing had come of it, except that the stuff seemed to hearten him. His stomach had been burning again of late.

He could send her packing, of course, and be done with her; but she could always steal back when she chose, and she could either circumvent the boys or frighten them to her will through their fear of her father's magic.

In a flash of exasperation he made up his mind. Why should he stay here to see that a few acres of cotton were picked? The head boy could see to it, till the chap he had hired could come and take over. Phyllis was eager for him to come . . . . .

He did not tell his boy to pack till after dinner; then he was off in the car before dawn, his dunnage and personal boy on the back seat, after a thoroughly safe breakfast of bread and tea which he had made himself from a freshly opened canister.

Cheerily he waved his hand at Ndala, who watched in impassive concern as he left.

"Quaheri!" (Good-by") he shouted in the gay humor that his feeling of relief restored.

He was getting off with a whole skin, and his bold eyes laughed their triumph at her. What price native charms now? He had told her to be off the place that day, but he well knew she'd hang about as long as she chose, once his back was turned.

Well, the new chap could hustle her off in short order. He was a serious young Scotchman with a wife and child at home—no dallying with strange women for him.

IT WAS good to be at Nairobi—good to see Phyllis again, sweeter and more desirable than ever, and go hunting their new home together. It was good to have plenty of white men about, instead of those inscrutable-faced blacks.

It gave him a fillip to drop into the Club for "sundown" and touch glasses and exchange jokes with the crowd. Lots of the old gang were there. There was Drew, down from Kampala with that young wife of his, who had once been wife to that old bounder Sloane whom an elephant had obligingly bumped off; there was Murray, his shoulder still stiff from that encounter with the crocodile; there was good old Barton, the banker; and the Allens—two of the best, with the pretty sister that was so tremendously gone on young Murray; and Varley, one of the governor's aides; and there was Keith, immensely owl-eyed over all he thought he knew, looking unutterable warnings at him.

Ranny gave him a thumping clap on the back and asked him to be best man. It tickled his derisive humor to see Keith made uncomfortable by all he knew, and resentful that Ranny himself wasn't uncomfortable.

A man could have his own way in this world if he knew how to keep a stiff upper lip and play his own hand. The thing was to do what you liked, and know when to quit.

His high spirits lasted the week out. Then, like the sudden turning of a vise, those gripping, tightening pains and burnings began again in him.

For a few days he ignored his distress; then he tried soda, and various stomach washes from the druggist on Government Road. His appetite shut off like a tap, and food grew ghastly to him. Finally he took to having retching spells.

At that Randall went to the doctor,

To those who

EAT THEIR CAKE

. . . and then regret it

TAKE Pepto-Bismol and enjoy quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, and acid or sour stomach.

Doctors know. They have prescribed Pepto-Bismol for 25 years. It is safe. It checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. Even children like its pleasing taste.

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MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

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~ *Catherine McCune*

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WRITE THE REDBOOK MAGAZINE for School Information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

ashamedly, as strong men go, and the doctor got him to the hospital and to bed. There they poked and probed him; they asked endless questions. They milked his ear lobes dry for blood-tests. They talked about pressure, hæmoglobin, corpuscles. They examined every scrap of his body's evidence.

Eventually they said what it wasn't. It wasn't malaria, or spirillum or sleeping sickness; it wasn't, apparently, anything African that they knew, or anything European; what it was, escaped the microscope. *"Obscure"* and *"baffling"* seemed to be its only labels.

The absence of temperature was curious. But the man was wasting away. His strength ebbed; his flesh hardly clothed his bones.

ONE day it seemed to him that they peered at his gums, with perfectly palpable fascination and obviously noncommittal remarks; and later he had the nursing sister bring a hand-mirror and he looked at his gums for himself. It may have been his fancy,—the nursing sister denied it with professional cheerfulness,—but it seemed to him the gums were receding, giving the teeth a wolfish, fanglike appearance.

He lay back on the cot and felt the sweat break out all over him. For a moment he had a sick vision of Ndala, crouching in the darkness of her father's hut, working her sorceress' will upon a little mud image of a man that shrank and wasted as he wasted.

Rot! He gave a harsh, hollow bark of a laugh. But perhaps she *had* given him poison—not enough, or else slow-working. That afternoon he brought himself to suggest to the doctor that some native might have given him a spite dose, up country.

The doctor looked down his mustaches at him, out of calm gray eyes that had looked equably upon many things.

"Your friend Keith mentioned that—we've been working on it," he said dryly; and a spasm of irony passed over the sick man's features.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently.

The doctor hesitated. "Difficult to say—in the absence of established experiment—"

Ranny tried to pull himself together and to remember things.

"That stuff they use for poison ordeals—inner bark of the *muavi* tree—what? A little of that makes one sick, you know. More kills, doesn't it?"

The doctor nodded. They had been trying antidotes for the *muavi*, he revealed slowly, with professional reluctance to take the patient into his confidence. A native orderly had furnished one antidote. But there had been no improvement.

They were working in the dark. There were so many possible native poisons—if it was a native poison. Becoming scientifically interested, the doctor grew expansive.

There was the powdered root of the manyan shrub—very poisonous, that! A frightful reek to it, so the natives generally gave it in beer or highly seasoned food. But that wasn't likely in this case—the victim usually died of that in two hours.

Then there was the root of the creeper that the blacks called *latægæra*—that killed a chap, though, in an hour. And there was always a preliminary paralysis of the nerve-centers, affecting speech.

"No parting sentiments, eh?" murmured Ranny.

There was a brew distilled from the blossom of the strophanthus shrub—an infinitesimal dose of that was used in Europe as a cardiac stimulant. But that, the doctor felt, was probably out of the question.

There was the ujungu tree, from the Wagondo district in Taganyika, the death-tree that neither moths nor snakes approach, where no birds roost in the branches. A splinter of that had been known to cause death. Natives did amazing things with its burnt ashes.

And the gall of crocodiles, dried in the sun and pulverized, was a deadly poison. And any amount of trouble might come accidentally from manioc or from acca fruit that had not been boiled long enough.

"Fascinating possibilities, eh?" drawled Ranny, screwing up his eyes.

HE KEPT them closed for a long time after the doctor had gone. The nursing sister thought he slept.

He opened them at last, aware that she was looking down at him, hesitant to disturb him.

Meeting his dark, disconcertingly mocking glance, she murmured: "Your boy wants to see you. From your house, he says."

Ranny saw a short, stocky-headed little black, in ragged shorts and half a shirt, a little imp that he vaguely remembered having seen about the place. One dark fist was clutching his *chit*, the paper that enabled him to move about in the white man's protectorate; in the other he gripped a gourd.

He stood stock-still until the nursing sister had moved out of the room; then he held the gourd forward.

"Ndala say take this. Make you well."

Randall's thin arm went out, and he took the gourd. It was a large one, ornamented with black, burnt-in half moons, and fainter, cabalistic markings; the top was covered with a tightly woven fiber cap. He clawed it off, tilted the gourd recklessly to his lips.

Poison or not—a finishing dose, maybe,—anything was better than this lingering uncertainty, this damnable weakness!

The boy clutched at his arm.

"Hapana, Bwana!" ("No, master!") he protested. "She say, little at one time. Now — tonight — tomorrow, cockcrow—then later."

Randall put the gourd carefully on his little table. The boy lingered.

"She say, come back, she make you well."

"Does she know what's the matter with me?"

The boy looked blank. "Who knows? An evil spirit has bewitched you. Ndala has a strong magic against evil spirits."

"Good," said Ranny weakly, and closed his eyes again. But he opened them when the nursing sister came back into the room, to tell her sharply to leave that gourd undisturbed. It was a present he wanted by him, he said. He did not explain its contents.

Then Randall closed his eyes again. Better this way out than the helpless waiting.

But his world did not come to an end that night. It was a night much like other nights, sleepless and interminable, with much scrabbling of chameleons across the ceiling, and much loud conversation of black orderlies, oblivious of white patients. A jackass hee-hawed from a nearby farm; a tame monkey, that had escaped its tether, galloped over the roofs . . . . . Finally he slept.

Decidedly he was better when he wakened. He took the third drink, then the fourth. Later in the morning he demanded a shave and examined himself in the mirror. He looked as if he'd been sick a month.

PHYLLIS came that morning, fresh and sweet in white, with a buttercup-colored sweater that the tropic highlands demanded. She seemed like something from another world, free and healthy and vigorous. Looking down at him with the commiserate eyes the well turn on the sick, she tried to babble of her days across the barrier.

She spoke softly, which irritated him. He loathed his weakness. He hated her pity for it. He had never asked pity from a woman. He never would.

"Do I tire you?" she murmured.

"No," he said. "I'm better today. I shall be getting up."

"Oh, that's fine, Ranny."

He turned the talk. "What are you doing today?"

She told him of her engagements. Luncheon with the Dennisons, then tennis and tea. She'd look in again if he wanted her to; but Randall quickly shook his head. Then the Club for "sundown." She'd certainly come in after sundown—if that wouldn't be too tiring for him. Everyone was so kind to her, trying to keep her jolly—so very kind.

He gave a wry smile. Girls with hair like cornsilk and eyes like the open sea need not be surprised to find the world ready to help them forget.

He was dressed when she came again; a wreck of a man, he looked, in his clothes. They were more revealing than the cot. But he lay there in a steamer chair, and smiled at her and said he was going back to his farm for a bit for a change of air.

"Now that I'm on the mend," he said definitely.

"You *are* going to be quite right, aren't you?" she besought. And he said, "Top hole!" with his old definiteness in his hollow voice, and grinned reassuringly. But his eyes frightened her, as they watched her—they looked at her as a man might look at water he was unable to reach. She hoped Ranny would get well quickly and be himself again.

"I'll be off at dawn," he told her.

"So soon? What do the doctors say?"

His old peremptoriness sounded. "What have the doctors to say? I'm going."

AND he went, huddled in the back seat of his car, a native driving. He felt like a man who has been nearly drowned, lying on the bank—no pain, but supreme exhaustion.

Ndala was about the place, of course. He had known she would be. Everything had a slack, run-down look as if the boys had been having things their own way

—he'd jack them up in no time, he told himself dully. For the present it was enough to lie out in the steamer chair, and be waited on. Ndala brought him more of that drink which was like *pombe* but yet not like *pombe*, and he took it without question.

In a few days he was better; in more of them he was like himself, a gaunt and haggard self, but one able to raise his voice and make his will enforced. His stomach began to tolerate food, then to clamor for it.

He busied himself about the place, went over what had been done, had a *shauri* with the headmen over the poor picking. To Nairobi he wrote that all was well again and he would be back soon, but he set no date for his coming. There was something to be settled first.

One night, after dinner, he sent for Ndala; she came negligently, as if incurious.

Carefully he lighted a cigarette.

"Ndala," he said slowly, but very casually, "what is in that stuff of yours?"

Something flickered in her eyes, then grew still. "I do not know."

"Something your father gives you—something he makes?"

She hesitated; then sullenly, yet with soft triumph: "Yes."

"He must tell me."

She drew herself up, and her dark lips curved with malice.

"He will not tell."

Ranny leaned forward, his hawk's face jutting forth at her. His voice rasped.

"You tell your father that if he does not tell, I will have the soldiers come and take him away."

Her smile widened, and the malice in it was open, taunting and assured.

"He will say that he make good *pombe* that help—no magic. He will never tell—white men cannot make him tell."

She spoke contemptuously, and Randall knew that she spoke truly. He had no way of wringing the truth from the old wizard. The black could take refuge behind the white's laws. Even if he went after him himself, the black would let himself be killed, in sheer obstinate spite, before he told.

Triumphing now, the girl told him: "When the medicine stop—you die."

"Oh, I die, do I?"

That was what he wanted to know. That was the dark, secret thing that he had come to fear. He said very slowly, no trace of feeling at all in his tone: "You mean you've been giving me poison—bad magic—little by little? And then keeping me dosed with the antidote?"

SHE was silent. But it was a silence confirming, implacable, domineering.

Very softly he asked: "And if your father dies?"

"He tells me before he dies."

Slowly he took it in. His eyes on her were very bright and still and dark.

"Think you've got me, do you?"

She gave him back look for look. "I carry your life," she said.

She made a native gesture, opening and shutting her hand, and Randall watched the fingers as if fascinated.

His life in that hand just like that! He saw the succession of his days tethered, tamed, drinking his health of her, safe only when he kept the law of her will.

Not by a damned sight! Between them flashed a look of terrible understanding.

"Think you've won, do you?" he flung out in English. "And now you're going to collect, eh? Well—I've not done with you yet, my girl!"

Unhurrying she moved away, the knowing smile deep in her eyes.

His life in her hands! Well, he knew where he was now—knew what he had to face. Tied to that black wench . . . . . Always here, save for brief absences—always with her here!

Not by a jugful! He tilted back his head and laughed a little crazily. Keith would call this sweet, poetic justice! Well, he'd beat the game yet.

That night he lay on his bed, hands gripped behind his head, haggard eyes searching the dark. There must be a way out! He'd get at her father. He knew the slippery, evasive stuff of which the old savage was made, and he did not believe, as a less experienced man might have believed, that he could overawe or compel him. To terrify him would be to drive him into utter denial and inaction.

The thing was to tempt him, to buy him. He'd find out what the old beggar wanted.

NEXT day Randall went to the village. He knew he was acting too hurriedly, but his urgency was too great for caution. Taking his gun for excuse, he went out into the brush, followed by his boy; then after a day of desultory tracking, he took a homeward way that brought him to the village.

The place was a double row of huts strung out along a little clearing, huts of the reed grass, like young bamboo, with thatched roofs nearly to the ground. He nodded greetings as he went down the clearing, stopped for a word with the headman, accepted a present of some ground-nuts, and sent his boy on ahead with that and the gun.

At the last hut on one of the rows he paused. The trees of the forest were throwing their long shadows upon it; and in a last patch of sun-warmed dirt a man was lying negligently on his elbow. He was a black, rather wizened fellow, clad only in a serval skin and some iron bands about neck and arms and legs; his head was shaved, and three horizontal gashes cut across his forehead gave its already slanting and jutting character a curiously corrugated, monkeylike expression. He was smoking a long reed-stemmed pipe of black clay with slow satisfaction.

"*Jamba*," said Randall to this man.

"*Jamba, Bwana*," said the man, looking up at him from the ground.

"I want to talk to you," said the white man.

The old sorcerer rose to his feet with something of that unhurrying insolence which Ndala had perfected.

"Kugara, your *pombe* is good," said Randall abruptly. "I want you to sell me its secret."

Kugara drew a thoughtful puff on his pipe. His shrewd little eyes, under their jutting brows, gleamed up at the white man.

"Does not Ndala bring you enough?"

"She brings me enough, but it is in my mind that I may not always be near Ndala. I speak to you now as man to man. And I would pay you well—with so

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much that you would be powerful, very powerful, Kugara."

Kugara spat upon the ground. "What more power could I have?"

TRUE enough—what more power could he have than to hold Randall's life in his hands like a bit of rotten fruit? Randall felt the quick blood mount to his face, but he forced his voice to evenness.

"There is always power in money, Kugara. Think—and you will think of much that you can do with it. With money—*much* money."

Gad, he sounded pleading as a woman! The old chap would bleed him. But he'd sell everything he had, pay his last rupee, for that secret.

But Kugara shook his shaved head. "Only to Ndala can I give the magic—only to Ndala."

"Ndala will never know that you gave it to me."

A gleam, derisive, quizzical, burned in the sunken eyes at Randall. He grunted and spat again.

Of course Ndala would know. She would know in a flash when Randall had gone. And the old man, wizard though he was, was afraid of that girl of his.

"But if Ndala did not know?" Randall persisted.

Then he swung sharply away. "Good-by, Kugara. I will see you again."

He was afraid that his thought had gleamed out in his face, had betrayed him to the black.

If Ndala did not know—if there were no Ndala to find out—

He might deal with that old man then. *That* was it — get rid of Ndala. Why hadn't he seen that before? But how—how? He must think this out—move cautiously. Rashness would undo him here. He must not antagonize the father—stir him to resentment and vengeance. He must bribe him somehow.

But how—how? Money, beyond the few shillings needful for his hut tax, was nothing in the black's life. He had no desire, like a chief, to own cattle; he needed no more wives—he could always terrify the villagers into parting with their most desirable girls if he wanted them. His position was everything.

That was it—his position. Power, power and prestige, were the breath of life to the old sorcerer. His influence over his people was his heart's blood—what was there that he would want to deepen it?

Randall racked his mind. He thought of gewgaws, toys, tricks, phonographs. No, the natives had heard phonographs at his place. They were no more a mystery—only a white man's plaything. He thought of strange musical instruments, of a mirror the size of a man.

His thought darted hither and yon like a wild thing in a labyrinth. Then suddenly it steadied, pondered, surged purposefully ahead . . . . . When he came out of the bananas into the little clearing before his house, there was a sly smile in the dark eyes under the heavy lids, a triumphant tilt to the ironic mouth.

He had it! He wasn't done for yet. Keith and the old grannies could say what they pleased—a man could beat the game if he was bold and resourceful.

That night he wrote several letters to England. A month to England, a month back, and the delay at the customs and the journey overland—it was long to wait. But with the end in sight—

Pacify the old chap—and he could get rid of the girl as soon as he pleased. He'd have to do it carefully—make it appear an accident. He'd like to do it with his own hands, he thought grimly. Gad, it would be a pleasure to strangle her!

But the wait was long. His spirits flagged; moods of bitter despair swept over him. When he wrote to Phyllis, he could only write vaguely, saying that he was better, but that business kept him here, that he could not get away from the ranch for three months, perhaps. His effort to cover his emotion made his letters stiff and constrained, and there was something constrained in Phyllis' replies. She wrote dutifully that he must get well and take care of his place, of course, though three months seemed long, and the delays odd, but she was having a jolly time and everyone was most kind.

He felt as if his life were slipping like sand through his fingers. He sent a cable after his letters to England, urging haste in shipment.

AT last the tin boxes came. He locked them carefully away, after he had put some samples from them in his pockets; then gauging the time so as to arrive just after sunset, at the fall of dark, he strode off to the village.

This time he approached from the forest where Kugara's hut was near. There was no one in sight; he called and the old man came out, stooping low under the deep-thatched overhang of the doorway.

"Come here, Kugara," said Randall, his voice vibrant with the excitement he could not suppress. "Come into the forest."

He turned and strode ahead, and the black followed, his spear, that had been leaning against his hut, clasped in his hand, his sunken eyes fixed warily on the white man.

Randall led till they came to a tiny glade, well shut in by trees. The place was dark as the bottom of a pit, for blackness comes with a rush in the tropics. Hastily Randall collected a few sticks and twigs and set a match to them. When they were burning, he took from his pocket one of the containers he had brought and put it into the fire.

A brilliant green blaze flashed up, an unreal eerie light that filled the glade with its strange brilliance. And when it died down, Randall threw on another holder, and a red fury of fire shot up that flung its color, like waves of blood, upon the surrounding trees and tinted the air high above them. And in that vivid glare he saw Kugara's face, avid and intent, his eyes gleaming, his lips drawn back from his bared teeth.

"I have many of these, many, many," said Randall quickly. "Ten and ten and ten and ten! A great magic for you, Kugara. A magic that no other man possesses—a magic that no white man in the country has. You will be the greatest of medicine-men—if you give this magic. And I will give it to you—when you give me the magic of the *pombe* . . . . . But first you must find a way to finish with Ndala."

The eyes of the two men met in a deep look. And Randall saw that the eyes of Kugara had now become ravenous with desire and already thoughtful with calculation.

When he walked out of the forest, his head was high. That old devil would do in his daughter as coolly as he would another—for a price. And Randall had the price. Only, to make sure that Kugara came by it in no other way of his own devising, he hid the boxes very cunningly, where Kugara could not set Ndala to finding them, and so achieve his end without difficulty. Kugara would take care of Ndala, without Randall's having to trouble about it. But as the days passed without a sign from the sorcerer, Randall grew less and less certain. Still, he remembered that deep, cunning look, and he told himself he must give a native time for his uncertainties, his slow focusing of decision. In the end, cupidity would draw him.

Randall's nerves were strained to breaking with tenseness. He did not go near the village again. It was not wise. And if he showed too hot, Kugara would cool. His racking fury turned against Ndala, and he had hard work to bear her near him . . . .

Then, just at sunset, a boy from the village came to say that Kugara was sick with the fever, and would Ndala come, and would the white man come too, with his medicine?

Randall packed the treasured tins—not all of them, for caution's sake—into his medicine-kit and set out, the boy ahead with a lantern, Ndala after. Lately she had arranged a litter of scarlet calico borne by the blacks, for her carrying, and she climbed into it now.

"Ride when I walk, do you?" thought Randall grimly. "Well, my girl, you'll be carried back, too—if I have anything to say about this night's work!"

"Shall I get your chair, master?" said the boy, and Randall replied shortly: "No—I wish to walk."

At the village the men dropped the hammock in front of the hut, where the rude door was closed and the stick that forbids intrusion put against it. At Randall's sharp halloo, the old man himself came and pushed away the hand-hewn boards.

"Come in," he said, and crept back into the interior of the hut; and Randall, stooping low, followed after him into a darkness only faintly lighted by the embers of a fire. The smoke stung his eyes and nostrils; the place was airless and reeked of African.

KUGARA sat down by the fire. "I have a pain here," said he, with his hand on his stomach.

"Give me my box," said Randall to Ndala, who had followed, bringing it.

Her father spoke swiftly to her. "Take that jar and go to the river at the place by the rock. I want some fresh water from there."

She took the jar; and when she had gone, Kugara rose, this time with more alacrity than he had moved before, and closed the door again.

"Show me the magic," he said quickly. "Little—a very little."

Randall took his knife and made a quick division. Then he put the bit of red fire on the blaze, and the hut filled with the swift, dazzling brightness, burning like strange enchantment, lighting up

every nook and cranny of the place in weird and sinister wildness. Kugara could not take his eyes off it. At last he looked at Randall.

"Good?" said Randall briefly, and Kugara nodded.

Swiftly he went to a corner and busied himself with some tiny thorns. Then he went to his entrance, thrust the door away and with great care implanted the thorns in the ground, their points tilting outward above the surface of the dirt. These points, Randall divined, with a swift chilling of his blood, were barbed with some infernal poison, some quick and deadly silencer.

Then, without a word, the black squatted down by the dying fire, his eyes fixed on the entrance, and Randall crouched and waited beside him, in the blackness and the silence. He felt his heart knocking against his ribs.

MINUTES passed. The fire died lower and lower. There seemed no air in the place for his lungs; he felt a sweat starting over him. His eyes, like Kugara's, never left that low oval level of lighter darkness.

Suddenly it was shadowed. A figure was stooping low before it; then noiselessly, on swift, bare feet Ndala entered. He heard a cry, and Ndala stumbled forward into the room, catching at the jar on her head. The next moment she was rolling on the ground.

"My foot, my foot!"

"A serpent has bitten her!" cried Kugara. He was at the doorway, his knife in his hands; in a flash he had dug out the thorns, which he thrust into the fire so swiftly that Randall's eyes could hardly follow. Then he flung on firewood, and drew out a burning brand.

As the flames leaped up, he caught the girl's foot in his hand, examined it, then thrust the hot wood against it. And Randall knew that under pretense of cauterizing the wound, he was effacing every trace of the character of the injury.

Ndala was rocking on the ground, moaning and crying out, and people were gathering at the door, peering in and trying to crowd closer, warned back by Kugara's voice.

"A serpent has bitten her—"

"*Aie, aie!*" moaned Ndala.

From outside the hut came the cry, "A serpent has bitten her—the serpent of death!" and the women began to wail. Their cry grew rhythmic.

"The serpent has bitten her—*aie, aie—*"

"The serpent of death—*aie, aie—*"

Ndala was rolling violently from side to side on the ground; Kugara crouched beside her; Randall stood on the other side of the fire, staring. The fire was dying again; he was glad of it; he did not want to see her. Her bare legs writhed; her calico twisted in her body's agony.

How long would this keep up? Surely the old fellow knew his business, used the quickest thing. That serpent they feared so killed in twenty minutes. Kugara must have used the same poison . . . . .

"The serpent has bitten her—has bitten her! *Aie—aie—*"

"Bitten our Ndala! Death comes, death comes—"

Would it never be over? With a convulsive movement, she jerked herself half up; a stick in the fire fell and flamed, and her face gleamed up at them.

"Serpent!" she choked out, and her dying look, desperate with understanding, blazed across at Randall and then to her father beside her.

Writhingly she dragged herself nearer him.

"Serpent!" she gasped again, mockingly, and flung herself, with the strength of dying, unexpectedly upon her father. The knife that she wore always in her belt, within her calico, gleamed as she struck it home.

Then, collapsing, she lifted again to Randall a look of terrible and taunting triumph.

The old sorcerer was stilled. His secret would never be spoken!

BUT she reckoned without the fierce blood of their veins. Holding both hands over the knife-haft to keep the death blood from gushing forth, staring, not at the horror-struck white man, but down at his daughter's head, in bitter fury of revenge, the old savage forced out the word.

"The ngumbi root—ngumbi!"

Randall was saved . . . . . Love was lost, and freedom and any chance of happiness—he must live his life in frantic searching for the unknown and healing root—but existence, at least, was won back to him.

THE CONSCIENCE CURE

(Continued from page 89)

and show to gain "position"—these are the chief causes of many a sickness, many a death.

But as each man is brought up differently, as each woman is raised in a different environment, to each is a different conception of sin. The soul of one may not become sick at an offense that spells death to another.

This is why—this is the adjusting factor—some live and seem to thrive for a time on what causes another to sicken and die. But we are all so close to Eternal Justice that each has a similar conception of the fundamentals of life, and in the end we live and die by the balancing of its scales.

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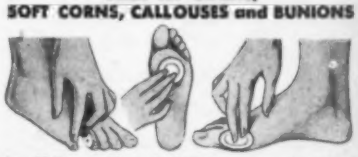

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"SEQUELAE" (seh-kweé-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

COLDS **break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.**

TYPHOID FEVER **leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.**

DIPHTHERIA **may injure the heart or cause paralysis.**

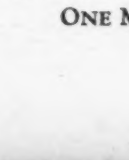
MEASLES **may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.**

WHOOPING COUGH **may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.**

TONSILAR INFECTION **may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.**

SCARLET FEVER **may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.**

RHEUMATIC FEVER **often seriously injures the heart.**



The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-R and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

Send this coupon today

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Dept. 830-R
1 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send free booklet (or booklets) checked below:

- ☐ Diphtheria
- ☐ Typhoid Fever
- ☐ Scarlet Fever
- ☐ Tonsils and Adenoids
- ☐ Whooping Cough
- ☐ Measles
- ☐ Rheumatism
- ☐ Colds

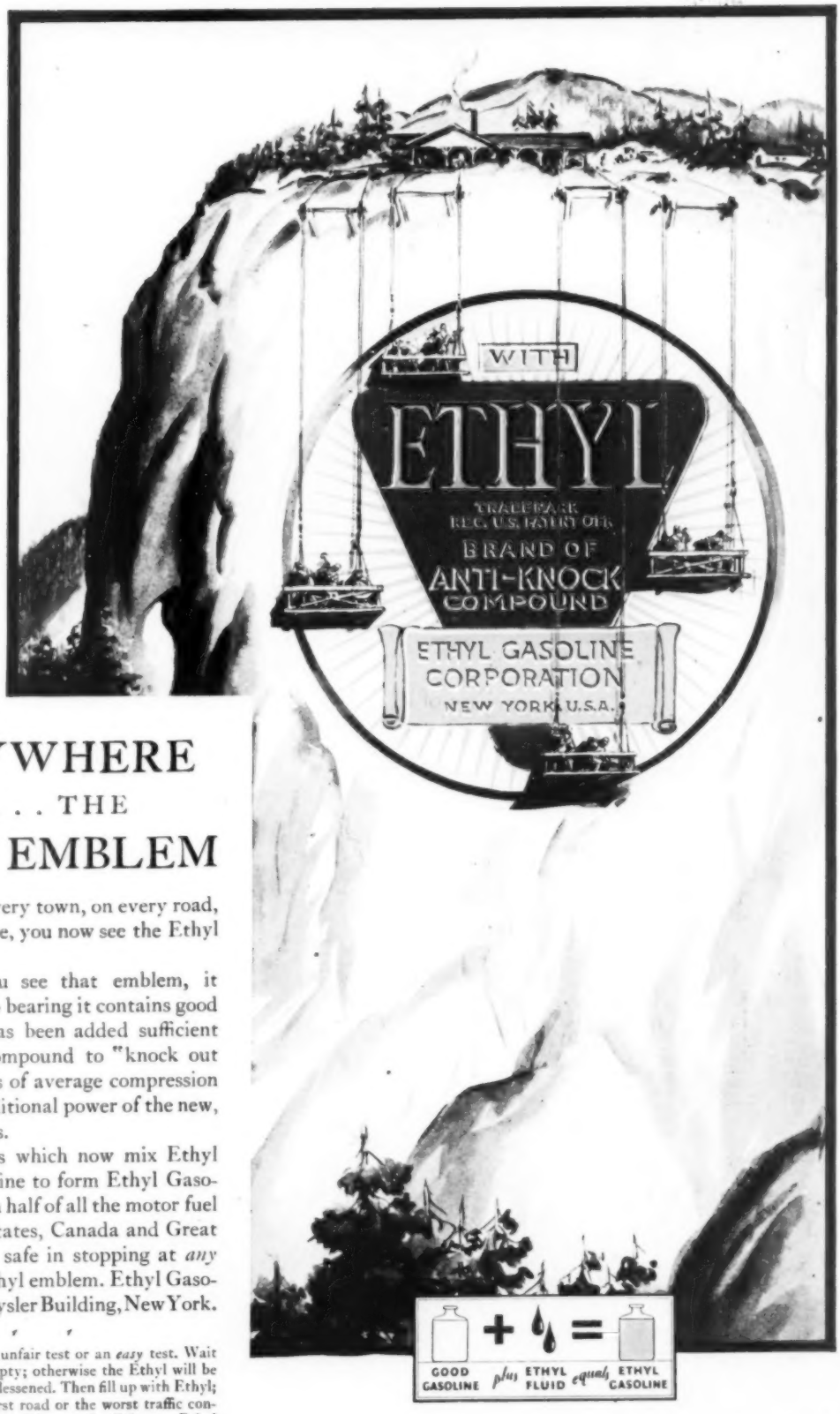
Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



EVERYWHERE
NOW . . . THE
ETHYL EMBLEM

IN every state, in every town, on every road, wherever you drive, you now see the Ethyl emblem.

And wherever you see that emblem, it means that the pump bearing it contains good gasoline to which has been added sufficient Ethyl anti-knock compound to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new, high-compression cars.

The oil companies which now mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline supply more than half of all the motor fuel used in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. So you are safe in stopping at *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.

* * *

Please don't put Ethyl to an unfair test or an *easy* test. Wait till your tank is almost empty; otherwise the Ethyl will be diluted and its effectiveness lessened. Then fill up with Ethyl; take the worst hill, the worst road or the worst traffic congestion you can find. Your car will prove the difference Ethyl makes in every phase of engine performance.

THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT USED IN ETHYL FLUID IS LEAD • KNOCKS OUT THAT "KNOCK"

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ETHYL GASOLINE

A recommendation from salespeople
in the leading stores of America . . .

Even the briefest shopping list these days means a considerable expenditure of time and money. One like this, for instance—

"Silk-and-wool shirts for Bunny . . . Golf sweater for Will . . . Lingerie for new evening dress . . . Sport frock for Country Club . . ."

Why, these things may cost you $100, or more — as well as three or four hours of hard shopping. And how *very* costly they are, if they are quickly ruined by a disastrous washing. Or even if a "nearly-safe" soap destroys the freshness of their color and texture.

Nice things needn't be an extravagance

But *if* these things wear and *wear,* and keep their good looks, their cost is unimportant in the long run even if you've paid a lot for them. And here is where the advice of salespeople can help you.

What these much-traveled shoppers found

Salespeople have very definite ideas about the safe way to wash fine fabrics. When several young women recently traveled all over the country, shopping everywhere in the leading stores, they discovered that an overwhelming majority of salespeople were recommending Ivory — especially for finer things.

For those little silk-and-wool shirts

As the saleswoman in one of Chicago's finest department stores said, "Always use Ivory and tepid water to wash baby woolens. Ivory is so pure that it keeps them nice and soft. A stronger soap hardens and harms the wool."

"To be safe – wash fine things with Ivory"

And your own pastel-tinted underwear

"Ivory is the only soap we advise for fine underwear," said the head of the lingerie department in one of New York's famous stores. "Other soaps are likely to be a little harsh. We have found from experience that Ivory is a mild soap which cleanses delicate fabrics perfectly — and yet will not fade the colors."

To make washing safe for golf sweaters

"Ivory Soap is the best thing to use for sweaters," said a salesman in a leading Philadelphia store to a customer recently. "Other soaps are almost always too strong. They fade colors and then we have lots of customers coming back with complaints. Ivory is pure. We have used it in our household for 27 years for everything —it's always safe."

* * *

The salespeople in the fine stores of your own city will tell you that if you use Ivory, lukewarm water, and reasonable care — your silks will wear longer, woolens will be softer, colors will stay fresher . . . Certainly it's a simple way to make your clothes-budget go farther!

Free—A little book, *"Thistledown Treasures, — their selection and care,"* gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VZ-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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– kind to everything it touches – 99 44/100% *pure*